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PLAYING WITH MARY ANDERSON FOR AMERICAN SOLDIERS

BY E. H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FOR THIS ARTICLE

I IMAGINE that every Y. M. C. A. man, when he puts on his uniform for the first time and contemplates himself in the looking-glass, is aware of two opposing desires—he would look like a soldier, and he would *not* look like a soldier. Here is a suit cut precisely as are cut the martial habiliments; one feels called upon to wear it proudly and at the same time one is conscious that should any person mistake you for a soldier you would feel foolish and something of a masquerader. There is no help, however, for your dilemma. The authorities have decreed that this is the cut of your jib.

I confess that I was a bit perturbed during the first hours of wearing my uniform, but by the time I had reached Liverpool I had grown fairly accustomed to my accoutrements. I was, therefore, walking with unconcern in front of the Adelphi Hotel when some urchins at a street corner regarded me seriously and then shouted: "Boy Scout."

Passers-by glanced at me, and in spite of a philosophical soul I felt resentment at those vulgar boys. Why? In common with all the world, I admire and applaud the Boy Scouts and all their works, and I am ready to believe that any Boy Scout at any moment may have been more usefully employed than was I; and yet this epithet seemed to create an atmosphere of futility and of smallness about me, and I was distinctly disconcerted.

I dare say that those who first wore the Salvation Army uniform underwent the same sort of experience. Yet this weakness, born of vanity, does not last very long, for it soon becomes clear enough that the military have placed us where we belong, and that the multitude has become accustomed and indifferent.

The King of England walked into the American "Eagle" Hut in London the other day.

At all hours the place is filled with American soldiers and sailors, eating, writing, reading, playing games. The King's visit, of course, created immediate interest among the sons of the free and the brave. One of them approached the monarch and held out his hand.

"Hello, King!" said he.

King George took the proffered paw and exchanged compliments with the soldier-boy.

"Well, what of it?" would say the rookie, should one question him. "He's a man, ain't he? Human, eh?" Thus does the spirit of democracy toss over its shoulder the gewgaw of divine right.

> He greets the embarrassed gods, nor fears
> To shake the iron hand of Fate,
> Or match with Destiny for beers.

Shall I demand ceremony when royalty is thus assailed? While the street arab assumed the rôle of critic, the American fulfilled the office of judge. He proclaimed that verdict which illumines the present hour. Whether he was aware of it or not, his greeting was eloquent with the unbarring of gates and the falling of

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shackles, the smashing of idols and the liberation of slaves. In his own person he was the symbol of America in this war—"Crusaders fighting for great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men to places where justice is done and men live with lifted heads and emancipated spirits, making it impossible for rulers anywhere to make tools and puppets of those upon whose consent and upon whose powers their own authority and their own very existence depend." Thus President Wilson in his Labor Day message.

The King of England as an enlightened monarch is one with the President; therefore, "Hello, King," and the hand-clasp was surely significant and satisfying.

When Madame de Navarro (whom all the world loves as Mary Anderson) said to me, "We will play scenes from Macbeth just as we are—you in your Y. M. C. A. uniform and I in my everyday frock," I naturally said: "Yes, we will do it." In the first place, my trip to France had assured me that everything is conceded to the really eager and

Mr. Sothern and American boys at the Eagle Hut in Kingsway.

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Miss Anderson and Mr Sothern at the hospital at Dartford.

competent entertainer, and that these crusaders of ours will permit us, if we go about it earnestly, to

> ". . . much disgrace
> With four or five most vile and ragged foils
> Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
> The name of Agincourt."

I, myself, dispensing with all the pomp and panoply and the paraphernalia of the theatre, had come off unwounded, having recited from Hamlet while standing on a table.

"We will do it," said I.

In the Vale of Evesham there is a private mansion which has been by its owner turned into a hospital. This haven is not far from the home of Mary Anderson, and on a tiny stage erected in the ballroom of this house the entertainment was to be given. The occasion was a sort of country fair to which all charitable folk were bidden from far and near. The convalescent patients, the neighboring gentlefolk, the farmers and their families, the nurses and officers of the hospital made up the audience. The purpose of the festivity was to provide further necessary funds.

Why Macbeth? I can hear you say. Macbeth! Where the cheerful theme is battle, murder, and sudden death? Why not the light, fantastic toe and the merry jest? Let me tell you that our crusaders are as responsive to a good rendition of a tragedy as they are to the infection of a comic song. Not that they would select tragic adventure as a steady diet. But there is of necessity an abundance of the lighter fare. Most of the bills presented at the camps and hospitals in England are provided by what are called "concert parties," composed as a rule of a comedian who is an impersonator of amusing character in prose and in verse, a pianist who also sings and accompanies others, a girl violinist and a ballad-singer, male or female. I travelled about with two such companies and they certainly gave great satisfaction. A play, however, or scenes from a play, make an agreeable change. "The Over There Theatre" is wisely sending short plays to France. I hope soon it will be found possible to furnish the same service for England. There are many thousands of our soldiers and sailors in the camps there now, and they are hungry for entertainment by their own country men and women.

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Two photographs of Miss Anderson

To come into intimate contact with those who are making
To have the privilege of offering some small solace

This Macbeth performance which we gave shows that without any scenery whatever, without even a curtain to mark the end of a scene, without the aid of costume or make-up, our regular actors of the theatre, as distinguished from the vaudeville singers and dancers, can find a fruitful field for their services if they are moved to offer them.

The day before the Macbeth performance I went to the beautiful village where Mary Anderson lives, to go through lines and to make a few preparations for the fray. We were to interpret four scenes—that wherein Lady Macbeth receives news of King Duncan's approach, the scene wherein she urges Macbeth to commit the crime, the murder scene itself, and the scene where the Queen walks in her sleep. In this scene the *Doctor* was to be played by Mr. Ben Greet and the *Lady-in-Waiting* by Miss Molly Hare, the daughter of Sir John Hare, the distinguished English actor.

We were all very serious about this performance and the result justified the amount of anxiety lavished upon it, for the audience was undoubtedly impressed by the tragedy. The occasion was fraught with all sorts of tender and noble associations—the wounded men, the nurses, the doctors, the anxious and sympathetic villagers and neighbors—the eagerness of all those concerned in the success of the venture, whereon the prosperity of the little hospital depended, all these emotions charged the atmosphere and lent an intimate and affectionate grace to the day.

The imposing house was situated on a high hill overlooking a great expanse of beautiful English country which stretched away like one of those photographs taken from an aeroplane. A river shone in the sunlight here and there, the cattle and the tokens of harvest touched the heart with a sense of all that beauty of decency and order for which these maimed soldiers had shed their blood, shed it so gladly and proudly.

It is well to remember that the author

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taken at the hospital at Dartford.

the great sacrifice in this War of wars is in itself an inspiration. will be a satisfying memory in days to come.

of "Le Feu," that book which depicts the horror of war more terribly than any volume since Tolstoi's "Sebastopol," writes upon his final page: "If the present war has advanced progress by one step, its miseries and slaughter will count for little."

The beautiful gardens, rich in immemorial trees and revelling in quiet places, were now transformed with gayly decked booths wherein dwelt pretty ladies who would sell you useless things which you are amazed to discover that you so ardently desire. There is an enclosed space where children are exhibiting as "Morris-dancers" (a shilling extra, please). Here are little maids, apple-faced and persuasive, proffering beribboned basket-trays heaped high with flowers; here are refreshment-booths, where the British habit of perpetual eating (which has resulted in the ruling of the waves), may enjoy untrammelled sway, and here, at one end of the great lawn, faced by a multitude of seats, is a small platform decorated with bunting and boasting a roof in case of rain.

To this our party is conducted, and, having disposed ourselves upon chairs, the superintendent of the hospital introduces Sir John Hare. Sir John makes an eloquent appeal on behalf of the wounded men and pays very pretty compliments to Miss Anderson, who, in her turn, cries out to the hearts of all present to help to the utmost.

Since the war began Mary Anderson has returned to the stage now and then in the cause of charity. She played at the Coliseum in London for some weeks and elsewhere in England. These performances have enabled her to give about thirty thousand pounds, or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, to various causes. The British have not forgotten her victories of some thirty years ago, and in this audience to-day the love and admiration of those present was bright as the summer sun.

These ceremonies accomplished, we began to consider our tragedy. We examine the stage. Sir John, whose fifty years

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of acting and management of London theatres has made him strangely wise, wants to know many details about the properties we are to use. I explain that they consist of the two daggers which Macbeth takes from King Duncan's sleeping grooms, and which Lady Macbeth later carries back, smeared as they are with the King's blood, placing them again by the drugged servitors, "for it must seem their guilt."

Number one: Two daggers, blood-stained.

Number two: A bell, to be sounded before the line. "The bell invites me."

Number three: A letter, to be delivered to Lady Macbeth.

Number four: A saucer of blood, or rather *two* saucers of blood in case one shall be spilled or taken away by some busy, well-meaning person (you see the thousand disasters of laborious years have made me cautious, suspicious, far-seeing, and provident).

And number five—most important of all: A croquet mallet, the mallet portion swathed in a knitted silk scarf, making the sound dull, distant, ominous, dreadful, and though imminent, remote. With this instrument the knocking at the gate is to be produced. *The knocking at the gate!* That effect during the murder scene which has been the theme of essays innumerable, concerning which and its stupendous influence upon the auditor Lamb and Hazlitt and the wisest of the wise have pondered and proclaimed.

"That," said Sir John as he walked toward the scene of our endeavor, "that is the supreme moment of the tragedy, the knocking at the gate. As I read over the scene again," said he, "I was thrilled anew by the mere words, 'knocking within.' Now, who," said Sir John, "who is to be intrusted with the knocking at the gate?"

I mentioned a very charming lady in whose discretion and devotion to our enterprise I had ample faith.

"No!" said Sir John. "No! We mustn't risk it; we must take no chances. I will do it myself."

"But you are holding the book," said I; "you are to do the prompting."

"I can hold the mallet in the other hand," said Sir John.

This was beyond question, so the charming lady was whistled down the wind.

"Let us mark the cues for the knocking in the book," said Sir John. "It grows, it culminates, it becomes the most terrifying thing in the play. How about the bell? What have you got for the bell?"

That, I tell myself, is also a great moment.

Macbeth, about to enter the chamber of his sleeping guest and strike the assassin's blow, hears this prearranged signal. He starts and listens.

THE EAGLE HUT

AMERICAN Y.M.C.A.

Saturday, August 31st, 1918

At 7.30 p.m.,

MARY ANDERSON

and

E. H. SOTHERN

IN

Four Scenes from Shakespeare's Tragedy

OF

"MACBETH"

I.
The scene wherein Lady Macbeth receives the messenger from her husband.

II.
The scene wherein Lady Macbeth urges Macbeth to commit the crime.

III.
The scene wherein the murder is committed.

IV.
Lady Macbeth's sleep-walking scene.

Cast:

Lady Macbeth	MARY ANDERSON
Macbeth	E. H. SOTHERN
The Doctor and The Messenger	BEN GREET
A Waiting Woman	MOLLY HARE

The INCIDENTAL MUSIC rendered by

THE MAY JOSEPH TRIO

Programme of the performance at Eagle Hut.

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"I go and it is done. The bell invites me. Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell that summons thee to Heaven or to Hell."

I had sought for a bell of sombre tone —a *dreadful* bell—but alas! I had not found one. I had begged the nurses of the hospital for a large dish-cover which would have sufficed at a pinch, but none could be found. I had to be satisfied with a small tap-bell with a sound trifling and insignificant.

"Who is to strike it?" said Sir John.

I mentioned a youth in whom I trusted.

"No!" said Sir John. The scene depends upon this bell. No, I will do it myself."

I felt that Sir John's duties were growing superhuman.

"How about the daggers?" said he.

I explained that we had abandoned our original plan of using two carving-knives, fearful of the modern note thus displayed, and that I had been so fortunate as to enlist the sympathy of the village undertaker, one Mr. Stokes, who was also a wheelwright and a carpenter. From a design of my own Mr. Stokes had made two very formidable daggers of wood, and had covered the blades with some red paint—"gouts of blood" of very terrible aspect. It was part of my plan to auction these daggers off after the performance with the autographs of Mary Anderson and the other players writ upon the blades as a cheerful souvenir of a memorable occasion.

This scheme met with Sir John's approval.

"Where's the blood?" said he. "'My

The chief gratification in these excursions is the assurance of the pleasure one can give to others.

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hands are of your color,' you know. Where's the blood?"

"I have some carmine and two saucers," said I. "A little water and there you are."

"Well, let us see everything," said Sir John.

The actor of experience believes no eyes but his own.

We entered the ball-room and examined the little stage. This had been erected at one end. It was about two feet high, perhaps fourteen feet wide. There were no doors or openings at either side, therefore we had placed two screens, one right and one left. Macbeth, and subsequently Lady Macbeth, would pass behind the right screen to enter King Duncan's chamber. Behind the left screen would sit Sir John on a low stool, with the book of the play in one hand and the croquet-mallet in the other; the bell he would have to place on the floor and tap it with his toe when he got the cue. With the space occupied on each side of the two screens there was left only about eight feet for enacting the play. There was to be no scenery of any kind, nor any curtain. We concluded that the space at our disposal permitted no other thing but one high-backed chair upon the stage. At the rear of the little platform was a door which connected with another room. The platform had reduced the height of this door by two feet, so that if one were not careful and observant one would bang one's head in making an exit.

A large kitchen-table had been placed in this room at the back of the stage and a piece of plank some twelve inches wide connected it, through the doorway, with the stage itself. This left a sort of chasm on either side of the plank two feet deep, a very man-trap for incautious persons. A piece of drapery had been hung along the back wall, divided at the opening of the abbreviated door, which made it still more probable that those using this egress would brain themselves. I undertook to warn my fellow actors of this danger.

We placed the bloody daggers behind the screen right. I mixed the two saucers of blood. I put the bell and the croquet-mallet behind the screen left and Sir John gripped the prompt-book securely.

"We must watch all these things," said he. "You know what people are, how they move things about."

I knew it to my cost and to the detriment of my sanity.

"I will keep an eye on them," said I.

The back room was full of people, some who took part in the programme and others who were possessed with a very affectionate mania for helping everybody. Fiddles were being tuned, voices were being tried, the time of beginning was being discussed.

"The stage is set," I announced. "Sir John, will you get behind the prompt-screen and we will open the doors?"

Out of the sunshine came the convalescents and the nurses, the neighbors, the gentry, at ten shillings and sixpence a seat. They quickly filled the ball-room. There was no attempt to dim the light. The sun streamed through the great windows and flooded the chamber. We had no footlights. We proposed to murder Duncan in the eye of day.

There were some preparatory numbers —songs and music. From the kitchen-table across the piece of plank, stooping under the drapery, the musicians passed to the little stage and played their gracious parts.

Now came the tragedy. Mr. Ben Greet recalled to those present the chief circumstances of the play and retired through the door at the back. A pause. Then Miss Anderson entered. That she held the people in this primitive, unadorned scene without other aid than her countenance and her reading; that she thrilled them and moved them so that they quite forgot where they were—such was the universal verdict of the simpler folk present and of others more sophisticated who had seen this play under far other conditions. So far as the audience was concerned, nothing appeared to mar its appreciation. But for those of us who were, so to speak, behind the scenes, a few ghastly moments shook our nerves. I found that my Y. M. C. A. costume did not in any disastrous degree interfere with my Macbeth. Our generous auditors made all allowances, and that a representative of the Young Men's Christian Association should then and there soak himself in the blood of good King Duncan aroused no apparent resentment nor

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King George and Queen Mary at Washington Inn, London.

astonishment. But I had troubles of my own all the same. Every time I went out at that rear door, I smashed my forehead against the top of it.

One of my exits was with Miss Anderson through this same door.

"Only look up clear,
To alter favor ever is to fear,"

says Lady Macbeth to her doubting lord,

"Leave all the rest to me."

He places his arm about her. She goes out centre and he follows.

We did all this and Lady Macbeth walked with safety over the piece of plank on to the kitchen-table; but I, as Macbeth, put my leg down one of those chasms and disappeared in the floor up to my waist, I pulled myself out, however, and made off. Nobody laughed. I was regarded, I am sure, with respectful sympathy.

In the first scene, where Lady Macbeth reads the letter from her lord, a messenger enters and announces: "The King comes here to-night."

Cries Lady Macbeth:

"Thou'rt mad to say it."

Says the messenger:

"So please you it is true; our Thane is coming;
One of my fellows had the speed of him,
Who almost dead for breath had scarcely more
Than would make up his message."

Lady Macbeth:

"Give him tending,
He brings great news."
(*Exit Messenger.*)

That most amiable gentleman who played the messenger had rehearsed this speech with great devotion; but the fury of the scene he had not taken into account, nor the many small distractions, such as the kitchen-table, the piece of plank, the tuning of fiddles, the sunlight, the abbreviated door.

He hit his head on entering and cried in a strange and unrehearsed voice:

"The King comes here to-night."

Lady Macbeth's tone when she exclaimed:

"Thou'rt mad to say it"

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must have unbalanced him, for he read his speech thus:

"So please you it is true. One of our fellows
Told me about it, who could scarcely
Speak because he was dead."

This statement, curiously enough, was delivered with so much conviction that no one seemed to doubt its veracity, for the scene proceeded without a sign.

In making his exit, the messenger banged his head again and joined me on the kitchen-table.

"How was I?" said he.

"Splendid!" said I.

"Well, I didn't lose my head," he declared.

This was open to argument, but one is not inclined to split hairs in moments of superlative danger.

I crept behind the screen right to murder Duncan. The bell with tiny voice had properly invited me. I bathed my hands in my saucer of carmine. I grasped my two wooden daggers. Lady Macbeth by this had entered from the back. I steal from the King's room to face her scorn at my fears. She seizes the crimson weapons and returns to place them by the side of the sleeping chamberlains. Overcome by my own terror and at her hardihood, I sink into my seat and hide my face in my arms—and I count four—that is the arrangement, I count four—and Sir John is to count four. Then, after this silence, this deadly pause, *the knocking!* the terrible knocking! That's the cue., I count four.

Well, I did count four. No knocking. I can't say my next line, "Whence is that knocking?" unless there *is* some knocking.

If I make a sound, I spoil the silence. I count four. What's to be done? This is the great moment. How can I start and cry: "Whence is that knocking?" I reflect swiftly like a drowning man, or one about to be hanged. I recall that hoary anecdote of the theatre of the man who stands before a firing-squad in the play. The muskets go "click-click" but will not explode. The man must die, the plot demands it, so he jumps up and shouts: "My God, I've broken my neck!" and falls dead.

I count four and desperately I raise my head. I see Miss Mary Anderson behind her screen making frantic gestures at Sir John, who sits behind *his* screen with his eye on the book. He pays no attention. I feel I am going down for the third time. It is quite foolish, but I count four.

Lady Macbeth is inspired. She stamps on the floor with her heel behind her screen. I give a great start and stand trembling in the centre of the stage. All is going well, the great moment is here, we are in the middle of it. It is electrifying.

From behind the screen left, in the very eyes of the audience, protrudes the croquet mallet with the knitted silk scarf bound about the end of it.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

I gaze at it fascinated.

"Whence is that knocking?" I cry. "How is't with me when every noise appalls me?"

Deep down within my soul a nameless terror seizes me that the onlookers will laugh. But they don't. The great moment has been achieved. The croquet-mallet is stealthily withdrawn and all is well.

Yes, all is very well! For surely never, in all her victorious course, did Miss Mary Anderson shine more graciously and more nobly than here where she laid all her quality in tribute at the service of these wounded soldiers. And never did Sir John Hare, seated on his little stool behind his screen fulfilling his humble office of prompter and property-man, appear to wear more worthily the laurels of love and reverence which crown him in the evening of his high career.

After the play I sold the two daggers, the product of the undertaker's art, to the highest bidder. They were purchased by a daughter of the house of Glamis who sat in front.

So much appreciation did Miss Mary Anderson receive from this performance that subsequently she repeated it in London and elsewhere; on these occasions at the Eagle Hut in Kingsway, at the Shakespeare Hut in Gower Street, also at a hospital some distance from London, and once for a hospital in her own village we wore the costumes of the time. But at none of these places had we the aid or, one may really say, the interference of scenery. Two chairs and one table were the sole equipment. The onlookers were held by the lines and by the actress.

Please read this clipping from the

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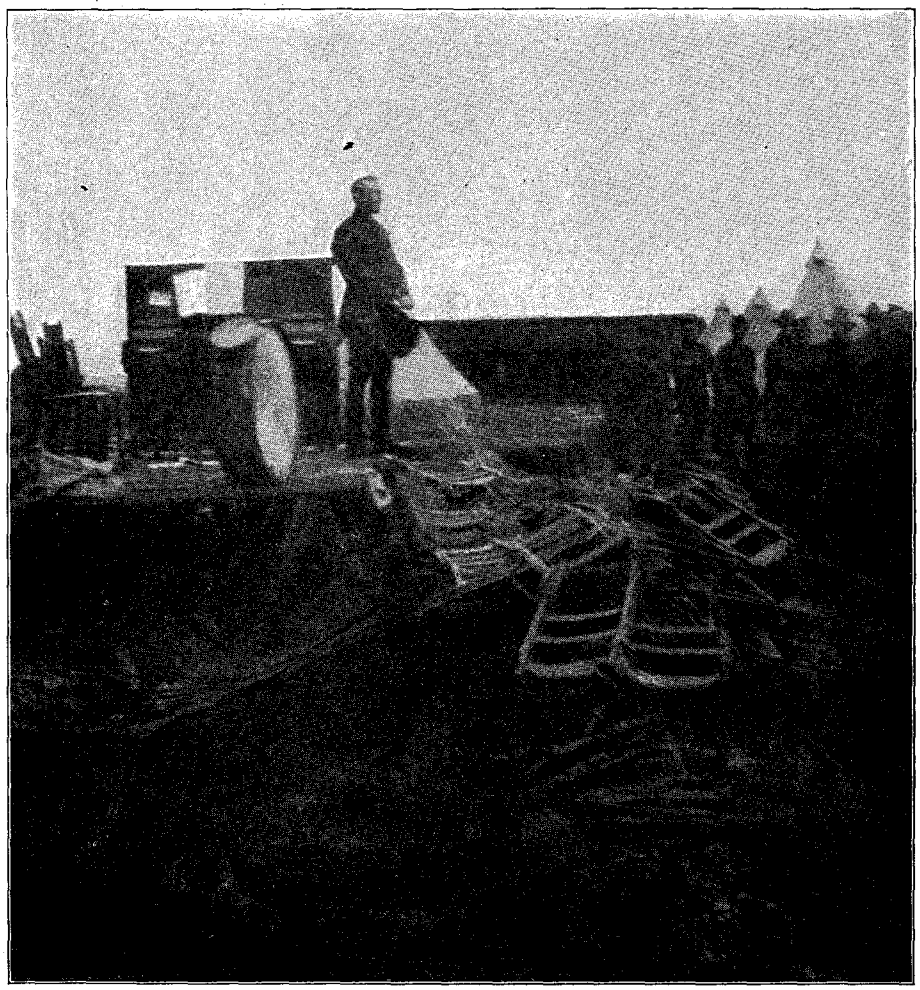
London Referee, speaking of the efforts of the British Y. M. C. A.

"Among other things, the higher drama is by no means being neglected in the army itself, and for the coming winter an extensive scheme has just been entered upon, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., for costume performances of scenes from Shakespeare with introductory talks before soldier audiences. Mr. Acton Bond has been appointed director, and the first two plays to be chosen are 'Henry VIII' and 'The Merchant of Venice.' Mr. Bond has his company, which includes Mr. Norman V. Norman, already almost complete. A start will be made on the 19th inst., with a week at Warminster and visits to London 'huts' to follow. The introductory talk will be in each case by Mr. S. R. Littlewood."

You see, the appreciation of the "common soldier" for this sort of fare is recognized in the British army.



On the wreck of a little stage, the theatre itself having been blown down, reading to a rain-soaked audience in an aero-camp near London.

I am going back to England shortly and shall hope to take part in such performances with Miss Anderson again and with Miss Marlowe.

When I reached London last June on my way to France Mr. Ewing, the Y. M. C. A. chief secretary for England, told me that the need for entertainment among the American troops now sta-

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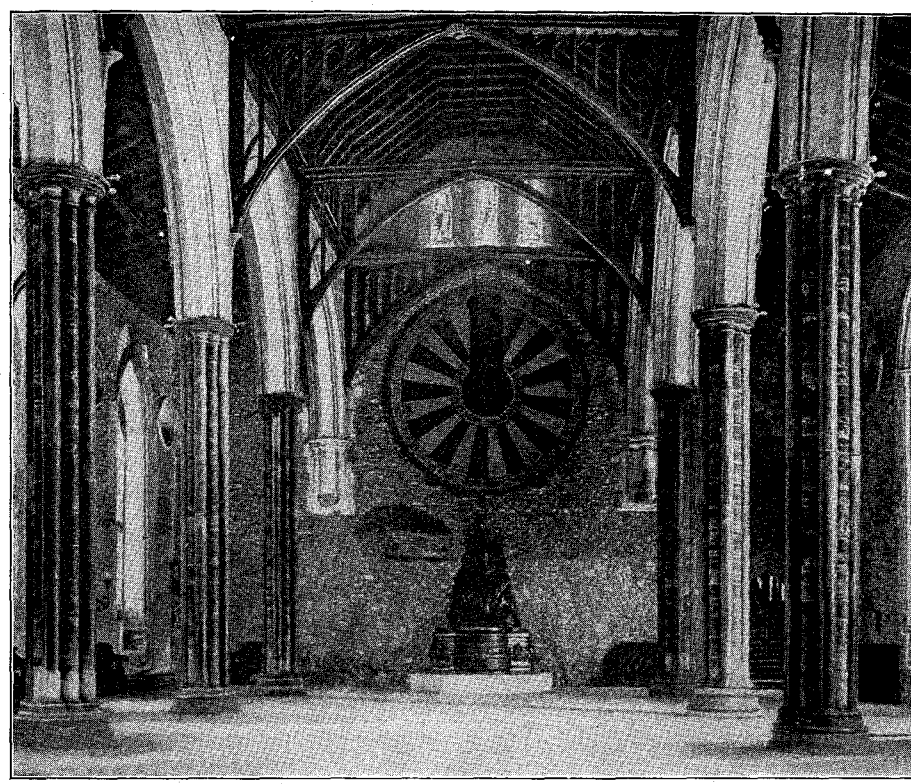

The identical Round Table about which sat King Arthur and his knights, where it now hangs upon the wall in the ancient County Hall at Winchester.

tioned in England was very great. At his desire I remained in England and tried to help. Madame Hortense Paulsen, an American, and Mr. Coleman, of Cornell University, are in charge of this work in London. They have had to recruit their forces almost entirely from English men and women who do concert work and parlor entertainment. A few Americans playing in London, notably Miss Lee White and Henry Clay Smith, have given their services, but they have had a hard time getting started. Madame Paulsen has, with Mr. Coleman, worked like a Trojan, not only doing all the office work necessary to such an undertaking but filling an active part as a singer in many of the performances. One must admire her unselfish devotion to this work, which is so important. My trips to many districts in England and in Scotland with two little companies arranged by Madame Paulsen showed me how great is this need and how the American soldiers and sailors want to hear people from their own land. We had with us, for instance, two American soldiers who had been relieved from active duty that they might give their fellows the benefit of their quality as singers of ragtime songs—Sergeant Doolittle and Private Smith of the 169th Aero Squadron. Smith is a singer and Doolittle a pianist. They were the bright particular stars of this little company. The soldiers could not get enough of them. We went to remote stations, where the sailors or the soldiers had had no sort of entertainment for months, and they almost devoured these two Americans.

Of course the chief gratification in these excursions is the assurance of the pleasure one can give to others. If some of our people who have not yet had this experience could have seen Miss Mary Anderson clad as Lady Macbeth walking in the rain, my large rubbers tied upon her feet, over a sloppy field, from the room where she dressed to the hut which held the stage; or have shared my own experience of climbing out of the window of the Eagle Hut in London in broad day

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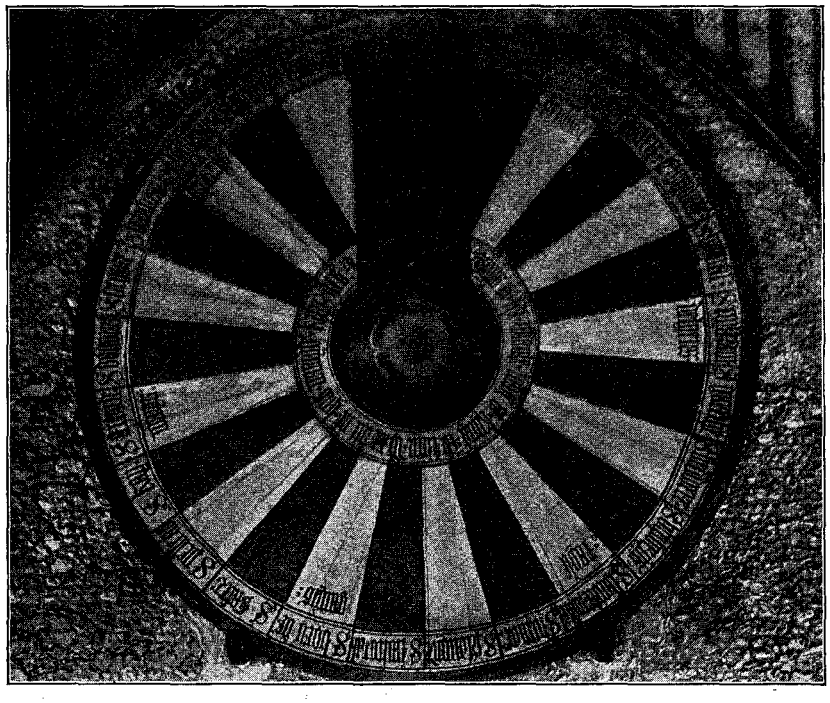
and, in the trappings of the Thane of Cawdor, to be peered at by a crowd of enthusiastic idlers who yelled "Hooray! Here's a wild man," as I, with chain armor and clanking weapons, sword and buckler, long hair and ferocious mien, crossed an open space and clambered in at another window, so as not to pass through the audience; or have stood with me on the wreck of a little stage—the theatre itself having been blown during the night into an adjoining field—with a forlorn piano and a bass drum, reading to a rain-soaked audience in an aero-camp near London, they would rejoice in some of the minor delights which these endeavors hold forth.

Those in charge of "The Over There Theatre" movement find that most applicants for service want to go to France "to see the war." There appears to be a disinclination to serve in England. The need in England is great, for the troops there have not the excitement of the conflict. Let me beg capable American actors and actresses to offer service to the men who long to greet them in British hospitals and camps.

To come into intimate contact with those who are making the great sacrifice in this War of wars is in itself an inspiration. To have had the privilege of offering some small solace will be a satisfying memory in days to come; and then think, too, is it nothing to have slept on a bed which once upon a time was occupied by Oliver Cromwell, as I myself did at the ancient inn at Grantham; to have met the great Commoner in one's dreams and to have heard him cry: "Take away this bauble!" To have beheld the identical Round Table about which sat King Arthur and his knights, where it now hangs upon the wall in the ancient County Hall at Winchester? I stood before this board where once upon the "Siege Perilous" sat Sir Galahad and vowed that he would seek the Holy Grail. Some American soldiers listened as the guide declared that the relic we there beheld was regarded as of extreme antiquity so long as seven hundred years ago.

I looked at their strong, clear faces and reflected upon the President's words:

"Crusaders, fighting for great ideals, immortal ideals, ideals which shall light the way for all men."



Some American soldiers listened as the guide declared that the relic we there beheld was regarded as of extreme antiquity so long as seven hundred years ago.

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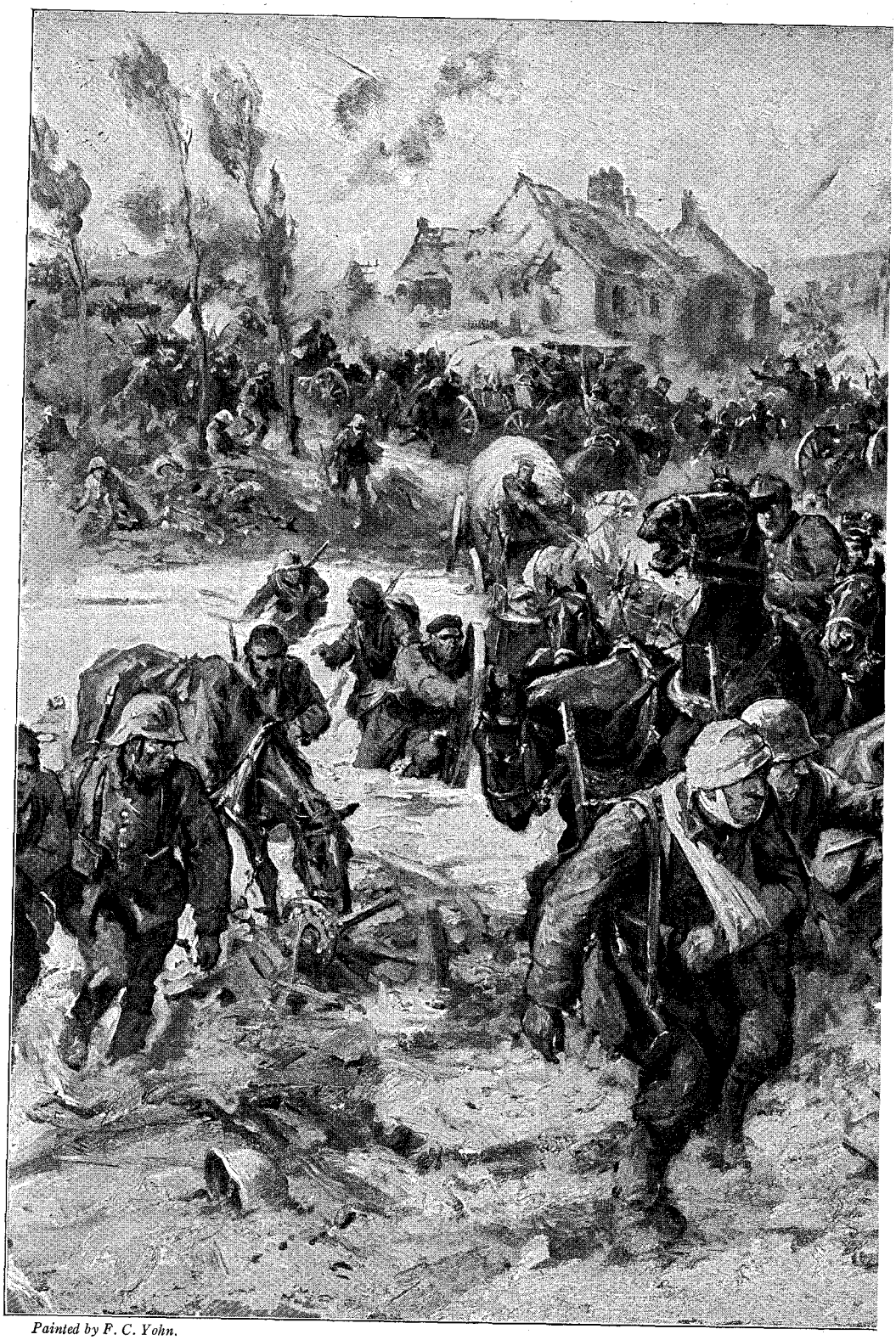

Painted by F. C. Yohn.

THE GERMAN

Under the constant pounding of the Allied guns and the attacks from the air, the columns of artillery, infantry, and trans-

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RETREAT.

port were thrown into almost inextricable confusion, especially at river crossings, where the bridges were bombed constantly.

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Painted by F. C. Yohn.

On the Heels of the Enemy.

The work of the Signal Corps often leads the men into the most exposed positions as they take advantage of any high point of view from which they may observe the movements of the enemy and the effects of artillery fire.

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THE SEED OF THE FAITH

BY EDITH WHARTON

I

THE blinding June sky of Africa hung over the town. In the doorway of an Arab coffee-house a young man stood listening to the remarks exchanged by the patrons of the establishment, who lay in torpid heaps on the low shelf bordering the room.

The young man's caftan was faded to a dingy brown, but the muslin garment covering it was clean, and so was the turban wound about his shabby fez.

Cleanliness was not the most marked characteristic of the conversation, to which he lent a listless ear. It was no prurient curiosity that fixed his attention on this placid exchange of obscenities; he had lived too long in Morocco for obscenities not to have lost their savor. But he had never quite overcome the fascinated disgust with which he listened, nor the hope that one among the talkers would suddenly reveal some sense of a higher ideal of what, at home, the earnest women he knew used solemnly to call a Purpose. He was sure that, some day, such a sign would come, and then——

Meanwhile, at that hour, there was nothing on earth to do in Eloued but to stand and listen. . .

The bazaar was beginning to fill up. Looking down the vaulted tunnel which led to the coffee-house the young man watched the thickening throng of shoppers and idlers. The fat merchant whose shop faced the end of the tunnel had just ridden up and rolled off his mule, while his black boy unbarred the door of the niche hung with embroidered slippers where the master throned. The young man in the faded caftan, watching the merchant scramble up and sink into his cushions, wondered for the thousandth time what he thought about all day in his dim stifling kennel, and what he did when he was away from it . . . for no length of residence in that dark land seemed to bring one nearer to finding out what the heathen thought and did when the eye of the Christian was off him.

Suddenly a wave of excitement ran through the crowd. Every head turned in the same direction, and even the camels bent their frowning faces and stretched their necks all one way, as animals do before a storm. A wild hoot had penetrated the bazaar, howling through the long white tunnels and under the reed-woven roofs like a Djinn among dishonored graves. The heart of the young man began to beat.

"It sounds," he thought, "like a motor. . ."

But a motor at Eloued! There was one, every one knew, in the Sultan's Palace. It had been brought there years ago by a foreign Ambassador, as a gift from his sovereign, and was variously reported to be made entirely of aluminum, platinum, or silver. But the parts had never been put together, the body had long been used for breeding silk-worms—a not wholly successful experiment—and the acetylene lamps adorned the Pasha's gardens on state occasions. As for the horn, it had been sent as a gift, with a choice panoply of arms, to the Caïd of the Red Mountain; but as the india-rubber bulb had accidentally been left behind, it was certainly not the Caïd's visit which the present discordant cries announced. . .

"Hullo, you old dromedary! How's the folks up-state?" cried a ringing voice; the awe-struck populace gave way, and a young man in linen duster and motor-cap, slipping under the interwoven necks of the astonished camels, strode down the tunnel with an air of authority and clapped a hand on the dreamer in the doorway.

"Harry Spink!" the other gasped in a startled whisper, and with an intonation as un-African as his friend's. At the same instant he glanced over his shoulder, and his mild lips formed a cautious "'sh."

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"Who'd you take me for—Gabby Delys?" asked the newcomer gayly; then, seeing that this topical allusion hung fire: "And what the dickens are you 'hushing' for, anyhow? You don't suppose, do you, that anybody in the bazaar thinks you're a native? D'y'ever look at your chin? Or that Adam's apple running up and down you like a bead on a billiard-marker's wire? See here, Willard Bent. . ."

The young man in the caftan blushed distressfully, not so much at the graphic reference to his looks as at the doubt cast on his disguise.

"I do assure you, Harry, I pick up a great deal of . . . of useful information . . . in this way. . ."

"Oh, get out," said Harry Spink cheerfully. "You believe all that still, do you? What's the good of it all, anyway?"

Willard Bent passed a hand under the other's arm and led him through the coffee-house into an empty room at the back. They sat down on a shelf covered with matting and looked at each other earnestly.

"Don't *you* believe any longer, Harry Spink?" asked Willard Bent.

"Don't have to. I'm travelling for rubber now."

"Oh, merciful heaven! Was that your automobile?"

"Sure."

There was a long silence, during which Bent sat with bowed head gazing on the earthen floor, while the bead in his throat performed its most active gymnastics. At last he lifted his eyes and fixed them on the tight red face of his companion.

"When did your faith fail you?" he asked.

The other considered him humorously. "Why—when I got onto this job, I guess."

Willard Bent rose and held out his hand.

"Good-by. . . I must go. . . If I can be of any use . . . you know where to find me. . ."

"Any use? Say, old man, what's wrong? Are you trying to shake me?" Bent was silent, and Harry Spink continued insidiously: "Ain't you a mite hard on me? I thought the heathen was just what you was laying for?"

Bent smiled mournfully. "There's no use trying to convert a renegade."

"That what I am? Well—all right. But how about the others? Say—let's order a lap of tea and have it out right here."

Bent seemed to hesitate; but at length he rose, put back the matting that screened the inner room, and said a word to the proprietor. Presently a scrofulous boy with gazelle eyes brought a brass tray bearing glasses and pipes of *kif*, gazed earnestly at the stranger in the linen duster, and slid back behind the matting.

"Of course," Bent began, "a good many people know I am a Baptist missionary"—("*No?*" from Spink, incredulously)—"but in the crowd of the bazaar they don't notice me, and I hear things . . ."

"Golly! I should suppose you did."

"I mean, things that may be useful. You know Mr. Blandhorn's idea. . ."

A tinge of respectful commiseration veiled the easy impudence of the drummer's look. "The old man still here, is he?"

"Oh, yes, of course. He will never leave Eloued."

"And the missus——?"

Bent again lowered his naturally low voice. "She died—a year ago—of the climate. The doctor had warned her; but Mr. Blandhorn felt a call to remain here."

"And she wouldn't leave without him?"

"Oh, *she* felt a call, too . . . among the women. . ."

Spink pondered. "How many years you been here, Willard?"

"Ten next July," the other responded, as if he had added up the weeks and months so often that the reply was always on his lips.

"And the old man?"

"Twenty-five last April. We had planned a celebration . . . before Mrs. Blandhorn died. There was to have been a testimonial offered . . . but, owing to her death, Mr. Blandhorn preferred to devote the sum to our dispensary."

"I see. How much?" said Spink sharply.

"It wouldn't seem much to you. I believe about fifty pesetas. . ."

"Two pesetas a year? Lucky the Society looks after you, ain't it?"

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Willard Bent met his ironic glance steadily. "We're not here to trade," he said with dignity.

"No—that's right, too." Spink reddened slightly. "Well, all I meant was—look at here, Willard, we're old friends, even if I did go wrong, as I suppose you'd call it. I was in this thing near on a year myself, and what always tormented me was this: *What does it all amount to?*"

"Amount to?"

"Yes. I mean, what's the results? Supposing you was a fisherman. Well, if you fished a bit of river year after year, and never had a nibble, you'd do one of two things, wouldn't you? Move away—or lie about it. See?"

Bent nodded without speaking. Spink set down his glass and busied himself with the lighting of his long, slender pipe. "Say, this mint-julep feels like old times," he remarked.

Bent continued to gaze frowningly into his untouched glass. At length he swallowed the sweet decoction at a gulp, and turned to his companion.

"I'd never lie . . ." he murmured.

"Well——"

"I'm—I'm still—waiting. . ."

"Waiting——?"

"Yes. The wind bloweth where it listeth. If St. Paul had stopped to count . . . in Corinth, say. As I take it"—he looked long and passionately at the drummer—"as I take it, the thing is to *be* St. Paul."

Harry Spink remained unimpressed. "That's all talk—I heard all that when I was here before. What I want to know is: What's your bag? How many?"

"It's difficult——"

"I see: like the pigs. They run around so!"

Both the young men were silent, Spink pulling at his pipe, the other sitting with bent head, his eyes obstinately fixed on the beaten floor. At length Spink rose and tapped the missionary on the shoulder.

"Say—s'posin' we take a look around Corinth? I got to get onto my job tomorrow, but I'd like to take a turn round the old place first."

Willard Bent rose also. He felt singularly old and tired, and his mind was full of doubt as to what he ought to do. If he refused to accompany Harry Spink, a former friend and fellow worker, it might *look* like running away from his questions. . .

They went out together.

II

THE bazaar was seething. It seemed impossible that two more people should penetrate the throng of beggars, pilgrims, traders, slave women, water-sellers, hawkers of dates and sweetmeats, leather-gaitered country-people carrying bunches of hens head downward, jugglers' touts from the market-place, Jews in black caftans and greasy turbans, and scrofulous children reaching up to the high counters to fill their jars and baskets. But every now and then the Arab "Look out!" made the crowd divide and flatten itself against the stalls, and a long line of donkeys loaded with water-barrels or bundles of reeds, a string of musk-scented camels swaying their necks like horizontal question-marks, or a great man perched on a pink-saddled mule and followed by slaves and clients, swept through the narrow passage without other peril to the pedestrians than that of a fresh exchange of vermin.

As the two young men drew back to make way for one of these processions, Willard Bent lifted his head and looked at his friend with a smile. "That's what Mr. Blandhorn says we ought to remember—it's one of his favorite images."

"What is?" asked Harry Spink, following with attentive gaze the movements of a young Jewess whose uncovered face and bright head-dress stood out against a group of muffled Arab women.

Instinctively Willard's voice took on a hortatory roll.

"Why, the way this dense mass of people, so heedless, so preoccupied, is imperceptibly penetrated——"

"By a handful of asses? That's so. But the asses have got some kick in 'em, remember!"

The missionary flushed to the edge of his fez, and his mild eyes grew dim. It was the old story: Harry Spink invariably got the better of him in bandying words—and the interpretation of allegories had never been his strong point. Mr. Blandhorn always managed to make them

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sound unanswerable, whereas on his disciple's lips they fell to pieces at a touch. What *was* it that Willard always left out?

A mournful sense of his unworthiness overcame him, and with it the discouraged vision of all the long months and years spent in the struggle with heat and dust and flies and filth and wickedness, the long, lonely years of his youth that would never come back to him. It was the vision he most dreaded, and turning from it he tried to forget himself in watching his friend.

"Golly! The vacuum-cleaner ain't been round since my last visit," Mr. Spink observed, as they slipped in a mass of offal beneath a butcher's stall. "Let's get into another soukh—the flies here beat me."

They turned into another long lane chequered with an interweaving of black reed-shadows. It was the saddlers' quarter, and here an even thicker crowd wriggled and swayed between the cramped stalls hung with bright leather and spangled ornaments.

"Say! It might be a good idea to import some of this stuff for Fourth of July processions—Knights of Pythias and secret societies' kinder thing," Spink mused, pausing before the brilliant spectacle. At the same moment a lad in an almond-green caftan sidled up and touched his arm.

Willard's face brightened. "Ah, that's little Ahmed—you don't remember him? Surely—the water-carrier's boy. Mrs. Blandhorn saved his mother's life when he was born, and he still comes to prayers. Yes, Ahmed, this is your old friend Mr. Spink."

Ahmed raised prodigious lashes from seraphic eyes and reverently surveyed the face of his old friend. "Me 'member."

"Hullo, old chap . . . why, of course . . . so do I," the drummer beamed. The missionary laid a brotherly hand on the boy's shoulder. It was really providential that Ahmed—whom they hadn't seen at the Mission for more weeks than Willard cared to count—should have "happened by" at that moment: Willard took it as a rebuke to his own doubts.

"You'll be in this evening for prayers, won't you, Ahmed?" he said, as if Ahmed never failed them. "Mr. Spink will be with us."

"Yessir," said Ahmed with unction. He slipped from under Willard's hand, and outflanking the drummer approached him from the farther side.

"Show you Souss boys dance? Down to old Jewess's, Bab-el-Soukh," he breathed angelically.

Willard saw his companion turn from red to a wrathful purple.

"Get out, you young swine, you—do you hear me?"

Ahmed grinned, wavered and vanished, engulfed in the careless crowd. The young men walked on without speaking.

III

In the market-place they parted. Willard Bent, after some hesitation, had asked Harry Spink to come to the Mission that evening. "You'd better come to supper—then we can talk quietly afterward. Mr. Blandhorn will want to see you," he suggested; and Mr. Spink had affably aquiesced.

The prayer-meeting was before supper, and Willard would have liked to propose again that his friend should come to that also; but he did not dare. He said to himself that Harry Spink, who had been merely a lay assistant, might have lost the habit of reverence, and that it would be too painful to risk his scandalizing Mr. Blandhorn. But that was only a sham reason; and Willard, with his incorrigible habit of self-exploration, fished up the real one from a lower depth. What he had most feared was that there would be no one at the meeting.

During Mrs. Blandhorn's lifetime there had been no reason for such apprehension: they could always count on a few people. Mrs. Blandhorn, who had studied medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, had early gained renown in Eloued by her miraculous healing powers. The dispensary, in those days, had been beset by anxious-eyed women who unwound skinny fig-colored children from their dirty draperies; and there had even been a time when Mr. Blandhorn had appealed to the Society for a young lady missionary to assist his wife. But, for reasons not quite clear to Willard Bent, Mrs. Blandhorn, a thin-lipped, determined little woman, had

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energetically opposed the coming of this youthful "Sister," and had declared that their Jewish maid servant, old Myriem, could give her all the aid she needed.

Mr. Blandhorn yielded, as he usually did—as he had yielded, for instance, when one day, in a white inarticulate fury, his wife had banished her godson, little Ahmed (whose life she had saved), and issued orders that he should never show himself again except at prayer-meeting, and accompanied by his father. Mrs. Blandhorn, small, silent and passionate, had always—as Bent made out in his long retrospective musings—ended by having her way in the conflicts that occasionally shook the monotony of life at the Mission. After her death the young man had even suspected, beneath his superior's sincere and vehement sorrow, a lurking sense of relief. Mr. Blandhorn had snuffed the air of freedom, and had been, for the moment, slightly intoxicated by it. But not for long. Very soon his wife's loss made itself felt as a lasting void.

She had been (as Spink would have put it) "the whole show"; had led, inspired, organized her husband's work, held it together, and given it the brave front it presented to the unheeding heathen. Now the heathen had almost entirely fallen away, and the too evident inference was that they had come rather for Mrs. Blandhorn's pills than for her husband's exhortations. Neither of the missionaries had avowed this discovery to the other, but to Willard at least it was implied in all the circumlocutions and evasions of their endless talks.

The young man's situation had been greatly changed by Mrs. Blandhorn's death. His superior had grown touchingly dependent on him. Their conversation, formerly confined to parochial matters, now ranged from abstruse doctrinal problems to the question of how to induce Myriem, who had deplorably "relapsed," to keep the kitchen cleaner and spend less time on the roofs. Bent felt that Mr. Blandhorn needed him at every moment, and that, during any prolonged absence, something vaguely "unfortunate" might happen at the Mission.

"I'm glad Spink has come; it will do him good to see somebody from outside," Willard thought, nervously hoping that Spink (a good fellow at bottom) would not trouble Mr. Blandhorn by any of his "unsettling" questions.

At the end of a labyrinth of lanes, on the farther side of the Jewish quarter, a wall of heat-cracked clay bore the inscription: "American Evangelical Mission." Underneath a door opened into a court where an old woman in a bright headdress sat under a fig-tree pounding something in a mortar.

She looked up, and, rising, touched Bent's draperies with her lips. Her small face, withered as a dry medlar, was full of an ancient wisdom: Mrs. Blandhorn had certainly been right in trusting Myriem.

A narrow house-front looked upon the court. Bent climbed the steep stairs to Mr. Blandhorn's study. It was a small room with a few dog-eared books on a set of rough shelves, the table at which Mr. Blandhorn wrote his reports for the Society, and a mattress covered with a bit of faded carpet on which he slept. Near the window stood Mrs. Blandhorn's sewing-machine: it had never been moved since her death.

The missionary was sitting in the middle of the room, in the rocking-chair which had also been his wife's. His large veined hands were clasped about its arms and his head rested against a patchwork cushion tied to the back by a shoe-lace. His mouth was slightly open, and a deep breath, occasionally rising to a whistle, proceeded with rhythmic regularity from his delicately cut nostrils. Even surprised in sleep he was a fine man to look upon; and when, at the sound of Bent's approach, he opened his eyes and pulled himself out of his chair, he became magnificent. He had taken off his turban, and thrown a handkerchief over his head, which was shaved like an Arab's for coolness. His long beard was white, with the smoker's yellow tinge about the lips; but his eyebrows were jet-black, arched and restless. The gray eyes beneath them shed a mild benedictory beam, confirmed by the smile of a mouth that might have seemed weak if the beard had not so nearly concealed it. But the forehead menaced, fulminated or awed with the ever-varying play of the eyebrows. Willard Bent never beheld that forehead without thinking of Sinai.

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Mr. Blandhorn brushed some shreds of tobacco from his white djellabah and looked impressively at his assistant.

"The heat is really overwhelming," he said, as if excusing himself. He readjusted his turban, and then asked: "Is everything ready down-stairs?"

Bent assented, and they went down to the long bare room where the prayer-meetings were held. In Mrs. Blandhorn's day it had also served as the dispensary, and a cupboard containing drugs and bandages stood against the wall under the text: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."

Myriem, abandoning her mortar, was vaguely "tidying" the Arab tracts and leaflets that lay on the divan against the wall. At one end of the room stood a table covered with a white cloth, with a Bible lying on it; and to the left a sort of pulpit-lectern, from which Mr. Blandhorn addressed his flock. In the doorway squatted Ayoub, a silent gray-headed negro: Bent, on his own arrival at Eloued, ten years earlier, had found him there in the same place and the same attitude. Ayoub was supposed to be a rescued slave from the Soudan, and was shown to visitors as "our first convert." He manifested no interest at the approach of the missionaries, but continued to gaze out into the sun-baked court cut in half by the shadow of the fig-tree.

Mr. Blandhorn, after looking about the empty room as if he were surveying the upturned faces of an attentive congregation, placed himself at the lectern, put on his spectacles, and turned over the pages of his prayer-book. Then he knelt and bowed his head in prayer. His devotions ended, he rose and seated himself in the cane armchair that faced the lectern. Willard Bent sat opposite in another armchair. Mr. Blandhorn leaned back, breathing heavily, and passing his handkerchief over his face and brow. Now and then he drew out his watch, now and then he said: "The heat is really overwhelming."

Myriem had drifted back to her fig-tree, and the sound of the pestle mingled with the drone of flies on the window-pane. Occasionally the curses of a muleteer or the rhythmic chant of a water-carrier broke the silence; once there came from a neighboring roof the noise of a short catlike squabble ending in female howls; then the afternoon heat laid its leaden hush on all things.

Mr. Blandhorn opened his mouth and slept.

Willard Bent, watching him, thought with wonder and admiration of his past. What had he not seen, what secrets were not hidden in his bosom? By dint of sheer "sticking it out" he had acquired to the younger man a sort of visible sanctity. Twenty-five years of Eloued! He had known the old mad torturing Sultan, he had seen, after the defeat of the rebels, the long line of prisoners staggering in under a torrid sky, chained wrist to wrist, and dragging between them the putrefying bodies of those who had died on the march. He had seen the Great Massacre, when the rivers were red with French blood, and Mr. Blandhorn had hidden an officer's wife and children in the rat-haunted drain under the court; he had known robbery and murder and intrigue, and all the dark maleficence of Africa; and he remained as serene, as confident and guileless, as on the day when he had first set foot on that evil soil, saying to himself (as he had told Willard): "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."

Willard Bent hated Africa; but it awed and fascinated him. And as he contemplated the splendid old man sleeping opposite him, so mysterious, so childlike and so weak (Mrs. Blandhorn had left him no doubts on that point), the disciple marvelled at the power of the faith which had armed his master with a sort of infantine strength against such dark and manifold perils.

Suddenly a shadow fell in the doorway, and Bent, roused from his dream, saw Harry Spink tiptoeing past the unmoved Ayoub. The drummer paused and looked with astonishment from one of the missionaries to the other. "Say," he asked, "is prayer-meeting over? I thought I'd be round in time."

He spoke seriously, even respectfully; it was plain that he felt flippancy to be out of place. But Bent suspected a lurking malice under his astonishment: he was sure Harry Spink had come to "count heads."

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Mr. Blandhorn, wakened by the voice, stood up heavily.

"Harry Spink! Is it possible you are amongst us?"

"Why, yes, sir—I'm amongst. Didn't Willard tell you? I guess Willard Bent's ashamed of me."

Spink, with a laugh, shook Mr. Blandhorn's hand, and glanced about the empty room.

"I'm only here for a day or so—on business. Willard'll explain. But I wanted to come round to meeting—like old times. Sorry it's over."

The missionary looked at him with a grave candor. "It's not over—it has not begun. The overwhelming heat has probably kept away our little flock."

"I see," interpolated Spink.

"But now," continued Mr. Blandhorn with majesty, "that two or three are gathered together in His name, there is no reason why we should wait.—Myriem! Ayoub!"

He took his place behind the lectern and began: "Almighty and merciful Father——"

IV

The night was exceedingly close. Willard Bent, after Spink's departure, had undressed and stretched himself on his camp-bed; but the mosquitoes roared like lions, and lying down made him more wakeful.

"In any Christian country," he mused, "this would mean a thunder-storm and a cool-off. Here it just means months and months more of the same thing." And he thought enviously of Spink, who, in two or three days, his "deal" concluded, would be at sea again, heading for the north.

Bent was honestly distressed at his own state of mind: he had feared that Harry Spink would "unsettle" Mr. Blandhorn, and, instead, it was he himself who had been unsettled. Old slumbering distrusts and doubts, bursting through his surface-apathy, had shot up under the drummer's ironic eye. It was not so much Spink, individually, who had loosened the crust of Bent's indifference; it was the fact of feeling his whole problem suddenly viewed and judged from the outside. At Eloued, he was aware, nobody, for a long time, had thought much about the missionaries. The French authorities were friendly, the Pasha was tolerant, the American consul at Mogador had always stood by them in any small difficulties. But beyond that they were virtually non-existent. Nobody's view of life was really affected by their presence in the great swarming mysterious city: if they should pack up and leave that night, the story-tellers of the market would not interrupt their tales, or one less bargain be struck in the bazaar. Ayoub would still doze in the door, and old Myriem continue her secret life on the roofs. . .

The roofs were of course forbidden to the missionaries, as they are to men in all Moslem cities. But the Mission-house stood close to the walls, and Mr. Blandhorn's room, across the passage, gave on a small terrace overhanging the court of a caravansary upon which it was no sin to look. Willard wondered if it were any cooler on the terrace.

Some one tapped on his open door, and Mr. Blandhorn, in turban and caftan, entered the room shading a small lamp.

"My dear Willard—can you sleep?"

"No, sir." The young man stumbled to his feet.

"Nor I. The heat is really . . . Shall we seek relief on the terrace?"

Bent followed him, and having extinguished the lamp Mr. Blandhorn led the way out. He dragged a strip of matting to the edge of the parapet, and the two men sat down on it side by side.

There was no moon, but a sky so full of stars that the city was outlined beneath it in great blue-gray masses. The air was motionless, but every now and then a wandering tremor stirred it and died out. Close under the parapet lay the bales and saddle-packs of the caravansary, between vaguer heaps, presumably of sleeping camels. In one corner the star-glitter picked out the shape of a trough brimming with water, and stabbed it with long silver beams. Beyond the court rose the crenellations of the city walls, and above them one palm stood up like a tree of bronze.

"Africa—" sighed Mr. Blandhorn.

Willard Bent started at the secret echo of his own thoughts.

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"Yes. Never anything else, sir——"

"Ah—" said the old man.

A tang-tang of stringed instruments, accompanied by the lowing of an earthenware drum, rose exasperatingly through the night. It was the kind of noise that, one knew, had been going on for hours before one began to notice it, and would go on, unchecked and unchanging, for endless hours more: like the heat, like the drought—like Africa.

Willard slapped at a mosquito.

"It's a party at the wool-merchant's, Myriem tells me," Mr. Blandhorn remarked. It really seemed as if, that night, the thoughts of the two men met without the need of words. Willard Bent was aware that, for both, the casual word had called up all the details of the scene: fat merchants in white bunches on their cushions, negresses coming and going with trays of sweets, champagne clandestinely poured, ugly singing-girls yowling, slim boys in petticoats dancing—perhaps little Ahmed among them.

"I went down to the court just now. Ayoub has disappeared," Mr. Blandhorn continued.

"Of course. When I heard in the bazaar that that black caravan was in from the south I knew he'd be off. . ."

Mr. Blandhorn lowered his voice. "Willard—have you reason to think . . . that Ayoub joins in their rites?"

"Myriem has always said he was a Hamatcha, sir. Look at those queer cuts and scars on him. . . It's a much bloodier sect than the Aïssaouas."

Through the nagging throb of the instruments came a sound of human wailing, cadenced, terrible, relentless, carried from a long way off on a lift of the air. Then the air died, and the wailing with it.

"From somewhere near the Potters' Field . . . there's where the caravan is camping," Willard murmured.

The old man made no answer. He sat with his head bowed, his veined hands grasping his knees; he seemed to his disciple to be whispering fragments of Scripture.

"Willard, my son, this is our fault," he said at length.

"What—? Ayoub?"

"Ayoub is a poor ignorant creature, hardly more than an animal. Even when he witnessed for Jesus I was not very sure the Word reached him. I refer to—to what Harry Spink said this evening. . . It has kept me from sleeping, Willard Bent."

"Yes—I know, sir."

"Harry Spink is a worldly minded man. But he is not a bad man. He did a manly thing when he left us, since he did not feel the call. But we have felt the call, Willard, you and I—and when a man like Spink puts us a question such as he put this evening we ought to be able to answer it. And we ought not to want to avoid answering it."

"You mean when he said: '*What is there in it for Jesus'?*"

"The phrase was irreverent, but the meaning reached me. He meant, I take it: 'What have your long years here profited to Christ?' You understood it so——?"

"Yes. He said to me in the bazaar: '*What's your bag?*'"

Mr. Blandhorn sighed heavily. For a few minutes Willard fancied he had fallen asleep; but he lifted his head and, stretching his hand out, laid it on his disciple's arm.

"The Lord chooses His messengers as it pleaseth Him; I have been awaiting this for a long time." The young man felt his arm strongly grasped. "Willard, you have been much to me all these years; but that is nothing. All that matters is what you are to Christ . . . and the test of that, at this moment, is your willingness to tell me the exact truth, as you see it."

Willard Bent felt as if he were a very tall building, and his heart a lift suddenly dropping down from the roof to the cellar. He stirred nervously, releasing his arm, and cleared his throat; but he made no answer. Mr. Blandhorn went on:

"Willard, this is the day of our accounting—of *my* accounting. What have I done with my twenty-five years in Africa? I might deceive myself as long as my wife lived—I cannot now." He added, after a pause: "Thank heaven *she* never doubted. . ."

The younger man, with an inward shiver, remembered some of Mrs. Blandhorn's confidences. "I suppose that's what marriage is," he mused—"just a fog, like everything else."

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Aloud he asked: "Then why should *you* doubt, sir?"

"Because my eyes have been opened——"

"By Harry Spink?" the disciple sneered.

The old man raised his hand. "'Out of the mouths of babes—' But it is not Harry Spink who first set me thinking. He has merely loosened my tongue. He has been the humble instrument compelling me to exact the truth of you."

Again Bent felt his heart dropping down a long dark shaft. He found no words at the bottom of it, and Mr. Blandhorn continued: "The truth and the whole truth, Willard Bent. We have failed—*I* have failed. We have not reached the souls of these people. Those who still come to us do so from interested motives—or, even if I do some few of them an injustice, if there is in some a blind yearning for the light, is there one among them whose eyes we have really opened?"

Willard Bent sat silent, looking up and down the long years, as if to summon from the depths of memory some single incident that should permit him to say there was.

"You don't answer, my poor young friend. Perhaps you have been clearer-sighted; perhaps you saw long ago that we were not worthy of our hire."

"I never thought that of you, sir!"

"Nor of yourself? For we have been one—or so I believed—in all our hopes and efforts. Have you been satisfied with *your* results?"

Willard saw the dialectical trap, but some roused force in him refused to evade it.

"No, sir—God knows."

"Then I am answered. We have failed: Africa has beaten us. It has always been my way, as you know, Willard, to face the truth squarely," added the old man who had lived so long in dreams; "and now that this truth has been borne in on me, painful as it is, I must act on it . . . act in accordance with its discovery. . ."

He drew a long breath, as if oppressed by the weight of his resolution, and sat silent for a moment, fanning his face with a corner of his white draperies.

"And here too—here too I must have your help, Willard," he began presently, his hand again weighing on the young man's arm. "I will tell you the conclusions I have reached; and you must answer me—as you would answer your Maker."

"Yes, sir."

The old man lowered his voice. "It is our lukewarmness, Willard—it is nothing else. We have not witnessed for Christ as His saints and martyrs witnessed for Him. What have we done to fix the attention of these people, to convince them of our zeal, to overwhelm them with the irresistibleness of the Truth? Answer me on your word—what have we done?"

Willard pondered. "But the saints and martyrs . . . were persecuted, sir."

"*Persecuted!* You have spoken the word I wanted."

"But the people here," Willard argued, "don't *want* to persecute anybody. They're not fanatical unless you insult their religion."

Mr. Blandhorn's grasp grew tighter. "Insult their religion! That's it . . . to-night you find just the words. . ."

Willard felt his arm shake with the tremor that passed through the other's body. "The saints and martyrs insulted the religion of the heathen—they spat upon it, Willard—they rushed into the temples and knocked down the idols. They said to the heathen: 'Turn away your faces from all your abominations,' and after the manner of men they fought with the beasts at Ephesus. What is the Church on earth called? The Church Militant! You and I are soldiers of the Cross."

The missionary had risen and stood leaning against the parapet, his right arm lifted as if he spoke from a pulpit. The music at the wool-merchant's had ceased, but now and then, through the midnight silence, there came an echo of ritual howls from the Potter's Field.

Willard was still seated, his head thrown back against the parapet, his eyes raised to Mr. Blandhorn. Following the gesture of the missionary's lifted hand, from which the muslin fell back like the sleeve of a surplice, the young man's gaze was led upward to another white figure, hovering small and remote above their

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heads. It was a Muezzin leaning from his airy balcony to drop on the blue-gray masses of the starlit city the cry: "Only Allah is great!"

Mr. Blandhorn saw the white figure too, and stood facing it with motionless raised arm.

"Only Christ is great, only Christ crucified!" he suddenly shouted in Arabic with all the strength of his broad lungs.

The figure paused, and seemed to Willard to bend over, as if peering down in their direction; but a moment later it had moved to the other corner of the balcony, and the cry fell again on the sleeping roofs:

"Allah—Allah—only Allah!"

"Christ — Christ — only Christ crucified!" roared Mr. Blandhorn, exalted with wrath and shaking his fist at the aerial puppet.

The puppet once more paused and peered; then it moved on and vanished behind the flank of the minaret.

The missionary, still towering with lifted arm, dusky-faced in the starlight, seemed to Willard to have grown in majesty and stature. But presently his arm fell and his head sank into his hands. The young man knelt down, hiding his face also, and they prayed in silence, side by side, while from the farther corners of the minaret, more faintly, fell the infidel call.

Willard, his prayer ended, looked up, and saw that the old man's garments were stirred as if by a ripple of air. But the air was quite still, and the disciple perceived that the tremor of the muslin was communicated to it by Mr. Blandhorn's body.

"He's trembling—trembling all over. He's afraid of something. What's he afraid of?" And in the same breath Willard had answered his own question: "He's afraid of what he's made up his mind to do."

V

Two days later Willard Bent sat in the shade of a ruined tomb outside the Gate of the Graves and watched the people streaming in to Eloued. It was the eve of the feast of the local saint, Sidi Oman, who slept in a corner of the Great Mosque, under a segment of green-tiled cupola, and was held in deep reverence by the country people, many of whom belonged to the powerful fraternity founded in his name.

The ruin stood on a hillock beyond the outer wall. From where the missionary sat he overlooked the fortified gate and the irregular expanse of the Potter's Field, with its primitive furnaces built into hollows of the ground between ridges shaded by stunted olive-trees. On the farther side of the trail which the pilgrims followed on entering the gate lay a sun-blistered cemetery, where hucksters traded between the crooked gravestones and the humblest caravans camped in a waste of refuse, offal and stripped date-branches. A cloud of dust, perpetually subsiding and gathering again, hid these sordid details from Bent's eyes, but not from his imagination.

"Nowhere in Eloued," he thought with a shudder, "are the flies as fat and blue as they are inside that gate."

But this was a fugitive reflection: his mind was wholly absorbed in what had happened in the last forty-eight hours, and what was likely to happen in the next.

"To think," he mused, "that after ten years I don't really know him! . . . A laborer in the Lord's vineyard—shows how much good I am!"

His thoughts were moody and oppressed with fear. Never, since his first meeting with Mr. Blandhorn, had he pondered so deeply the problem of his superior's character. He tried to deduce from the past some inference as to what Mr. Blandhorn was likely to do next; but, as far as he knew, there was nothing in the old man's previous history resembling the midnight scene on the Mission terrace.

That scene had already had its repercussion.

On the following morning, Willard, drifting as usual about the bazaar, had met a friendly French official, who, taking him aside, had told him there were strange reports abroad—which he hoped Mr. Bent would be able to deny. . . In short, as it had never been Mr. Blandhorn's policy to offend the native population, or insult their religion, the Administration was confident that . . .

Surprised by Willard's silence, and visi-

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bly annoyed at being obliged to pursue the subject, the friendly official, growing graver, had then asked what had really occurred; and, on Willard's replying, had charged him with an earnest recommendation to his superior—a warning, if necessary—that the government would not, under any circumstances, tolerate a repetition. . . "But I dare say it was the heat?" he concluded; and Willard weakly acquiesced.

He was ashamed now of having done so; yet, after all, how did he know it was *not* the heat? A heavy sanguine man like Mr. Blandhorn would probably never quite accustom himself to the long strain of the African summer. "Or his wife's death—" he had murmured to the sympathetic official, who smiled with relief at the suggestion.

And now he sat overlooking the enigmatic city, and asking himself again what he really knew of his superior. Mr. Blandhorn had come to Eloued as a young man, extremely poor, and dependent on the pittance which the Missionary Society at that time gave to its representatives. To ingratiate himself among the people (the expression was his own), and also to earn a few pesetas, he had worked as a carpenter in the bazaar, first in the soukh of the ploughshares and then in that of the cabinet makers. His skill in carpentry had not been great, for his large eloquent hands were meant to wave from a pulpit, and not to use the adze or the chisel; but he had picked up a little Arabic (Willard always marvelled that it remained so little), and had made many acquaintances—and, as he thought, some converts. At any rate, no one, either then or later, appeared to wish him ill, and during the massacre his house had been respected, and the insurgents had even winked at the aid he had courageously given to the French.

Yes—he had certainly been courageous. There was in him, in spite of his weaknesses and his vacillations, a streak of moral heroism that perhaps only waited its hour. . . But hitherto his principle had always been that the missionary must win converts by kindness, by tolerance, and by the example of a blameless life.

Could it really be Harry Spink's question that had shaken him in this belief? Or was it the long-accumulated sense of inefficiency that so often weighed on his disciple? Or was it simply the call—did it just mean that their hour had come?

Shivering a little in spite of the heat, Willard pulled himself together and descended into the city. He had been seized with a sudden desire to know what Mr. Blandhorn was about, and avoiding the crowd he hurried back by circuitous lanes to the Mission. On the way he paused at a certain corner and looked into a court full of the murmur of water. Beyond it was an arcade detached against depths of shadow in which a few lights glimmered. White figures, all facing one way, crouched and touched their foreheads to the tiles, the soles of their bare feet, wet with recent ablutions, turning up as their bodies swayed forward. Willard caught the scowl of a beggar on the threshold, and hurried past the forbidden scene.

He found Mr. Blandhorn in the meeting-room, tying up Ayoub's head.

"I do it awkwardly," the missionary mumbled, a safety-pin between his teeth. "Alas, my hands are not *hers*."

"What's he done to himself?" Willard growled; and above the bandaged head Mr. Blandhorn's expressive eyebrows answered.

There was a dark stain on the back of Ayoub's faded shirt, and another on the blue scarf he wore about his head.

"Ugh—it's like cats slinking back after a gutter-fight," the young man muttered.

Ayoub wound his scarf over the bandages, shambled back to the doorway, and squatted down to watch the fig-tree.

The missionaries looked at each other across the empty room.

"What's the use, sir?" was on Willard's lips; but instead of speaking he threw himself down on the divan. There was to be no prayer-meeting that afternoon, and the two men sat silent, gazing at the back of Ayoub's head. A smell of disinfectants hung in the heavy air. . .

"Where's Myriem?" Willard asked, to say something.

"I believe she had a ceremony of some sort . . . a family affair. . ."

"A circumcision, I suppose?"

Mr. Blandhorn did not answer, and Willard was sorry he had made the suggestion. It would simply serve as another reminder of their failure. . .

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He stole a furtive glance at Mr. Blandhorn, nervously wondering if the time had come to speak of the French official's warning. He had put off doing so, half hoping it would not be necessary. The old man seemed so calm, so like his usual self, that it might be wiser to let the matter drop. Perhaps he had already forgotten the scene on the terrace; or perhaps he thought he had sufficiently witnessed for the Lord in shouting his insult to the Muezzin. But Willard did not really believe this: he remembered the tremor that had shaken Mr. Blandhorn after the challenge, and he felt sure it was not a retrospective fear.

"Our friend Spink has been with me," said Mr. Blandhorn suddenly. "He came in soon after you left."

"Ah? I'm sorry I missed him. I thought he'd gone, from his not coming in yesterday."

"No; he leaves to-morrow morning for Mogador." Mr. Blandhorn paused, still absently staring at the back of Ayoub's neck; then he added: "I have asked him to take you with him."

"To take me—Harry Spink? In his automobile?" Willard gasped. His heart began to beat excitedly.

"Yes. You'll enjoy the ride. It's a long time since you've been away, and you're looking a little pulled down."

"You're very kind, sir; so is Harry." He paused. "But I'd rather not."

Mr. Blandhorn, turning slightly, examined him between half-dropped lids.

"I have business for you—with the consul," he said with a certain sternness. "I don't suppose you will object——"

"Oh, of course not." There was another pause. "Could you tell me—give me an idea—of what the business is, sir?"

It was Mr. Blandhorn's turn to appear perturbed. He coughed, passed his hand once or twice over his beard, and again fixed his gaze on Ayoub's inscrutable nape.

"I wish to send a letter to the consul."

"A letter? If it's only a letter, couldn't Spink take it?"

"Undoubtedly. I might also send it by post—if I cared to transmit it in that manner. I presumed," added Mr. Blandhorn with threatening brows, "that you would understand I had my reasons——"

"Oh, in that case, of course, sir—" Willard hesitated, and then spoke with a rush. "I saw Lieutenant Lourdenay in the bazaar yesterday—" he began.

When he had finished his tale Mr. Blandhorn meditated for a long time in silence. At length he spoke in a calm voice. "And what did you answer, Willard?"

"I—I said I'd tell you——"

"Nothing more?"

"No. Nothing."

"Very well. We'll talk of all this more fully . . . when you get back from Mogador. Remember that Mr. Spink will be here before sunrise. I advised him to get away as early as possible on account of the Feast of Sidi Oman. It's always a poor day for foreigners to be seen about the streets."

VI

At a quarter before four on the morning of the Feast of Sidi Oman Willard Bent stood waiting at the door of the Mission.

He had taken leave of Mr. Blandhorn the previous night, and stumbled down the dark stairs on bare feet, his bundle under his arm, just as the sky began to whiten around the morning star.

The air was full of a mocking coolness which the first ray of the sun would burn up; and a hush as deceptive lay on the city that was so soon to blaze with religious frenzy. Ayoub lay curled up on his door-step like a dog, and old Myriem, presumably, was still stretched on her mattress on the roof.

What a day for a flight across the desert in Harry's tough little car! And after the hours of heat and dust and glare, how good, at twilight, to see the cool welter of the Atlantic, a spent sun dropping into it, and the rush of the stars. . . Dizzy with the vision, Willard leaned against the door-post with closed eyes.

A subdued hoot aroused him, and he hurried out to the car, which was quivering and growling at the nearest corner. The drummer nodded a welcome, and they began to wind cautiously between sleeping animals and huddled heaps of humanity till they reached the nearest gate.

On the waste-land beyond the walls the people of the caravans were already stirring, and pilgrims from the hills streaming across the palmetto scrub under embla-

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zoned banners. As the sun rose the air took on a bright transparency in which distant objects became unnaturally near and vivid, like pebbles seen through clear water: a little turban-shaped tomb far off in the waste looked as lustrous as ivory, and a tiled minaret in an angle of the walls seemed to be carved of turquoise. How Eloued lied to eyes looking back on it at sunrise!

"Something wrong," said Harry Spink, putting on the brake and stopping in the thin shade of a cork-tree. They got out, and Willard leaned against the tree and gazed at the red wall of Eloued. They were already about two miles from the town, and all around them was the wilderness. Spink shoved his head into the bonnet, screwed and greased and hammered, and finally wiped his hands on a black rag and called out: "I thought so— Jump in!"

Willard did not move.

"Hurry up, old man. She's all right, I tell you. It was just the carburetor."

The missionary fumbled under his draperies and pulled out Mr. Blandhorn's letter.

"Will you see that the consul gets this to-morrow?"

"Will I—what the hell's the matter, Willard?" Spink dropped his rag and stared.

"I'm not coming. I never meant to."

The young men exchanged a long look.

"It's no time to leave Mr. Blandhorn —a day like this," Willard continued, moistening his dry lips.

Spink shrugged and sounded a faint whistle. "Queer——!"

"What's queer?"

"He said just the same thing to me about *you*—wanted to get you out of Eloued on account of the goings-on to-day. He said you'd been rather worked up lately about religious matters, and might do something rash that would get you both into trouble."

"Ah—" Willard murmured.

"And I believe you might, you know—you look sorter funny."

Willard laughed.

"Oh, come along," his friend urged, disappointed.

"I'm sorry—I can't. I had to come this far, so that he wouldn't know. But now I've got to go back. Of course what he told you was just a joke—but I must be there to-day to see that nobody bothers him."

Spink scanned his companion's face with friendly flippant eyes. "Well, I give up— What's the *use*, when he don't want you? Say," he broke off, "what's the truth of that story about the old man's having insulted a marabout in a mosque night before last? It was all over the bazaar——"

Willard felt himself turn pale. "Not a marabout. It was—where did you hear it?" he stammered.

"All over—the way you hear stories in these places."

"Well—it's not true." Willard lifted his bundle from the motor and tucked it under his arm. "I'm sorry, Harry—I've got to go back," he repeated.

"What? The Call, eh?" The sneer died on Spink's lips, and he held out his hand. "I'm sorry, too. So long." He turned the crank of the motor, scrambled into his seat, and called back over his shoulder: "What's the *use*, when he don't want you?"

Willard was already laboring home across the plain.

After struggling along for half an hour in the heavy sand he crawled under the shade of an abandoned well, and sat down to ponder. Two courses were open to him, and he had not yet been able to decide between them. His first impulse was to go straight to the Mission, and to present himself to Mr. Blandhorn. He felt sure, from what Spink had told him, that the old missionary had sent him away purposely, and the fact seemed to confirm his apprehensions. If Mr. Blandhorn wanted him away, it was not through any fear of his imprudence, but to be free from his restraining influence. But what act did the old man contemplate, in which he feared to involve his disciple? And if he were really resolved on some rash measure, might not Willard's unauthorized return merely serve to exasperate his resolve, and hasten whatever action he had planned?

The other step the young man had in mind was to go secretly to the French Administration, and there drop a hint of what he feared. It was the course his sober judgment commended. The echo of Spink's "What's the use?" was in his

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ears. It was the expression of his own secret doubt. What *was* the use? If dying could bring any of these darkened souls to the light . . . well, that would have been different. But what least sign was there that it would do anything but rouse their sleeping blood-lust?

Willard was oppressed by the thought that had always lurked beneath his other doubts. They talked, he and Mr. Blandhorn, of the poor ignorant heathen—but were not they themselves equally ignorant in everything that concerned the heathen? What did they know of these people, of their antecedents, the origin of their beliefs and superstitions, the meaning of their habits and passions and precautions? Mr. Blandhorn seemed never to have been troubled by this question, but it had weighed on Willard ever since he had come across a quiet French ethnologist who was studying the tribes of the Middle Atlas. Two or three talks with this traveller—or listenings to him—had shown Willard the extent of his own ignorance. He would have liked to borrow books, to read, to study; but he knew little French and no German, and he felt confusedly that there was in him no soil sufficiently prepared for facts so overwhelmingly new to root in it. . . And the heat lay on him, and the little semblance of his missionary duties deluded him . . . and he drifted. . .

As for Mr. Blandhorn, he never read anything but the Scriptures, a volume of his own sermons (printed by subscription, to commemorate his departure for Morocco), and—occasionally—a back number of the missionary journal that arrived at Eloued at long intervals, in thick, mouldy batches. Consequently no doubts disturbed him, and Willard felt the hopelessness of grappling with an ignorance so much deeper and denser than his own. Whichever way his mind turned, it seemed to bring up against the blank wall of Harry Spink's: "What's the use?"

. . . . . .

He slipped through the crowds in the congested gateway, and made straight for the Mission. He had decided to go to the French Administration, but he wanted first to find out from the servants what Mr. Blandhorn was doing, and what his state of mind appeared to be.

The Mission door was locked, but Willard was not surprised; he knew the precaution was sometimes taken on feast-days, though seldom so early. He rang, and waited impatiently for Myriem's old face in the crack; but no one came, and below his breath he cursed her with expurgated curses.

"Ayoub—*Ayoub!*" he cried, rattling at the door; but still there was no answer. Ayoub, apparently, was off too. Willard rang the bell again, giving the three long pulls of the "emergency call": it was the summons that always roused Mr. Blandhorn. But no one came.

Willard shook and pounded, and hung on the bell till it tinkled its life out . . . but all in vain. The house was empty: Mr. Blandhorn was evidently out with the others.

Disconcerted by this unexpected discovery, the young man turned and plunged into the red clay purlieus behind the Mission. He entered a mud hut where an emaciated dog, dozing on the threshold, lifted a recognizing lid, and let him by. It was the house of Ahmed's father, the water-carrier, and Willard knew it would be empty at that hour.

A few minutes later there emerged into the crowded streets a young American dressed in a black coat of vaguely clerical cut, with a soft felt hat shading his flushed cheek-bones, and a bead running up and down his nervous throat.

The bazaar was already full of a deep holiday rumor, like the rattle of wind in the palm-tops. The young man in the clerical coat, sharply examined as he passed by hundreds of long Arab eyes, slipped into the lanes behind the soukhs, and by circuitous passages gained the neighborhood of the Great Mosque. His heart was hammering against his black coat, and under the buzz in his brain there boomed out insistently the old question: "What's the use?"

Suddenly, near the fountain that faced one of the doors of the Great Mosque, he saw the figure of a man dressed like himself. The eyes of the two men met across the crowd, and Willard pushed his way to Mr. Blandhorn's side.

"Sir, why did you—why are you—? I'm back—I couldn't help it," he gasped out disconnectedly.

He had expected a vehement rebuke;

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but the old missionary only smiled on him sadly.

"It was noble of you, Willard . . . I understand. . ." He looked at the young man's coat. "We had the same thought —again—at the same hour." He paused, and drew Willard into the empty passage of a ruined building behind the fountain. "But what's the use—what's the use?" he exclaimed.

The blood rushed to the young man's forehead. "Ah—then you feel it too?"

Mr. Blandhorn continued, grasping his arm: "I've been out—in this dress—ever since you left; I've hung about the doors of the Medersas, I've walked up to the very threshold of the Mosque, I've leaned against the wall of Sidi Oman's shrine; once the police warned me, and I pretended to go away . . . but I came back . . . I pushed up closer . . . I stood in the doorway of the Mosque, and they saw me . . . the people inside saw me . . . and no one touched me . . . I'm too harmless . . . *they don't believe in me!*"

He broke off, and under his struggling eyebrows Willard saw the tears on his old lids.

The young man gathered courage. "But don't you see, sir, that's the reason it's no use? We don't understand them any more than they do us; they know it, and all our witnessing for Christ will make no difference."

Mr. Blandhorn looked at him sternly. "Young man, no Christian has the right to say that."

Willard ignored the rebuke. "Come home, sir, come home . . . it's no use. . ."

"It was because I foresaw you would take this view that I sent you to Mogador. Since I was right," exclaimed Mr. Blandhorn, facing round on him fiercely, "how is it you have disobeyed me and come back?"

Willard was looking at him with new eyes. All his majesty seemed to have fallen from him with his Arab draperies. How short and heavy and weak he looked in his scant European clothes! The coat, tightly strained across the stomach, hung above it in loose wrinkles, and the ill-fitting trousers revealed their wearer's impressive legs as slightly bowed at the knees. This diminution in his physical prestige was strangely moving to his disciple. What was there left, with that gone——?

"Oh, do come home, sir," the young man groaned. "Of course they don't care what we do—of course——"

"Ah—" cried Mr. Blandhorn, suddenly dashing past him into the open.

The rumor of the crowd had become a sort of roaring chant. Over the thousands of bobbing heads that packed every cranny of the streets leading to the space before the Mosque there ran the mysterious sense of something new, invisible, but already imminent. Then, with the strange Oriental elasticity, the immense throng divided, and a new throng poured through it, headed by riders ritually draped, and overhung with banners that seemed to be lifted and floated aloft on the shouts of innumerable throats. It was the Pasha of Eloued coming to pray at the tomb of Sidi Oman.

Into this mass Mr. Blandhorn plunged and disappeared, while Willard Bent, for an endless minute, hung back in the shelter of the passage, the old "What's the use?" in his ears.

A hand touched his sleeve, and a cracked voice echoed the words.

"What's the use, master?" It was old Myriem, clutching him with scared face and pulling out a limp djellabah from under her holiday shawl.

"I saw you . . . Ahmed's father told me. . ." (How everything was known in the bazaars!) "Here, put this on quick, and slip away. They won't trouble you. . ."

"Oh, but they will—they *shall!*" roared Willard, in a voice unknown to his own ears, as he flung off the old woman's hand and, trampling on the djellabah in his flight, dashed into the crowd at the spot where it had swallowed up his master.

They would—they *should!* No more doubting and weighing and conjecturing! The sight of the weak unwieldy old man, so ignorant, so defenseless and so convinced, disappearing alone into that red furnace of fanaticism, swept from the disciple's mind every thought but the single passion of devotion.

"That he lay down his life for his friend—" If he couldn't bring himself to believe in any other reason for what he

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was doing, that one seemed suddenly to be enough. . .

The crowd let him through, still apparently indifferent to his advance. Closer, closer he pushed to the doors of the Mosque, struggling and elbowing through a mass of people so densely jammed that the heat of their breathing was in his face, the rank taste of their bodies on his parched lips—closer, closer, till a last effort of his own thin body, which seemed a mere cage of ribs with a wild heart dashing against it, brought him to the doorway of the Mosque, where Mr. Blandhorn, his head thrown back, his arms crossed on his chest, stood steadily facing the heathen multitude.

As Willard reached his side their glances met, and the old man, glaring out under prophetic brows, whispered, without moving his lips: "Now—*now!*"

Willard took it as a signal to follow, he knew not where or why: at that moment he had no wish to know.

Mr. Blandhorn, without waiting for an answer, had turned, and, doubling on himself, sprung into the great court of the Mosque. Willard breathlessly followed, the glitter of tiles and the blinding sparkle of fountains in his dazzled eyes. . .

The court was almost empty, the few who had been praying having shortened their devotions and joined the Pasha's train, which was skirting the outer walls of the Mosque to reach the shrine of Sidi Oman. Willard was conscious of a moment of detached reconnoitring: once or twice, from the roof of a deserted college to which the government architect had taken him, he had looked down furtively on the forbidden scene, and his sense of direction told him that the black figure speeding across the blazing mirror of tiles was making for the hall where the Koran was expounded to students.

Even now, as he followed, through the impending sense of something dangerous and tremendous, he had the feeling that after all perhaps no one would bother them, that all the effort of will pumped up by his storming heart to his lucid brain might conceivably end in some pitiful anticlimax in the French Administration offices.

"They'll treat us like whipped puppies—" he groaned.

But Mr. Blandhorn had reached the school, had disappeared under its shadowy arcade, and emerged again into the sunlight, clutching a great parchment Koran.

"Ah," thought Willard, "*now——!*"

He found himself standing at the missionary's side, so close that they must have made one black blot against the white-hot quiver of tiles. Mr. Blandhorn lifted up the Book and spoke.

"The God whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you," he cried in halting Arabic.

A deep murmur came from the turbaned figures gathered under the arcade of the Mosque. Swarthy faces lowered, eyes gleamed like agate, teeth blazed under snarling lips; but the group stood motionless, holding back, visibly restrained by the menace of the long arm of the Administration.

"Him declare I unto you—Christ crucified!" cried Mr. Blandhorn.

An old man, detaching himself from the group, advanced across the tiles and laid his hand on the missionary's arm. Willard recognized the delegate of the Cadi.

"You must restore the Book," the delegate said gravely to Mr. Blandhorn, "and leave this court immediately; if not——"

He held out his hand to take the Koran. Mr. Blandhorn, in a flash, dodged the restraining arm, and, with a strange new elasticity of his cumbrous body, rolling and bouncing across the court between the dazed spectators, gained the gateway opening on the market-place behind the Mosque. The centre of the great dusty space was at the moment almost deserted. Mr. Blandhorn sprang forward, the Koran clutched to him, Willard panting at his heels, and the turbaned crowd after them, menacing but still visibly restrained.

In the middle of the square Mr. Blandhorn halted, faced about and lifted the Koran high above his head. Willard, rigid at his side, was obliquely conscious of the gesture, and at the same time aware that the free space about them was rapidly diminishing under the mounting tide of people swarming in from every quarter. The faces closest were no longer the gravely wrathful countenances of the

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Mosque, but lean fanatical masks of pilgrims, beggars, wandering "saints" and miracle-makers, and dark tribesmen of the hills careless of their creed but hot to join in the halloo against the hated stranger. Far off in the throng, bobbing like a float on the fierce sea of turbans, Willard saw the round brown face of a native officer frantically fighting his way through. Now and then the face bobbed nearer, and now and then a tug of the tide rolled it back.

Willard felt Mr. Blandhorn's touch on his arm.

"You're with me——?"

"Yes——"

The old man's voice sank and broke. "Say a word to . . . strengthen me . . . I can't find any . . . Willard," he whispered.

Willard's brain was a blank. But against the blank a phrase suddenly flashed out in fire, and he turned and spoke to his master. "*Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.*"

"Ah—" Mr. Blandhorn, with a gasp, drew himself to his full height and hurled the Koran down at his feet in the dung-strown dust.

"Him, Him declare I unto you—Christ crucified!" he thundered: and to Willard, in a fierce aside: "Now spit!"

Dazed a moment, the young man stood uncertain; then he saw the old missionary draw back a step, bend forward, and deliberately spit upon the sacred pages.

"This . . . is abominable . . ." the disciple thought; and, sucking up the last drop of saliva from his dry throat, he also bent and spat.

"Now trample—*trample!*" commanded Mr. Blandhorn, his arms stretched out, towering black and immense, as if crucified against the flaming sky; and his foot came down on the polluted Book.

Willard, seized with the communicative frenzy, fell on his knees, tearing at the pages, and scattering them about him, smirched and defiled in the dust.

"Spit—spit! Trample—trample! . . . Christ! I see the heavens opened!" shrieked the old missionary, covering his eyes with his hands. But what he said next was lost to his disciple in the rising roar of the mob which had closed in on them. Far off, Willard caught a glimpse of the native officer's bobbing head, and then of Lieutenant Lourdenay's scared face. But a moment later he had veiled his own face from the sight of the struggle at his side. Mr. Blandhorn had fallen on his knees, and Willard heard him cry out once: "Amy! Amy!" It was his wife's name.

Then the young man was himself borne down, and darkness descended on him. Through it he felt the sting of separate pangs indescribable, melting at last into a general mist of pain. He remembered Stephen, and thought: "Now they're stoning me—" and tried to struggle up and reach out to Mr. Blandhorn. . .

But the market-place seemed suddenly empty, as though the throng of their assailants had been demons of the desert, the thin spirits of evil that dance on the noonday heat. Now the dusk seemed to have dispersed them, and Willard looked up and saw a quiet star above a wall, and heard the cry of the Muezzin dropping down from a near-by minaret: "Allah—Allah—only Allah is great!"

Willard closed his eyes, and in his great weakness felt the tears run down between his lids. A hand wiped them away, and he looked again, and saw the face of Harry Spink stooping over him.

He supposed it was a dream-Spink, and smiled a little, and the dream smiled back.

"Where am I?" Willard wondered to himself; and the dream-Spink answered: "In the hospital, you infernal fool. I got back too late——"

"You came back——?"

"Of course. Lucky I did—! I saw this morning you were off your base."

Willard, for a long time, lay still. Impressions reached him slowly, and he had to deal with them one by one, like a puzzled child.

At length he said: "Mr. Blandhorn——?"

Spink bent his head, and his voice was grave in the twilight.

"They did for him in no time; I guess his heart was weak . . . I don't think he suffered. Anyhow, if he did he wasn't sorry; I know, because I saw his face before they buried him. . . Now you lie still, and I'll get you out of this to-morrow," he commanded, waving a fly-cloth above Willard's sunken head.

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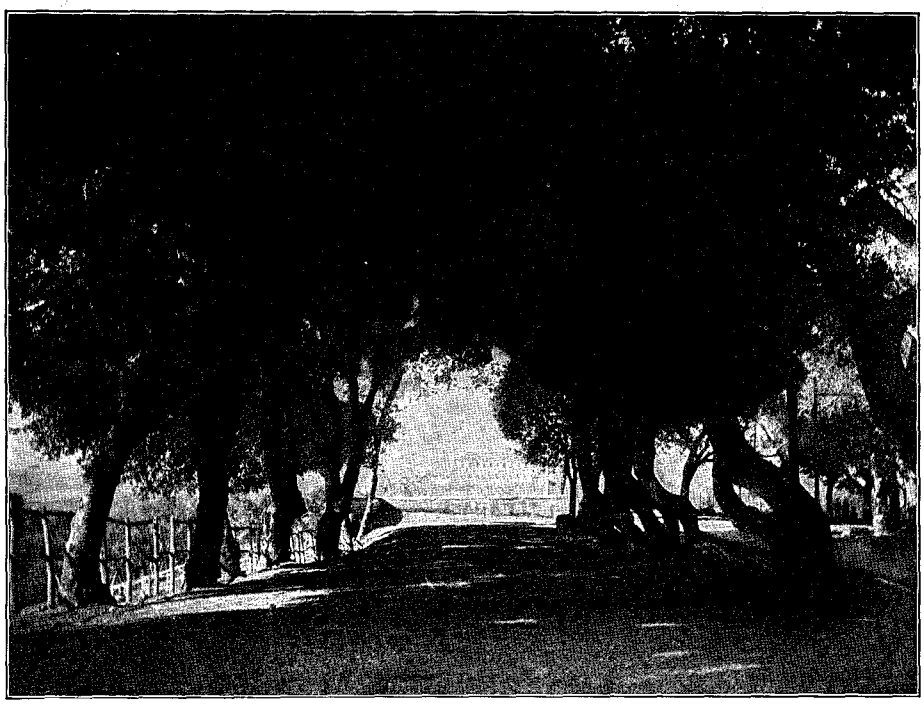

Under the cool ilex-trees.—Page 35.

COMMUTING FROM FRASCATI TO ROME

By Norval Richardson

Secretary of the American Embassy in Rome

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

TO the American mind commuting suggests at once a mad dash from the breakfast-table, at which, with one eye always on the clock, one has had time only to scald one's lips on the boiling coffee, cast a fleeting glance of longing at other good things, and run to catch the 8.15 or the 8.23. Italian commuting is conducted in quite a different manner. To begin with, an Italian is never in a hurry—a delightful quality unless one happens to have a business engagement with him; second, his breakfast consists of a simple cup of black coffee which he usually strolls out to obtain at the nearest café; lastly, he is an early riser by nature, and during the summer months gets up with the dawn so that he may feel he has earned a right to the long siesta which every Italian takes during the heat of the day.

Since the beginning of the War few Romans have cared to go far away from home, but when the parching sirocco begins to blow straight across the Mediterranean, carrying with it clouds of red sand from the Libyan Desert, some change of air becomes necessary. Frascati naturally suggests itself. It is only seventeen miles from Rome and, situated one thousand feet above sea-level, the air is fresh and cool after the heat of Roman midsummer days. Indeed, this past summer Frascati has solved the problem of "villeggiatura" for many and various kinds of people. The hotels are filled with diplomatists holding themselves in readiness to be called at any moment to the

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Quirinal or the Vatican. American and English ladies who live in Rome continue their knitting for the soldiers under the cool ilex-trees; and old patrician families, such as the Aldobrandini, the Lancelotti, the Torlonia, have opened their beautiful villas as the safest and most comfortable solution of where to pass the summer. Indeed, quiet little Frascati, asleep on the western slope of the Alban hills, has suddenly become quite cosmopolitan. For the women the days pass in idleness in the fragrant and historical gardens open to the public; but the men —even in the land of "dolce far niente," — must attend to their various occupations in Rome. This means that all through the long summer months they commute back and forth from the Eternal City to the Alban Hills. There are two ways of going into town, one by train and the other by tram. The tram is more popular with the commuter, as it is both cheaper and cooler. It is not just an ordinary street-car, but a great two-storied affair which has managed to invest itself with something of Roman dignity.

Fragrant and historical gardens.

The first morning that I joined the throng of commuters I rushed, full of American energy, down to the little Piazza from which the tram starts. It was due to leave at eight o'clock, and, though it was only fifteen minutes before that hour, no tram was yet in sight. A group of fellow commuters were seated at little tables outside a café leisurely sipping their black coffee; a number of women and children with large black eyes, carrying odd-looking bundles tied up in newspaper, were sitting on benches under the trees near the tram station. They looked as if they had sat there peacefully for hours and would continue to do so all day, even if the tram failed to appear. In the middle of the Piazza a hundred or more harvesters, broad-sashed, golden, and muscular, leaned on their scythes waiting for the padrone to arrive and hire them that day in the fields; a procession of wine-carts bound for Rome rattled slowly across the square, their brilliant colors, red, blue, yellow, making the sun seem pale in comparison; the bells on the horses rang merrily, the plumes and gay tassels of their harnesses swayed jauntily, and a lupetto—a tiny wolf-dog—perched upon the wine-kegs, barked fiercely at every passer-by, protecting the interests of his master, who was already asleep under the gaudy sun-hood which Michael Angelo designed five hundred years ago. There were no signs anywhere of tense nerves—not a commuter even so much as looked at his watch.

At last the tram arrived and instantly the square became animated. Every one prefers the places on the upper deck—

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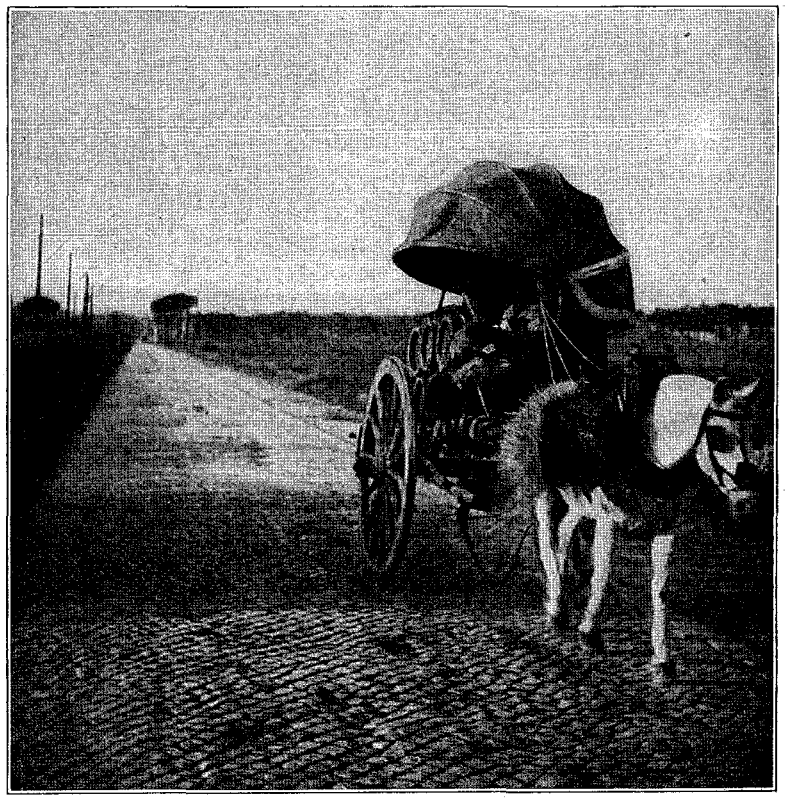
"l'imperiale"—and as those places are limited a mad scramble ensued. Diplomatic precedence goes to the wall in the rush up the narrow, winding stairs. A bersagliere in his plumed hat jostles a Roman prince; an alert vender of fruit squeezes his basket past the rotund figure of a monsignore; a contadina, her head covered in a bright handkerchief, pushes her way, regardless of every one, greatly hampered in her progress by a flask of red wine she carries under one arm and a sack under the other from which issues a plaintive protest from invisible chickens —gifts she is taking to city relatives. A large Roman matron, encumbered with a valise, almost stops up the passage in her panting efforts to be the first one up the steps. At last every one is settled, though not seated. The prince, the monsignore, and the diplomato, are installed on the red-plush cushions of the first-class compartment below, as befits their dignity; the rest are stowed away on the wooden benches of the second class. Now an avalanche of newsboys appears, and every one is instantly hanging out of the window buying the morning edition of *Il Messaggero*. This flutter over, the conduttrice, a pretty young woman in a long gray linen duster and jaunty cap, finally tears herself away from what looks like a serious flirtation with the station-master, mounts the platform and blows a blast on a small brass horn hanging about her neck. In response to this mild blast the motorman regretfully throws away his cigarette, takes his place at the steering-gear, and, with a disconcerting lurch, the journey to Rome begins.

Frascati, with its beautiful villas and cool, plashing fountains, is soon left behind. For a while the tram runs along a shady road on the side of the Alban Hills, bordered on either side by slopes which are terraced and covered with silver olive groves. Then, quite suddenly, the tram comes out onto a treeless gallery, and



The gaudy sun-hood which Michael Angelo designed five hundred years ago.—Page 35.

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there, a thousand feet below, lies the whole expanse of the Campagna Romana. The sun is now well up over the Sabine Mountains and the air seems filled with a powder of gold. The bare, treeless mountains encircling the Campagna look like giant shells from the sea in their delicate coloring; the sea itself, far off to the west, burns like a thin line of fire which blinds the eye; and Rome, still wrapped in the mists of early morning, seems to shiver and shimmer and draw closer yet about the dome of Saint Peter's.

The first stop is at a "bivio" where connecting lines meet. Here a large number of commuters from the other Castelli Romani elbow their way into the already crowded tram. A priest from Castel Gondolfo, mopping his brow with a bandanna handkerchief, respectfully salutes the Frascati monsignore; a fine-looking young officer in the immaculate gray-green uniform doing his military service at Hannibal's Camp up on Monte Cavo, is affectionately kissed on both cheeks by the prince; a contadina, carrying a pair of hens tied together by the legs and a basket of luscious purple figs, finds that she is not the only one taking presents to city relatives. Although there exists a placard which says sternly "completo," it is never used, or if it is no one pays any attention to it, just as that other equally stern sign, "vietato fumare," appears in Italy to be taken as an invitation to smoke rather than an order not to; and the sign which is now found in all public places—"E vietato ai militari di parlare di qualsiasi cosa, anche lontana, che riguardi la guerra" ("It is forbidden to soldiers to speak of anything which even distantly concerns the war")—impels every one to discuss in a loud voice his special opinion of the war.

The overburdened car now starts off again and the conduttrice begins to distribute the tickets. She does it very well, until, almost the last person, she comes to me. One "andata e ritorno," I say, and slip an extra two soldi into her hand. She gives me a radiant smile, and in her confusion hands me her whole stub of tickets instead of my one round trip. She retires in worse confusion when she realizes what she has done.

Now begins an abrupt descent which the tram takes at a speed that makes one hold one's breath and pray that the air-brakes may be faithful to their charge. Vineyards rush past the agitated eye, the bamboo poles on which the vines are trained giving the effect of rifles stacked upon a battle-field. Here and there out of the emerald greenness rise the cool, gray walls of a sixteenth-century convent; the solid mass of mortar and brick of a Roman tomb; the lonely tower which in mediæval times must have been impregnable, and from whose top the anxious watcher swept the horizon for the first signs of a pirate sail. And from below the Campagna seems to be rushing up to meet us. Seen from above, it appears to be a vast, level plain, dotted about with modern farmhouses of pink or yellow stucco, set in rich fields of green alfalfa, and bearing upon its expanse the noble arches—now broken and disconnected—of the aqueducts which once brought cool spring water to Rome. The rugged Sabine Mountains shut off the eastern horizon; Monte Soracte, of Horatian fame, rises far to the north like a landlocked Gibraltar; and Rome, still mysterious and vague in the distance, has thrown off her mists and glows like a pearl in the sunlight.

I turn from the rushing landscape to examine my fellow commuters. The thing which strikes me about them is how true to type they have remained through the centuries. In the young soldier across the way I seem to see, except for the difference in uniform, one of the Pretorian Guard. There is the same fulness across the eyes, the same high-bridged nose, the same graceful, strong carriage which must have come straight down to him from the days of the Empire. If he were only wearing his circular winter cape thrown about his shoulders in the very folds of a toga, the resemblance would be complete. The Roman matron next to him!—I have seen her very likeness in one of the busts at the Capitoline Museum. And the young girl near the door!—does she not suggest in every feature and pose one of the Vestal Virgins? Yet how easily they all seem to take to this modern commuting! A sudden thought strikes me. Is commuting, after all, a modern occupation? Was it begun only for the benefit of the in-

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habitants of Long Island and New Jersey? My mind wanders over the past until, with a jerk, it stops twenty centuries back. How absurd! Of course, I know now; and here I have been patronizing these modern Romans for taking so easily to commuting! They devised slaves. Their bare feet speed silently over the smooth lava stones. Inside reclines a handsome Roman patrician—perhaps it is Petronius on the way to his Alban villa. He is reclining on cushions covered with strange silks from the Orient, the skins of wild animals cover his san-

Arches of the Claudian Aqueduct.—Page 40.

it themselves—when Cicero opened his summer school at Tusculum on the hill above Frascati. Did not all the studiously inclined young Romans commute back and forth as their descendants are doing to-day? Indeed, over this very road where the tram is now making its noisy progress, litters were borne. It only takes a little imagination to visualize the scene. Just there, on the climbing Via Tuscolana, you may see, if you look intently, a gorgeous litter, borne with a swaying, soothing motion by dark-skinned Ethiopian dalled feet, and in his long, tapering fingers is held a roll of parchment. Mark the striking resemblance to the Roman prince sitting next to you in the tram.

Roman Emperors also commuted from their villas in the Campagna to their palaces in the Forum, with slaves to fan with jewelled plumes their royal brows. The business man, being in more haste to reach the city, probably preferred to do his commuting in a chariot drawn by four horses—a sort of forerunner of the "business man's special," without, how-

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ever, the modern danger of ending in a hospital instead of in an office. But they had no bridge or poker to while away the time, you say? You have forgotten that they had other excellent games which took the place of these. There were tesseræ, and tali, and cottabus, recently introduced from Athens; and better still morra, which only required ten fingers on the hands of the players to be enjoyed in any place under all circumstances. Again you object—there were no special editions of the morning papers to while the time when they had lost all their money. You forget the crowd of newsboys awaiting them outside the Porta Appia with their freshly inscribed rolls of papyrus from the popular pens of Sallust, Catullus, or Lucretius. These were quite satisfactory to the Romans, whose tastes were not jaded by twenty-five sheets of sensationalism. Indeed, even to-day, in war time, the daily papers of Rome are modest—rarely more than four sheets, with never a glaring head-line. I have known a paper to apologize to its readers for having added a fifth page on days when four were not sufficient to contain the news.

The tram, safely down the vine-clad slopes, reaches the long, flat Via Tuscolana and dashes across the Campagna. What has from above appeared like a plain, now proves to be a rolling country, with even here and there a deep valley full of shadows. The tram follows the ancient Via Tuscolana just as the commuters' litters did twenty centuries ago; and if one watches along the road one will see groups of contadini sitting under the vine-clad pergolas of wine-shops playing mora, the very game with which Cicero, in those far-off days, passed away the time.

Suddenly a loud pounding is heard on the roof, and the tram stops. Every one springs to his feet. The motorman throws up his hands and lets forth a series of picturesque oaths—"Corpo di Bacco! Che ti possino ammazzare! Madonna!" The conversation of the commuters is animated but less profane. The one word which I catch is "trolley." Evidently this important mechanism has slipped. Every one descends to the ground and watches with keen interest the futile efforts of the conduttrice to put the trolley back on the wire. No one offers to help her, except with suggestions made in a spirit of raillery which she answers in like coin. The motorman throws himself on the bank by the roadside, leisurely lights a cigarette, and unfolds his copy of *Il Messaggero*. But he is watching the conduttrice out of the tail of his eye. When he sees that her face is crimson with effort, her cap falling over one ear and the trolley still remaining recalcitrant, he gets up, muttering a few imprecations against the inefficiency of women in general, and nonchalantly accomplishes the connection in a moment. The conduttrice, still red and panting, is determined at least to have her woman's privilege of the last word. "You say that women are no good! If this war had been in the hands of women, it would have been finished in one week!" The motorman cuts her short: "In carozza, signori!" A worse scramble than at Frascati ensues; those who have been standing now hope to get a seat. Indeed, the contadina from the "bivio" manages to slip into the place of the Frascatana contadina. A battle of words begins, accompanied by violent gestures. The rival chickens squawk, the basket of figs rolls unheeded to the floor, the wine pours out of the fiasco as it is waved about to emphasize justice and right. No one interferes and all listen with wide, solemn eyes. Finally the Roman matron squeezes up a bit, makes room for the Frascatana, and the battle subsides. The conduttrice now puts her cap on straight, pats her hair coquettishly, and goes out on to the front platform. "What a seccatura about that trolley! It really wasn't my fault," she says in a conversational tone to the motorman. He turns around for one moment, fixes her with a cold eye, and murmurs, "Che ti possino!" and she retires in haste.

The tram now runs for several miles along a stretch of road which is at times below the level of the Campagna. On either side the embankments are aflame with scarlet poppies, and now and then one catches a fleeting glimpse of far-away blue mountains. Only a few landmarks break the monotony—the crumbling ruins of the Villa Sette Base and here and there a solitary fragment of aqueduct. When the half-way station to Rome is reached one of the most extraordinary views in

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the world unfolds itself. Back of you lies the wide sweep of the Campagna, suggesting in its magnificent lines both the mystery of the desert and of the sea. Hemming it in on three sides are the bare, dramatic mountains, changing in color with every cloud that passes over them. To one side rises the mound where the historic Portland vase was found, and directly before you, cutting the Campagna in two parts, stand the huge arches of the Claudian Aqueduct. Through a modern brick span set in the crumbling walls the tram passes, swept gently by the ends of the trailing vines which cover the aqueduct. Once on the other side, an entirely different Campagna greets one. It is more smiling now, more gentle and friendly. Green meadows stretch on either side where flocks of sheep graze. The shepherd, in his goatskin trousers, leans against his staff and calls his fierce Maremma dog to him. The Appian Way, lies just there across the undulating fields, its tombs, its stone pines and flamelike cypresses sharply outlined against the deep blue sky. Beyond, rise the southern walls of Rome, through which the illustrious dead once passed to their last resting-place. Over the top of the walls one has a glimpse of the row of gigantic disciples which ornament the façade of the Lateran; and dominating everything looms the dome of Saint Peter's.

From now on the tram follows the new Appian Way, as important a thoroughfare to-day as the old Appian Way was in the past, for it is the artery which leads to Rome from the Castelli Romani. It is picturesque in its shabby sordidness. Pergolaed wine-shops jostle against modern buildings; small factories are crowded in between a car-barn and a grain-elevator; an unbelievable number of large glass buildings—"moving-picture studios"—line the way. In the midst of all this modern ugliness, the Daziario, the city custom-house, has its office. Here we stop, and an important-looking official with an eagle feather in his cap, makes an inspection of the tram. He obliges every one to get up while he pokes under the seats with an iron rod to see if anything dutiable is concealed there. He levies taxes on the living presents which the contadine are taking to Rome; and he looks with suspicion at the valise which the Roman matron is carrying. He gives it a few punches, lifts it, and, finding it heavy, asks to have it opened. The Roman matron reluctantly complies and displays to curious, peering eyes an amazing quantity of soiled linen. She is taking it to Rome to be properly laundered, she explains. The washerwomen of Frascati are animals, they tear fine linen to threads on the stones. They are birbaccione, all of them! The custom official retires, and in a few moments we are entering Rome through the narrow archway of the Porta San Giovanni. Here, within a stone's throw of the wide, empty Campagna, the houses of the poor crowd closely around the ancient palace of the popes, which, in the days before the exodus to Avignon, used to stand in lonely splendor on the great Piazza. Now the tram tears down the hill, sweeps past Santa Maria Maggiore, and stops at last near one of the most beautiful of modern fountains in the Piazza delle Terme. The journey from Frascati to Rome is supposed to take one hour and, notwithstanding all the casualness of procedure, is usually made on time.

The excitement and jostling to get off the tram is even worse than the impatience the commuters showed on getting in. One would think the lives of each depended upon his being the first to alight. And yet, as soon as all are on the sidewalk, they appear to forget their haste and have nothing whatever to do. The contadina stops and buys a paper of "noccuolini Americani" (Roman for "peanuts"); the prince steps leisurely into his waiting Fiat; the rotund monsignore lifts himself heavily into a sombre, closed landau with two rusty horses, which carries him, one fancies, straight to the bronze doors of the Vatican; the Roman matron contents herself with a common cab; and the bersagliere, who is met by his sweetheart, perhaps the very one who picked the feathers he is wearing in his hat from her favorite cocks—links his arm in hers and strolls over to a bench beneath the shady trees beside the Baths of Diocletian.

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"I walk back to where I can't hear the waves on the beach."—Page 46.

GUAM—AND EFFIE

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh," "Holding Mast," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

ARE you an American?

Then of course you know all about our island of Guam.

But if you don't: place an equal triangle on the Pacific Ocean with one point on Honolulu and one point on Yokohama; the third point will rest—approximately—on Guam.

Guam is a far-flung, remote sort of place, hundreds of miles off the paths of freight steamers or the trans-Pacific liners. Once a month, on the outward-bound trip to Manila, the army transport stops with the mail, provisions, and the shifting officers and men. On the return voyage the transport does not stop.

Since the capture of the island by the *U. S. S. Charleston* during our war with Spain, the governors of Guam have been officers of the United States navy. The governor lives in the old Spanish "palace," but the junior naval officers find quarters where they can among the native houses in the capital city.

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"The seat of the insular government of Guam and the home of 60 per cent of its inhabitants is at Agaña. Agaña is hot and damp and——"

But my preface is too long.

To Guam, on the March transport, came Lieutenant and Mrs. Hugh Meredith, recently married in New York, where Mrs. Meredith, as Effie Steadman, had graced the chorus of a successful musical comedy. The marriage had been a hasty one, following a courtship rendered incitingly difficult by Lieutenant Meredith's duties as aide to an admiral and Effie's conflicting rehearsals, matinées, and evening performances—a courtship with all the feverish, calculated glamour of the restaurants and tea-rooms where it was carried on.

In the end Hugh Meredith—to whom preference by the admiral came as easily as the generous allowance from home—brushed aside the barrier of difficult meetings and married Miss Steadman before a dignitary in the city hall.

The Hugh Meredith surveying the Eden-like trees of Guam from the transport's deck was a considerably sadder and wiser person than the care-free hero of that whirlwind romance!

Events had quickly followed: The generous allowance from home ceased with stunning abruptness; indeed, judging by any approval or enthusiasm of his act from his family—except for one letter from his mother written during her first, white heat of anger—he might have been a kinless orphan! Curiously, too, the admiral suddenly needed an older aide, and the admiral's lively daughter stopped being "*always* at home at tea time." In less than two months life grew to be amazingly chilly to Hugh Meredith. His orders to Guam came as a real boon.

"I'll be glad to go somewhere a long way off," he told Effie, who regarded this new development as a sort of "going on the road," and was neither pleased nor sorry.

"I like to travel, too," agreed Effie. "Since I've gotten rested I've missed the theatre. The days are long when you haven't anything to do. Sometimes when you come home, I can't think of *a thing* to talk about! What sort of a place is this Guam? I need some new clothes—but, of course——"

"If I'd only saved when I could!" groaned Hugh. "But you won't need new clothes in Guam," he comforted.

And now, from the transport's deck, a limp and seasick Effie viewed, with growing apprehension, her new home. "I'd never have believed *any* place could be so far from every other place and still be on the map," she commented, looking back over the immense, flat Pacific.

"I'm going to make good here, if I work my finger-nails off," said her husband with bitter emphasis. "Every one has fired me out to shift for myself; we'll show them, won't we?"

"They'll need good eyesight," volunteered the wavering Effie; "it looks so *lonesome*," she amended forlornly. A nearer view was not reassuring. Effie lapsed into silence—a silence that deepened after Hugh had enthusiastically greeted an old friend and they were following him through the streets of Agaña.

"I didn't know that you were here, Putnam! Where's Alice?" Hugh asked.

Doctor Putnam's pleasant face clouded. "She's here, but she's been ill ever since our baby was born—dead—two months ago. I'm hoping to get her away as soon as she is able to travel," he said, and added briskly: "When I saw by a wireless message from your transport that you were coming to take Russell's job, I officiously engaged the house they were vacating, for you—with the two Chamorro servants and all. It's the best available, Mrs. Meredith; the Russells left some furniture and decorations, and my wife sent over enough provisions to last you until you get the hang of the native hucksters. She was sorry not to welcome you, but she hasn't seen any one, yet." The doctor paused; then, as Effie did not speak, went on: "The houses are built on stilts because it is cooler and less damp, Mrs. Meredith, and then it gives you a place to keep a pig. You'll never realize what a useful animal a pig is until you see him working, twenty-four hours a day, around the native houses!"

"He's joking, Effie," whispered Hugh, across her uncompromising silence, as they followed the doctor down a narrow street. "This is your mansion," said

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Doctor Putnam, running up the steps and opening the door.

"Three rooms—the kitchen is in that detached shed. You'll have to give the house boy an umbrella to carry over your food when it rains——"

Effie, still silent, stood looking about the small bare rooms.

"Russell left you some books—nothing very modern, but you won't mind that when you've been here a little while. Those machetes and that old Chamorro idea of a revolver were hung up there for ornaments by a man who had this house five years ago. Russell warned me to tell you not to try to use the gun, Meredith; he told me that he took a shot at a bat once with it, and it not only kicked like a mule, but it back-fired so that he still carries the scars!

"Russell's two Chamorro servants aren't much good, but none of the others are any better. Hope you haven't brought a lot of wedding presents, Mrs. Meredith; the house boys here haven't the least idea of how to treat silver."

"You'll have to give the house boy an umbrella to carry over your food when it rains——"

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"I haven't," vouchsafed Effie grimly.

Doctor Putnam paused awkwardly, then tried a new subject. "Alice heard from your sister last month, Meredith, but she didn't mention you! If she'd only told us that Mrs. Meredith was coming I could have held a better house for you."

"I'm sure this one will do—won't it, Effie? Who else is here besides Alice and you?" asked Hugh hurriedly.

"Major Forde, of the marines—Yes, Pedro!" he called to a boy clad in a jumper of thin material that hung, wide and full, to the hips of his cotton trousers. "They want me at the dispensary," explained Doctor Putnam after questioning him. "Good-by, Mrs. Meredith. About settling with Russell—" His voice trailed off from the road.

Hugh Meredith came slowly back into the room where Effie stood. Outside, from a palm-tree, a rose-colored fruit dove called across the warm stillness a low, insistent, mournful plaint, and, from far away, came the subdued, languorous, answering notes; the heavy air seemed throbbingly full of the bubbling, melancholy sound.

Effie turned. "How long are we to stay here?" she demanded huskily.

"You're worn out by the long sea voyage," her husband evaded. "Guam is beautiful; you'll like it after you get used to it! Come and have a look at the pink dove that is making all that racket—he's some bird——"

"Are the Merediths receiving?" called a voice from outside. "Welcome to our metropolis!" laughed a newcomer from the doorway. "Haven't seen you since Washington, four years ago, Meredith! How are your mother and sister? My regards to them when you write. I *was* surprised when I heard that you were coming here! Please present me to—er—Mrs. Meredith."

Hugh, without enthusiasm, greeted the voluble visitor. "Effie—Major Forde," he said.

"So sorry Mrs. Forde isn't here—but I couldn't ask her to bury herself. Are you from Washington, Mrs. Meredith?" inquired the major.

"No," answered Effie.

"My wife is from New York," vouchsafed Hugh.

"Fine place!" commented the major with hearty approval. "No place like it! You'll find it lonely here unless, of course, you have a hobby. Cards? Embroidery? Piano? Or perhaps you go in for the high-brow stuff?" He looked about. "Books, already!" he observed, and read the titles: "Tennyson! Rossetti! Oh, dear me!" wailed the impressionable major.

"Some books that Russell left," said Hugh.

"Glad they aren't yours!" approved the major. "I'm looking forward to seeing a great deal of the Merediths," he explained. "Mrs. Putnam is very ill—the doctor hopes to take her home soon—so I'm your only link with the past," he explained, and waited.

"You're very kind," agreed Hugh lamely. There was a pause. The major broke it with effusive querulousness.

"Where *have* I met you before, Mrs. Meredith?" he inquired. "Your face is perfectly familiar to me! Haven't I seen you somewhere? You don't, by any chance, play on the violin—or something?"

"Effie sings a little," volunteered Hugh hastily.

The major looked about. "And no piano!" he lamented, rising. "I have to hunt up some old friends on the transport—but, of course, I came to welcome you first! Hope you like me, Mrs. Meredith; you're going to see me early and often," he promised playfully. Hugh went with him to the door. "Don't forget to remember me to your mother and sister," the major reiterated.

"Did he know your people well?" questioned Effie curiously.

Hugh glanced at her. "No," he answered. "I doubt if he ever really met them. Mother and Eleanor wouldn't care for his sort." He hesitated. "Alice Putnam, the doctor's wife, is one of my sister's best friends. You'll like her. She's a great reader. I'm hoping you'll get a love for books here, Effie. You'll be glad always if, instead of playing cards or idling, you take up a regular course of study. It isn't lonely when you're busy. I'll have to be away lots; up to now I've sailed along without effort, but from now on what I get I'll have to earn—" He

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paused. "*What is it,* Effie?" questioned Hugh Meredith.

She turned tensely. "The scraping—and that queer moan—what are they?"

He listened. "A palm-leaf against a corner of the house, and the waves on the beach," he laughed.

The fruit dove had flown away; already the swift afternoon sunlight was waning, and bats, on slanting black wings, sailed leisurely across the sky. The Chamorro house boy sauntered into the dining-room and, after a few colloquialisms, announced that dinner would be ready in a half hour. Outside a heavy, dry palm-leaf sawed intermittently against the wall; on the beach the waves broke slowly and spread with a sluggish sibilance on the hot sand. Otherwise it was very still.

The etiquette of all naval stations is the same. New arrivals cause a spasmodic ripple of entertaining, only equalled by the crowding hospitalities proffered when an officer, his wife, and his family move on. At Guam this is regulated by the arrival or departure of transports. Between times the uneventful days march lazily past.

To Effie Meredith they seemed to crawl with increasing slowness. She did not "take" with the card-playing set, and after the first tentative calls they left her to herself. The governor's wife was pursuing a vision of presenting Guam to the world by means of a set of water-color sketches, on which she arduously toiled. She soon discovered that Effie's knowledge of art was negligible.

"I asked her if she didn't consider water-color the most brilliant and satisfactory medium, and she answered that she thought grease-paint best. *Could* she have been attempting to be facetious?" confided the governor's wife to a friend, with growing stiffness. "I can't *quite* understand how that nice Meredith boy happened to marry such a girl. She doesn't know his people—I asked her!" commented the "ranking lady."

Major Forde, more temperamentally devious, had also informed himself on that point. He "stopped in" almost every afternoon and, although Effie did not like him, he was "some one to talk to."

"You don't know Washington, then?" questioned the major during his third visit; "but some day you will see it most delightfully with Meredith's mother and sister. Charming people, aren't they?"

"I've never seen them," vouchsafed the literal Effie.

"Hm'm," commented the major, and paused. "My wife often writes of them," he added, sipping the lemonade Effie had hesitatingly proffered.

Conversation languished.

"Meredith says that you sing," observed the major, and experimented with a sudden question. "Professional?" he inquired boldly.

"Yes," answered Effie without embarrassment.

The major's "Hm'm" spoke volumes. He glanced around the bare rooms from the small stand, covered with a table napkin and adorned with a pitcher filled with telosma, to the group of native weapons on the wall. "Must be lonely for you here," he said.

"It is," agreed Effie. "I'll be glad when Mrs. Putnam gets better. I'm going to see her, for the first time, to-morrow."

"*Why* is Mrs. Putnam bothering?" wondered the major. The Chamorro boy sauntering in to set the table roused him. "I must be going," he said.

Effie, loitering in the doorway, heard the haunting call of a reed-warbler, ineffably sweet on the quiet evening air. The sea was so calm that the lazy surf made no sound, but against the wall a palm-leaf rasped with indolent persistence.

"I always believed, when I lived in New York, that a house and servants were the finest things in the world. Well, now I've got them!" thought Effie, and saw the golden landscape through a blur of tears.

Hugh came cheerily up the steps. "It's great, isn't it?" he asked enthusiastically. "I'm never too tired to enjoy my walk home. Didn't I see Forde coming away from here? I wouldn't bother much with him, Effie; he isn't worth while. Dinner, Pedro?"

Mrs. Putnam smiled feebly at her visitor and glanced nervously toward the desk, where the corner of an embittered letter from Mrs. Meredith, senior, showed from a pigeonhole. "I'm sorry I've

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been such a poor neighbor," she said. "Are you comfortable? Is there anything we can do to help you out? I was so ill when you came that I had to leave all arrangements to the servants."

Effie smiled back. "We have everything going smoothly now. You've been *so* kind! Whenever anything especially good comes on the table Hugh asks: 'From Mrs. Putnam's?' and it always is from you. You've trained your cook wonderfully!"

Mrs. Putnam laughed. "You should have seen my early struggles," she said. "I've been so thankful that my Quaker grandmother made me learn to cook!"

Effie's face sobered. "I wish I knew how! I can boil potatoes and fry beefsteak—but that isn't cooking. And I can't sew. In New York, or on the road, I had no time, and ready-made things are cheap—the kind I bought," she said.

Mrs. Putnam turned on her pillows. "Tell me—how do you like Guam? What do you do with your days?" she asked kindly.

Effie caught her breath. "Why—nothing—" she answered. "We have breakfast, and I straighten up. Hugh's things are always in order, but I never bothered much, before—just tumbled my clothes in, the quickest way. Now I try to keep them neat."

"But that doesn't fill your day," objected Mrs. Putnam.

"Oh, no! After that I look out of the window, or Major Forde comes to call, or I walk back to where I can't hear the waves on the beach."

"But the sound of the waves is pleasant!" cried Mrs. Putnam. "What should we do, during the hot weather, if we couldn't hear the waves?"

Effie's face hardened. "It's such a lonely sound. I hate it!" she said.

Mrs. Putnam felt unaccountably sorry for her. "Do you read? But you must! Will you get the green book there—yes, please. It's Conrad's 'Victory.' You'll enjoy it. If a person gets interested in books it opens a new world to them. And perhaps, later on when I'm better, I can help you with the cooking and sewing," she promised.

Effie, obedient to a signal from the nurse, rose to go. For a second she stood silently by the bed, then: "I'm so sorry —that the baby—died—" she said with awkward sincerity.

Mrs. Putnam's eyes filled with tears. "Thank you," she whispered.

Major Forde was waiting in the small parlor when Effie, hugging the book under her arm, came up the steps.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed dramatically. "Literature! And in this heat! Break it to me gently—Shakespeare or Bacon?"

"It's 'Victory'—Mrs. Putnam wanted me to read it," explained Effie.

"Hm'm," mused the major. "Now *why* is *she* bothering?" Aloud he said: "Mrs. Putnam hasn't troubled much with the women here. Oh, I don't mean that she snubs them—she just isn't interested. Perhaps Hugh's sister asked her to be nice to you?" he suggested.

"No," answered Effie. "Hugh's sister doesn't—know me."

"Well, I wondered!" commented the major, and ventured a quick question. "Chorus?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Effie simply. She leaned her head on her hand, brushing away the tiny beads of perspiration.

"Must seem pretty dull to you here—after your gay life," remarked the major.

Effie thought about it. "My life wasn't particularly gay, except that there were lots of girls to talk to and laugh with. We worked hard," she said.

"Where did Meredith come in?" inquired the major.

Effie brightened. "We had such a good time!" she answered almost gayly.

"Don't you have a good time now?" asked Major Forde.

"Yes—but it's—different," answered Effie.

"Hugh doesn't appreciate you? Grown tired?" suggested the major, and added: "Guess you're more *my* sort."

"Oh, no!" she assured him. "I've known lots of men like you—men who ask questions just as you do—they're around every stage door. The girls laugh about them."

Major Forde glanced sharply at her. "You're trying to get even," he accused.

"Oh, no," Effie repeated reflectively, and added: "It's odd—but nearly always the wife of your kind of man doesn't live with him."

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Major Forde arose. "Mrs. Forde is a great social favorite in Washington," he announced stiffly. "Her life, her friends, her amusements are outside of the experience of most of the people here."

"Does Mrs. Putnam know her?" asked Effie, with amiable formality.

"Mrs. Putnam knows a great many people—Hugh's mother and sister, for instance," commented the major darkly, as he went down the steps.

Effie leaned her aching head on her hands. "*Why* do I care what he *says* or what the Merediths *think?*" she wondered.

Below, on the beach, the waves broke languidly; the palm-tree, at the corner of the house, rasped its dry leaves back and forth—back—and—forth.

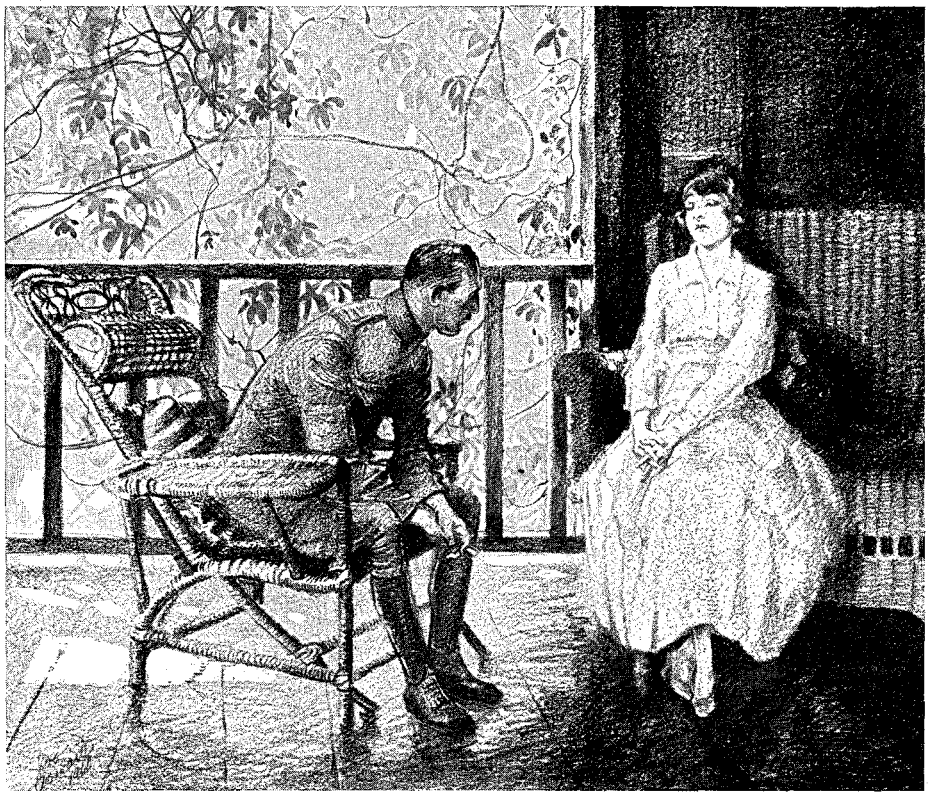
"Victory" filled some hours of the long days. Effie read painstakingly and, at times, with faint enjoyment.

"Did you like it?" Mrs. Putnam asked; her face was whiter than when Effie had seen her before, but her voice was as kind.

Effie hesitated. "Yes—some," she answered. "Things happened on that island. They never do here. And it sounded sort of pretty."

"You're stone blind!" Mrs. Putnam assured her. "Guam is beautiful, and as for things happening—why each woman here is as busy as a mouse in a waste-paper basket! Which of the officer's wives do you like best?"

"Not any of them," answered Effie slowly. "The older ones are busy, and the younger ones play cards all the time. They're pleasant enough, but I don't know what to talk to them about. I've gone to their houses several times when I was *too* lonely, but they stopped playing cards and seemed to be waiting for me to go; and the last time—yesterday—one of them asked the others how to spell 'bore.' I won't go again," explained Effie.



"It'll be lonely for you."—Page 48.

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Mrs. Putnam's voice was incredulous. "They didn't!" she exclaimed, and glanced at her guest, then laid a gentle hand over Effie's tightly interlaced fingers.

"Nothing like that could hurt *us*, could it? Because *we* know that the sort of woman who would say such a thing, or think it clever, is so innately common that *nothing* she said would matter to us," said Mrs. Putnam, and added, as Effie's tense attitude relaxed: "You mustn't judge the navy women by the unfortunate group that happens, at this time, to be at Agaña. You may never encounter anything like it again, although in *any* gathering of women, social or professional, they're never all of one grade. But usually there are enough well-bred gentlewomen to leaven the mixture. Do try to get interested in books! You can't realize what it will mean to you."

Effie ignored the literary suggestion. "I wouldn't mind so much if I didn't realize that if Hugh had married one of his sister's friends these women wouldn't *dare* act so. *I cheapen him*," admitted Effie huskily. "Hugh's mother has never written him—since he married me."

"I've known Hugh's people all my life," said Mrs. Putnam. "Hugh's a great surprise to us these days! I thought his mother had succeeded in spoiling him. She certainly went about it right by giving him too much money and letting him think that having a good time was the only necessary aim in life. But now my husband says Hugh's the hardest worker on the island. That's your influence!"

Effie flushed. "No, it's Hugh himself. But I hate to come between Hugh and his family. I know that you know about us—and Major Forde says——"

"Major Forde can't tell you anything about the Merediths, because he doesn't know them. We disliked him and his climbing wife too much to tolerate them. As for Mrs. Meredith—Hugh is the apple of her eye! Give her time. She'll come around if she thinks you don't need her. I'm surprised that she has held out as long as this. But you must study; better try another book. There's Conrad's 'Youth'—I've read it again and again!"

"Is it about islands?" asked Effie.

"No, it's a story of the sea. You can *hear* the waves!" said Mrs. Putnam.

Effie left the book on the table when she said good-by and made her way slowly toward her own house. Agaña dreamed heavily in the late sunshine. On the beach acres of seaside daffodils blossomed in prodigal luxuriance; tawny-colored butterflies floated above the convolvulus on wide and leisurely wings; hibiscus bloomed in tireless profusion along the hedges.

"I can't see anything beautiful here," grieved Effie.

As usual, Major Forde waited on the steps.

"I've been at Mrs. Putnam's; she looks very ill," Effie told him.

"Putnam's arranging to take her home on the next transport," answered the omniscient major, and added: "You'll miss her?"

"It'll be lonely for you, especially as Hugh finds it convenient to be away so much," ventured the major after a pause.

Effie flared up. "Don't you dare speak so of Hugh—I won't have it!" she said.

Major Forde smiled. "Why don't you tell the truth?" he asked.

"It *is* the truth. Hugh's away working hard—trying to do his best, so that it will go on his record. He has had so much staff duty that he says no one believes that he can do anything else. He can't do good work and sit around on porches," vouchsafed Effie.

Major Forde flushed. "Men are always 'busy' when they find it convenient," he observed, shoving back his chair. From behind the cushion a folded letter dropped. The major stooped and picked it up. "Your Chamorro boy evidently dusts by putting things out of sight," he commented critically as he rose to go. "I'm rather expecting to get away on the next transport myself," he added.

"How splendid!" cried Effie, with such generous enthusiasm that the major glared affrontedly at her. "Glad you're pleased," he growled. "Hope you'll enjoy the hot weather—it's about due."

After he had gone she came back to the chair by the window and, noticing the letter, picked it up.

"Pedro," she called to the boy, who was yawningly setting the table, "where did this come from?"

"Him fall from capt'n's coat when I take coat to press and pack away—as you tell me," answered Pedro promptly.

Effie smiled, remembering Hugh's

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whimsical remark: "Wish the Navy Department would promote me as fast as Pedro does!" and opened the letter. The first words riveted her attention. It commenced, without salutation, "Hugh" and was dated two days after her marriage.

"How could you—*how could you*—do such a thing? After all these years of living among gentle people, surrounded by the things that come from education and refinement, you show an innate commonness (for which I cannot account) by marrying this dreadful creature.

"Do you expect me to present such a daughter-in-law to my friends? Do you expect your sister to welcome such a sister-in-law? (Your old friend, Billy Somers, said to her yesterday: 'Cheer up, Eleanor! Almost every family has some disgraceful members.')

"On one point you may be very certain. *Never*, until you can assure us that the woman you have married has gone permanently out of your life and your future, need you write or plan to see your sister or your heart-broken

"MOTHER."

"How could you—*how could you*—do such a thing?"

Effie read the letter three times; then, sitting motionless, stared, unseeing, at the wall in front of her. For once the palm-tree rasped unheeded against the house; the waves on the beach moaned to deaf ears.

Hot weather came early that year, and broke all records. Daylight, and a molten copper sun, seemed to spring flaming over the misty horizon line long before the glare of the day before had faded from tired eyes. It was a time to test the endurance of the strongest, and Effie had neither the strength nor the logic necessary to face the long days. She slept so lightly that the sound of the sea and the rustle of the palm-tree seemed burned into her consciousness, as the brazen sky and oily water burned on her sight. She found herself trying to concentrate her attention on the wall, the floor, the table, to hold them by sheer will-power, from swinging and swaying in the glare. She longed for the night, that she might escape from the long hiss of the slow waves, the sawing of the palm-leaves against the house.

And when Hugh was at home he read books!

"Guam's a great place, Effie," he told her; "you'll never have time to study and read as you have here! Dickens, Thackeray, Stevenson—I never knew before how wonderful Stevenson is! You'd love some of his stories if you'd read them."

"What are they about?" asked Effie.

"All sorts of things! A lot of the best ones are about islands. I'll bring some over."

Effie never opened them.

"You're reading poetry, now," she said one evening, looking over his shoulder.

Hugh glanced up apologetically. "Seems foolish for a man, doesn't it?" he said. "Rossetti, too!"

She read it slowly:

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"'Nay, why
Name the dead hours? I mind them well:
Their ghosts in many darkened doorways dwell
With desolate eyes to know them by.'"

"It doesn't rhyme," said Effie.

Hugh smiled. "I don't believe he meant it to rhyme—but here! I'll read some Tennyson that rhymes: 'The Lady of Shallot.'"

He read it through.

"I like that better," agreed Effie. "Not the island nor the Sir—the 'tirra-lirra' man. We once had a property-man with coal-black curls. Greasy old thing!"

"Now you try reading one. There's a dandy called 'The Lotus Eaters.'"

"What's it about?" asked Effie.

"Oh, an island something like this. I think of it when I'm walking to the office and see the blue sky running into the blue ocean and the heavy sunshine, and smell the ilang-ilang. Tennyson might have been writing of Guam!"

Effie laid the volume down. "All the books that were ever written are about islands or the sea," she thought, desperately.

"Hugh," she ventured, "does Major Forde know your sister well?"

Hugh closed his book. "I should rather guess *not*," he said. "Nell wouldn't bother with him for a minute! He likes to pretend to know people—calls women he has met once or twice by their first names—he's really an awful bounder. I wouldn't have him here so much, if I were you."

"I don't like him—but he's some one to talk to," said Effie, and added slowly: "Your mother and sister will never know me, will they?"

Hugh flushed and swallowed hard. "If they won't they'll never know me either," he said. "We'll work it out together, Effie; only you must read and study while we are here. You'll be glad, when we get to some livelier place, that you put your time in well while you could."

"How long will it be before we go to the livelier place? I mean, how long will we be here?"

"About two years—that's the usual term of duty."

Effie gasped. Two years! They had been there not quite four months. Twenty more months! Eighty-eight weeks! Six hundred and five days! In the silence the cocoanut-palm sounded like a giant file against the wall; the waves gave a gloating chuckle as they broke lazily on the sand.

"Doctor and Mrs. Putnam and Major Forde are going on the transport that stops day after to-morrow," said Effie.

"Good riddance to Forde. The new marine officer is a nice fellow, but his wife is another one of the card sharps."

Mrs. Putnam and Major Forde, her only bulwarks against the unending days! Effie pressed her hands over her eyes.

Hugh, glancing up, noticed the whiteness of her face. "Aren't you feeling well, Effie?" he asked anxiously. "You'd better go to bed. I'll have to be at the office late to-morrow evening, getting out those specifications the governor decided on to-day. He wants them to go on the transport. Don't wait up for me, will you?"

She shook her head. "I'm going to walk until I get tired, to-morrow—so I'll feel sleepy," she said.

Hugh spoke again of her pallor when she poured out his coffee at the breakfast table. "You had better lie low, Effie; it's going to be a scorching day. The trade wind has dropped; it's preparing for a typhoon."

"I'll stick to the house," she promised.

After he had gone she moved about putting things to right, straightening the napkin that did duty for a table-cover, rearranging the folds of the curtains, interviewing the sleepy cook and drowsy house boy. It was so hot that the sky, like an inverted copper bowl, was reflected in the still water. Effie looked at the earth wavering feverishly in the heat haze and, going to her bedroom, buried her face in the pillows.

The morning crept by in leaden minutes. After an interminable time she could hear the house boy setting the luncheon table; then Hugh came in, his white uniform wet with perspiration. "Guess I'll have to take time for a plunge," he called.

Effie lifted her aching head and shook back her damp hair. "Is it as hot as this all the time?" she asked.

"No, later there's a rainy season when everything mildews; your shoes grow green whiskers, inside and out, overnight. But cheer up, Effie! To-day breaks all records. You wouldn't mind so much if you'd read and divert your mind."

"I haven't any mind to divert—and it's too hot to work it if I had," she answered indifferently.

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Agaña dreamed heavily in the late sunshine.—Page 48.

After luncheon she went back to her room and lay, during the long afternoon, with her face turned from the window. Sometimes she dozed, coming back to consciousness with a sharp jerk, like an animal pulled up short by its tethering chain. At dinner time she changed her dress and tried to tidy her hair, but the long red-gold strands clung to her damp neck and wound tightly around her arms with an almost fiendish persistency; roughly she pulled her hand loose, jarring her head and bringing tears to her eyes. "I'd think it was trying to see how miserable it could make me," she fretted childishly.

At dinner even Hugh owned to being tired. "Awful day! I'll be home earlier than I expected, though; we put things through with a bang!"

"Don't have the house boy stay; I'd rather have him asleep at home than in the kitchen. I'll take down that old revolver, then I won't be frightened," said Effie.

"I'd be frightened if I thought you would try to use it," laughed Hugh. "Good-by, dear, I'll be back in a couple of hours."

In her room, after locking the doors and arming herself with the revolver, Effie sat on the floor by a window and, resting her elbows on the sill, looked out into the velvety blackness of the tropical night. It was cooler and the fishing boats were out; the flare of their dry cocoanut torches blossomed with fitful intensity; deer, plundering gardens on the outskirts of Agaña, barked with impudent recklessness; gecko lizards scurried across

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the wall. The big stars seemed so near and bright as to be almost friendly. Effie felt a lessening of the day's fever and tension.

"To-morrow," she thought, "I will begin to take an interest," for in spite of his mother's letter, Hugh talked to her of the future, never intimating that they would not spend the years ahead together.

She would like to discuss his mother's letter with him, but dared not bring the subject up.

"I'm going to begin studying *to-morrow*," vowed Effie. "I may be a 'creature,' but I needn't be an ignorant one! *To-morrow* I'll begin! To-morrow——"

A fumbling knock on the front door was repeated. Effie went silently out, revolver in hand. "Who's there?" she called.

"Major Forde, Mrs. Meredith! The transport's sighted, and I didn't know whether I'd have time to say good-by in the morning."

She laughed as she opened the door. "I was all ready!" she said, holding up the pistol.

Major Forde balanced unsteadily in the doorway. "Don't shoot me *now*," he begged. "I'm getting away in the morning! Saw Hugh at the office and thought I'd drop in."

Effie glanced at his flushed face. "Good-by party, I suppose," she commented dryly.

"You suppose correctly," he said, and sat down.

Effie looked at him uneasily and wished that he would go. Hugh would soon be home, and wouldn't like finding the major there.

"Transport's in sight! All aboard! It's a light trip—hardly any one travelling," said Major Forde.

Effie caught her breath.

"Better come along—lots of room," he said.

"How I wish I could!" she cried fervently.

"Come along! Mrs. Putnam's too sick to leave her stateroom; she transfers to a passenger steamer at the first stop, and no one else will know the difference."

Effie stared at him scornfully. "Go with you? Nothing like that!" she said with brutal honesty.

An ugly look came into his face. "I'll see your husband's mother and sister soon. Want to send them any message?"

"When I do I'll send it by some one they know," answered Effie.

He stood up. "I'll be damned at the airs the chorus puts on when it gets a chance! You'd better be grateful when people bother to speak to you——"

He stopped.

Hugh stood in the doorway. "I heard what you said, Forde. Get out—and be quick about it," he said.

The major glared at him; his innate cowardice bade him accept his humiliation and sneak away, but the bravado and pretense of years were second nature. "Fine airs! Fine airs!" he bellowed. "Bringing a chorus girl out here and trying to make decent people think you're married to her! Guess you didn't fool me! Guess you didn't fool any one—don't you *dare strike at me!*" he shrieked, and snatched at the old revolver lying on the table.

Over the noise of the scuffle and the thud of an overturned chair Effie's scream, as she dashed forward, mingled with the sharp report of the revolver.

Then, as the smoke cleared, she tottered and fell, a limp heap, while a slowly spreading stain showed startlingly against the whiteness of her dress.

"Satisfied now, Forde?" asked Hugh, and knelt beside her as two officers, who had heard the explosion, came breathlessly up the steps.

She lived a few hours.

Toward dawn, in that still time when nature seems to hold its breath, she regained consciousness and whispered, "Hugh." Then as he leaned to hear the feeble voice: "Don't cry—better—so," she said.

Dumbly, the lonely soul looked through her heavy eyes. "I read—your mother's—letter. She won't—mind now." Few words and light to lie like an impassable barrier across the years, separating the mother, fiercely mourning her boy, from the man who returned.

Outside the cool wind that ushers in the dawn moved the palm-leaves stealthily against the house; on the beach the slow waves curved into foam. They sounded clearly in the quiet room.

She heard. The feeble ghost of her repulsion flickered for a second in her face. With the last of her strength she whispered: "That tree—and the sound of—the water—*how I—hate them*——"

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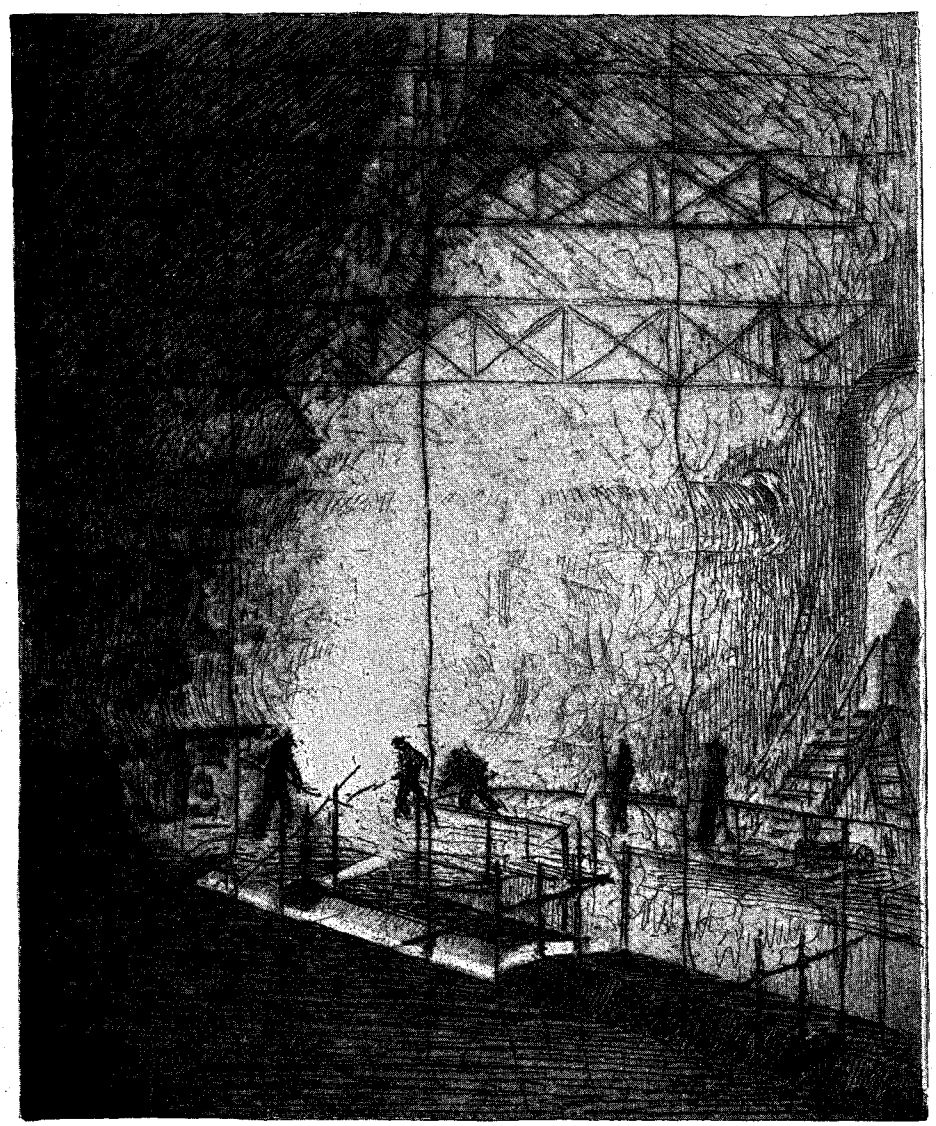
SPEEDING UP WORK IN THE IRON AND STEEL MILLS

FOUR ETCHINGS WITH NOTES

BY HERBERT PULLINGER



Tapping the heat.

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The molten fall.

SPEEDING UP WORK IN THE IRON AND STEEL MILLS

TAPPING THE HEAT

UPON permits from the Committee on Public Information and the Bethlehem Steel Company, the artist visited the mills and made the four etchings here shown. They were in turn passed by the national and military censors.

The first picture, "Tapping the heat," as it is called, is a spectacular operation. A number of men with long iron rods drag away the brick and clay plug which holds the hot mixture back. This is dangerous work, for the onrushing metal moves quickly and the men have to be nimble. The stream is small at first, accompanied by a hissing sound, which increases to a great roar as the opening is made larger and the hot metal rushes out in volume.

Down the main sluiceway it goes,

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branching out on either side of a big pit. Smaller outlets carry it over the side into the kettles below. The light and flying sparks increase with the noise, creating wonderful effects. The little black men seem to dance about like gnomes before a great fire.

Of a sudden it is all over—the light dies down, the noise ceases, the hot sluiceways become cooled. A little vapor rises here and there and the smoke trails out through the openings in the roof. The men seem to rest a moment against their long iron bars. One becomes conscious of the smell of damp earth and burnt cinders. The place is dark, uncanny, dead—but the hot metal is already on its way to the front.

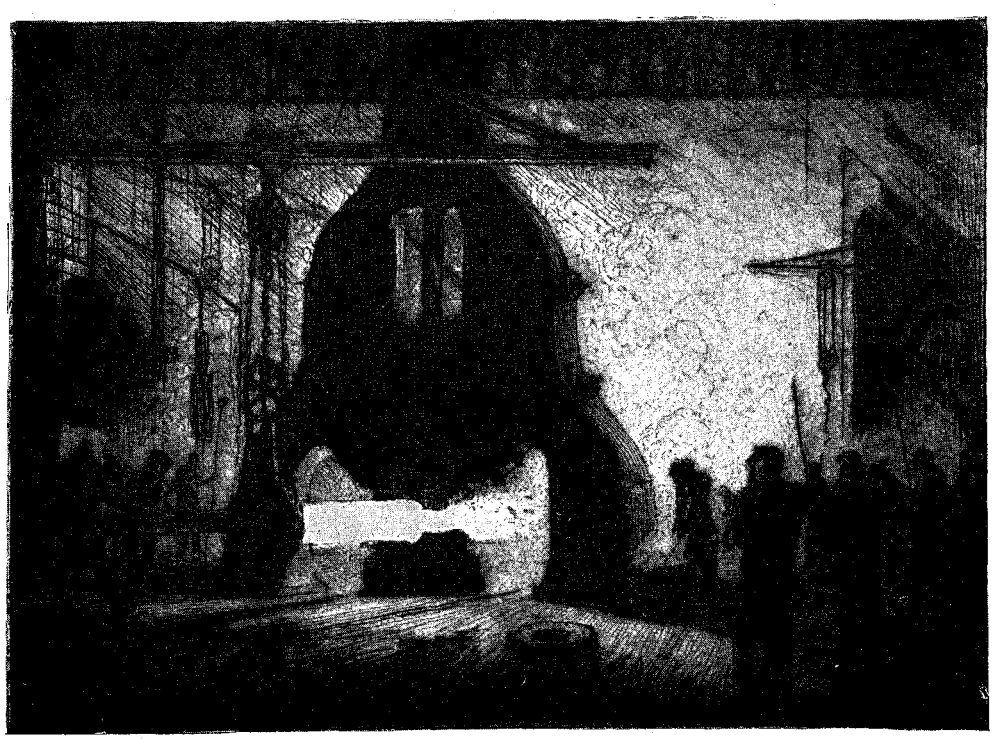
THE MOLTEN FALL

A little engine pulls the train of ladle-cars away, starting the metal on its long journey. Because it has been heated so far above its melting-point in the blast-furnace, it is possible to carry it a great distance—usually to another part of the plant—where it is emptied into larger ladles or sometimes stored in a huge reservoir and drawn off as required and sent to the Bessemer or the open-hearth furnaces to be converted into steel, after which it is poured into ingots to be forged or rolled.

The flow of the molten iron as it falls heavily into the big ladle is fascinating to watch and is wonderfully light, while the steam and smoke wander aimlessly about the mysterious upper regions of the great building.

THE HAMMER

The staccato notes of a dozen noisy hammers all going at once greet one. Here a brilliant light, there a wonderful glow, flying sparks, and smoke trying to find its way out through the piercing rays of sunlight from the tall windows. Confusion seems to reign, bedlam seems to have broken loose.



The hammer.

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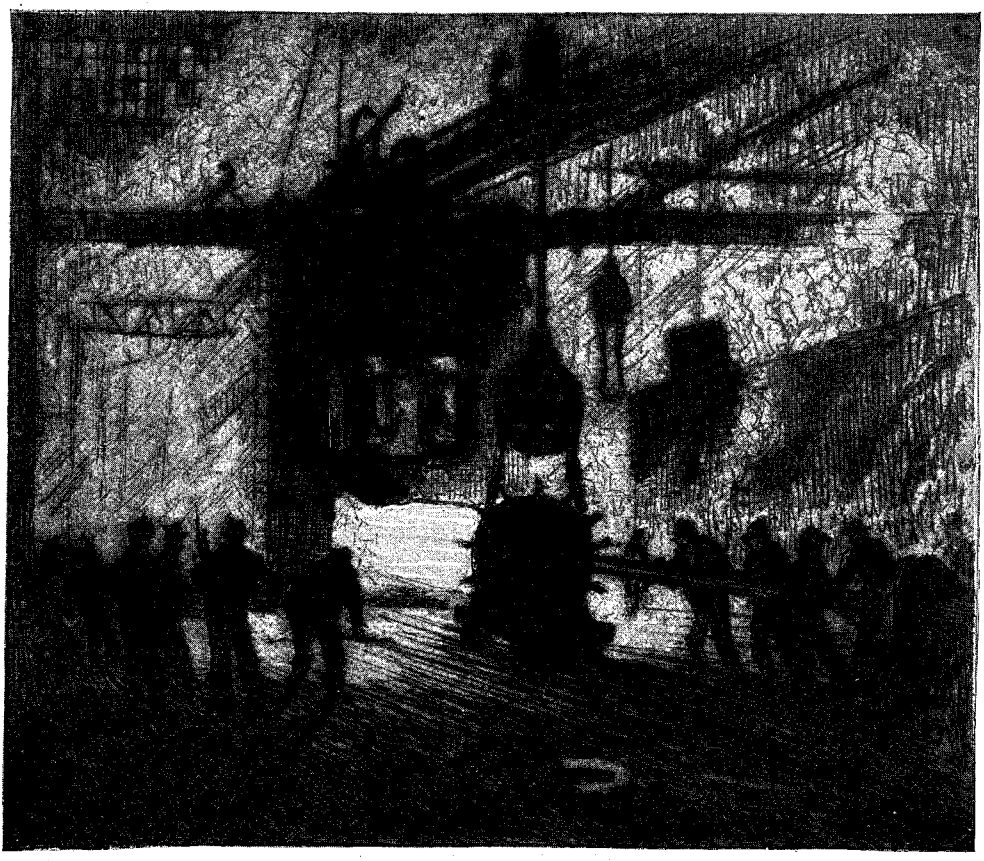

The press.

The forging is heated to the desired degree in a heating-furnace conveniently near and is then swung by a crane from the furnace to the hammer. A long, heavy bar is attached to one end of it, along which slide big iron rings for balancing, while the hammer, with terrific force, beats the ingot into the required shape, shaking the foundation and setting one's teeth to chattering—indeed, you feel a bit apprehensive lest the building fall.

THE PRESS

The big, drafty building seems quiet and lifeless after the hammer-shop. One wonders at the dearth of activity.

Then suddenly a flare shoots across the building as a big forging, perhaps a gun tube or jacket, is swung from the furnace with a dozen men hanging or riding on the balance-bar. A little carriage is pushed under it, the rings are adjusted on the end of the bar and it is pushed under a powerful hydraulic press which squeezes the hot mass into the shape desired with little or no fuss and no shock at all.

After a while the light dies down, and all is darkened again except for the narrow rays of sunlight streaming through the broken windows high overhead. Bits of steam drift about. The men move around, completing their work. All is quiet, damp, and chilly.

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FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

By Henry Cabot Lodge
Senator from Massachusetts

NOT long since I received a copy of a magazine of which I had never heard before—a reflection, no doubt, upon me and not upon the magazine. It seemed to be a serious and well-edited publication, and turning over the pages I came upon a critical notice of a book, entitled "War Addresses," which I had lately published. The notice was very kindly in tone, and when for nearly forty years one has been exposed to criticisms in large numbers, both literary and political, one becomes very grateful for kindness, even when it is condescending and too indifferent to its subject to avoid misrepresenting him. My copy of the magazine has gone the way of the endless printed pages which come to a man in public life, but there was one sentence in the notice which secured a place in my memory and subsequently suggested a train of thought which finally finds expression here.

The critic disposed in wholesale fashion of some of the addresses, which may be sufficiently defined as "occasional," by saying that they were of the usual kind, very well in their way, with skilfully distributed "familiar quotations." These last words in quotation marks were those which arrested my attention and, as they recurred to me later, lifted from my mind for a moment the burden of sad and anxious thoughts absorbed by the distress of the hour, by the perils and trials besetting my country which threaten those principles of freedom and civilization that alone make life worth having. It was evident that the critic in using the words I have quoted proceeded upon the not uncommon assumption that men in public life or those who are called upon often to speak in public are in the habit of taking down their Bartlett, or some similar collection, and searching through its pages for quotations with which to ornament their utterances, thus violating a fundamental rule of architecture, which applies equally to speech, that you may ornament your construction but must never construct your ornament. A universal negative is not only dangerous but is generally impossible, and yet, practically speaking, I doubt if this method of putting quotations into speeches or writings is ever followed by any one. Of course, in saying this I exclude the citation of authorities as in a legal argument or in histories, as well as extracts from an author whose books are the subject of a critical study and examination. My statement is confined to quotations used by a writer or speaker to point a moral or to adorn the expression of his own thought in better words than he can furnish himself. Naturally the thought suggests the quotation, and its rarity or familiarity depends upon the memory and the range of reading of the speaker or writer. As the most familiar words are the most easily remembered and come within the narrowest vocabulary, so the most familiar quotations, as their very name implies, are those most commonly used. But they are not sought for, although they are frequently verified, as they ought always to be, because the old Scotchman was quite right when on his death-bed he whispered to his son: "Always verify your quotations."

My first impression when I read my critic's censure was of the erroneous theory upon which it was obviously based, that men searched a dictionary of quotations to find suitable adornments for their writing or their speech. My next was as to how far the implied criticism that I indulged in too many familiar quotations was justified. I rather wondered that my critic, so avowedly an expert in the familiarity of quotations, did not remind me of Steele's remark that "There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations." I assume that he knew the sentence, but he probably shrank from it as too "familiar," and also, perhaps, because he was aware that Steele himself, or Addison

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as the case might be, put some familiar classical quotation at the head of every *Tatler* and did not hesitate to sprinkle other quotations here and there in the text.

Let me say in answer to the implied criticism that I confess to a fondness, perhaps it is a weakness, for an apt quotation. It seems to me to adorn or light up a sentence provided it is wise or beautiful or humorous as well as fitting. It is a buttress to an argument, it sharpens a point, it adds lustre to a page. If I can express a thought of mine in the language of Shakespeare, the supreme master of English, how much better for my reader or my hearer than to leave him alone with my words, so poor and dim compared to the radiance of the great poet and thinker. Perhaps I too far give way to my fancy in this respect, but I know how much I like the art of quotation in others, and I also feel that if I err I at least sin in good company. There is first of all Sir Walter Scott, unrivalled in quotations which he dearly loved to use. I think he surpassed all others in the art, because when even his wide and curious reading and his tenacious memory failed to give what he desired he made his quotations himself. As Labouchère said of his stories: "They might not be true but they were certainly new, for I made them all myself." There you can find them written at the head of Sir Walter's chapters, appropriate, of course, because devised for that especial purpose and attributed to an "Old Play," an "Old Ballad," or to that fertile and charming author "Anonymous." Think of a novelist who, lacking a quotation to introduce a chapter, scribbled on his manuscript such lines as these:

> "Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
> To all the sensual world proclaim,
> One crowded hour of glorious life
> Is worth an age without a name."
> —"ANONYMOUS."
> ("Old Mortality," chapter XXVI.)*

Is it any the worse because it became what Scott pretended it to be, a "familiar" quotation, so familiar that hundreds have repeated the splendid words without even knowing their origin? I looked back to the earliest chapters of the novel, and found the first five garnished with quotations from Burns, Prior, Swift, and Shakespeare, and then memory remaining mute invention steps in and we have lines from our deceptive friend an "Old Ballad." What lover of literature would quarrel with either the real or the invented quotations—they all gleam upon the page and open the coming chapter with a strain of music. Think, too, for a moment of some of the writers who still delight the world and who were much given to quotation, apt, ingenious, and suggestive. Montaigne, Lamb, Hazlitt, Matthew Arnold, Macaulay, Augustine Birrell, Lowell, Emerson, great masters all in the delicate and charming art of quotation, occur at once to one's mind. I do not extend the list, for these are enough to show what a goodly company are those who aptly quote, nor do I include Burton because his book is largely made up of far-fetched and curious extracts from unread folios; nor Sterne because he simply robbed Burton and thus helped himself to produce one of the great books of English literature.

These comforting reflections upon my fellow sinners in a love for quotations led me to the book in which my failing had not escaped my keen-eyed critic, and I determined to see just how serious the failing was in that particular case. I found that in the volume of three hundred and three pages there were thirty-four quotations—very few in the ten speeches, nearly all in the eight occasional addresses. They were divided in origin as follows: Tennyson, four; Shakespeare, Emerson, and Horace, three each; Macaulay, Lowell, Byron, and Wordsworth, two each; Cicero, Franklin, Drinkwater, Keats, the Bible, Patrick Henry, Addison, Rabelais, Whittier, Dickens, Lincoln, Landor, and Browning, one each. To my surprise I also found on examination that only eleven of these quotations were in Bartlett, the largest and best dictionary of quotations I know. This fact indicates that this valuable work of reference was not searched very thoroughly for striking passages which might at various points be worked into my discourse. But the distribution of my quotations shows conclusively the unsoundness of the perhaps common notion that any one who

*The numbering of the chapters in "Old Mortality" varies in different editions. In some editions the quotation cited precedes chap. XXI.

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speaks in public or writes for publication thumbs over a dictionary in order to pluck out some quotable and oft-quoted phrase which he can use to advantage. Had I worked in this way there would not have been four quotations from Tennyson. Not only are Shakespeare and the Bible the books which all English-speaking people quote most readily and naturally, often without knowing that they are quoting, but there are many poets who to me mean far more and are more familiar than Tennyson. There are four quotations from Tennyson simply because memory found in his poems the lines which fitted and lighted up the thought I was trying to express. And that is the way that quotations for decorative or illuminating purposes find their way into speech or writing. As a proof of the same truth it will be noticed that there is no research visible, for my quotations were all from famous or familiar authors except possibly the stanzas by Mr. Drinkwater, a young English poet not yet as well known as he deserves to be. Still less can they be accused of pedantry, which implies a needless display of learning as well as unsuitability to the time, the place, the subject, or the company. Whatever else may be said of them, the quotations made in my little volume were all appropriate to the subject and all, I think, sufficiently apt. They are certainly not recondite. They are from books which all educated persons may be supposed to have read. Yet I confess I should have liked to have had my critic place the nameless ones for me when he read them, without looking them up, using only his memory for identification. I should be particularly pleased if he would place for me the sentence from Rabelais which was imbedded in my remembrance but which I had not the patience to delve for so as to be able to give chapter and verse.

I have used myself too long as an illustration of my theme which is in the nature of a protest against the patronizing, down-looking manner in which superior persons and perhaps other and better people are wont to refer in print and in speech to "familiar quotations," with an emphasis upon the adjective as if familiarity in literature was the equivalent of inferiority. I feel inclined to begin by repeating to those who hold such opinions Armado's words to Moth: "Define, define, well-educated infant."

Do you mean by "familiar" anything to be found in the dictionaries of quotations which bear that name, Bartlett, for example, with its thousand and fifty-four pages? It is an invaluable work for the task of verification, very precious in disclosing the authors and origins of verse and of sentences which drift about in our memories but which have parted their moorings. Full of information, too, are such patient compilations. There, for instance, you will learn who wrote the lines—

> "The aspiring youth, that fired the Ephesian dome,
> Outlives in fame the pious fool that rais'd it,"

which I have heard wrongly attributed oftener than any equally familiar verses. Bartlett fails to give us the name of the "aspiring youth," and I should like to hear one of those who scorn the "familiar" quotation tell us without examination of authorities who the aspiring youth was and whether the architect and the "pious fool" were one and the same person. This, by way of digression, merely illustrates the value of such books as the set of Bartlett and points to the gratitude we ought to feel to those whose industry and scholarship have produced them. But with all their virtues their title is misleading. I will venture the assertion that, while some of the quotations are known to every one and all probably to some one, and while most of them are occasionally met with, perhaps, in speech or writing, the majority of extracts are wholly unfamiliar to most of those, even if well-read persons, who use the book for reference. It is best that it should be so and could not well be otherwise, for the poet or writer who is the close friend of one man may have only a bowing acquaintance with another, and both must be able to find their favorite in the dictionary. There is a certain body of quotations, chiefly Biblical and Shakespearian, many of them now integral parts of the language, and some simple and widely popular poems which may be said undoubtedly to be familiar to everybody. But compared to the total number con-

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tained in the dictionary they form but a small percentage. Therefore "familiar," as used by the book of reference, is relative, and to say that a quotation which is to be found in such a work is to be deemed absolutely familiar is an assertion not to be sustained.

I fear that I must quote in order to give the best definition I know if I attempt to establish a true standard of familiarity. It is to be found in "Henry V," where the King says:

> "Then shall our names,
> Familiar in his mouth as household words."

There we have an admirable definition covering all the really popular and familiar quotations of the dictionary and nothing else, and testing familiarity by the little phrases and jests which are peculiar to the family where they have been born and grown up, but which never travel beyond the household limits. If this Shakespearian definition gives a good standard, and there can be no doubt of the extreme familiarity which it implies, the question arises whether it also means that familiarity connotes inferiority and leaves a mark upon an author's verse or prose which directs avoidance. Some persons—many, perhaps, like my friendly critic—appear to think so. Yet broadly speaking I believe the very reverse to be the truth. The books which have lasted through the centuries and are most familiar are, on the whole, the best books and the greatest literature. Not only do they command the admiration and the study of all educated men and women, but their words, their characters, their stories have passed into the popular consciousness, into the current thought and daily language of countless millions who have never read, perhaps never heard of, the books. The tale of the "Odyssey," the names of Hector and Achilles, the figures of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the characters of Christian and Valiant-for-Truth, of Pantagruel and Panurge, of Hamlet and Faust, the visions of Dante, are household words in homes where perhaps the books themselves have never entered. They have a steadier and stronger life than even the folk-tales, the folk-songs, or the stories of fairies and giants. Nothing else is so familiar, and yet Homer and Shakespeare, Cervantes, Bunyan, Rabelais, Goethe, and Dante are, on the whole, the greatest, or among the very greatest, names in the world's literature. There is much in some familiar literature which is commonplace, mediocre, and even worthless, but let the winnowing winds of time blow upon it and the chaff will vanish. Such things never become household words in any enduring sense. The greatest and best-known authors in recorded history are, on the whole, the best, and the same is true of the poems which are to be found in all anthologies. They vary in merit, no doubt, but among them are many of the best poems and verses in literature. No matter how hackneyed, to use the most depreciating word, no matter how familiar, great literature remains great. "What began best can't end worst."

Let us take two or three examples in our own language. Hamlet's soliloquy beginning, "To be or not to be," is probably as familiar as it is possible for any words not in the Bible to be, and has certainly been declaimed and recited oftener than any others, from the boy at school to the great actor on the stage. Has its power, its philosophy, its fineness of thought and diction, its soaring imagination been thereby in any degree impaired? Where could one turn more surely at the chosen moment for a noble quotation? Again, no lines in Shakespeare are probably more universally familiar than Portia's speech beginning: "The quality of mercy is not strained." Has use at all lessened its exquisite beauty?

Descend in the scale of genius. Like Wolfe on the eve of the battle upon the plains of Abraham, boys and girls, men and women, have been repeating for more than a century the "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." It might be described in the words of the young man, overheard by Mrs. Kemble at the theatre, who remarked of "Hamlet" "that it seemed made up of quotations." Does all this familiarity in any way affect its beauties, the charm of the verse, the perfection in the choice of words, the soft twilight of the picture and the thoughts? There is but one possible answer to such a question.

Or take a bit of prose, the parting of Mr. Valiant-for-Truth: "My sword I give

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to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder. When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the riverside, into which, as he went he said: 'Death, where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper, he said: 'Grave, where is thy victory?' So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Examples might be multiplied indefinitely, but do not these four most familiar quotations, which I have taken haphazard as they came into my mind, prove sufficiently that to make familiarity the equivalent of inferiority and an objection to the use of such quotations is an absurdity on its face. Is it not rather true that even if one were to repeat every morning the various lines I have quoted, so doing would improve one's taste and one's English, fill the mind with noble and gracious images, and cast a pleasant light across a clouded, dusty, or uneventful day?

In his essay entitled "The Study of Poetry," Matthew Arnold says that there can be no more useful help in determining what is the best poetry than to have always in mind lines or expressions of the great masters. They may be very dissimilar from the poetry we are considering at the moment, "but if we have any tact we shall find them . . . an infallible touchstone for detecting the presence or absence of high poetic qualities." He then gives quotations from Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, any one of which will furnish the test of which he has been speaking. The supreme qualities which make the lines Arnold quotes true touchstones of poetic excellence do not concern us here. The single point to which I wish to call attention is that with one or two exceptions these lines of supreme excellence are all-familiar, most of them extremely so.

For example, from Homer he takes a line from the words of Achilles to Priam, known to every one who reads the "Iliad" either in the original or in a translation:

"καὶ σέ γέρον, τὸ πρὶν μὲν ἀκούομεν ὄλβιον εἶναι." *

From Dante "that incomparable line and a half, Ugolino's tremendous words" in the Tower of Famine:

"Io no piangeva; sì dentro impietrai.
Piangevan elli . . ." †

And again "the simple, but perfect, single line":

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace." ‡

From Shakespeare, three oft-repeated lines from Henry IV's wonderful soliloquy about sleep, and then Hamlet's dying words to Horatio, unsurpassed in beauty in any language:

"If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story . . ."

From Milton four lines from the great description of the fallen archangel, ending, "and care sat on his faded cheek," and then these two lines:

"And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome . . ."

More than once Arnold quotes again as a final test the single lines—

"In la sua voluntade è nostra pace"

and

"Absent thee from felicity awhile."

These are all lines and passages chosen by a great critic, himself a poet, as touchstones of the highest poetic quality, and they are all familiar, some, as I have said, very familiar, indeed. Matthew Arnold, then, finds his examples of the noblest verse among the familiar quotations. Does this familiarity diminish their value or lessen their perfection of form or their beauty of thought? Surely not. If Matthew Arnold could use familiar quotations in this way and find in them the very highest qualities of the greatest poetry, it is, perhaps, well for critics and other persons also to pause before they speak contemptuously of a quotation because it is "familiar."

Here as in most cases there must, of course, be discrimination, and it is always

* "Nay, and thou too, old man, in former days wast as we hear, happy."—*Iliad* XXIV, 543.

† "I wailed not, so of stone I grew within; *they* wailed."—*Inferno*, XXXIII, 39, 40.

‡ "In his will is our peace."—*Paradise*, III, 85.

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perilous to regard any adjective as absolute and treat it as if it were a mathematical formula. There are the familiar quotations of the day, for example, the current slang, the political catchword, the refrain of the music-hall song which every one knows, from the boy in the street upward. They "strut and fret their hour upon the stage and then are heard no more." These are for the moment well-known quotations, but not familiar in the true sense because they have familiarity only for the day that is passing over them. A few years elapse and they are as lost as if they had never been. The same may be said of those taken from some verse-maker, some poet, perhaps, who caught the ear of his contemporaries and furnished them with quotations which are strangers to their children. Such quotations as these have the life of a generation of men and then disappear, never attaining to the dignity of being really familiar in the large sense. One has but to look over some old anthologies to learn this truth by observing the sparse relics of minor poets, once well known to their little groups of admirers and perhaps even beyond, now mown down by the scythe of time and lying side by side quite lifeless, remembered only by the old who will soon follow them to oblivion.

The quotation worthy of the high title of "familiar" must have stood the test of time and passed unhurt through the shifting tastes and fashions of centuries. In its lofty or in its humble way it must show that, like Shakespeare, it "was not for an age, but for all time." I use the word "humble" because the rhymes of childhood, of the nursery, fulfil the requirement of age in a quotation worthy to be called familiar. Their intrinsic, their abstract merits may appear slight, they may even seem to be sheer nonsense, but they are passed on by mothers and nurses and by the children themselves from generation to generation. We may be assured that they would not thus have lived and prospered if they had not possessed some quality, however slender, of genuine worth, of real humor or imagination, which gave them permanence.

Then there are the popular sayings, the folk-tales and ballads and the songs of the people with an ancestry lost in the mists of antiquity, which, stored only in the human memory and kept alive only by human lips, have come down across the centuries with their endless variants until at last they have been gathered up by the collector and the antiquarian and made safe from oblivion by print and paper. These tales and ballads and proverbs are often rude in form and expression, but no curious inquiry is needed to explain their long life and lasting familiarity. In them you find wit and wisdom, sparks struck from the hard flints of experience by men and women struggling unknown through what we call life. In this literature of humanity from primitive man onward you come upon the visions of the race, the imagination which takes man out of himself, which brings him laughter and tears, which makes him forget for a moment the trials he encounters and the sorrows he must bear. There we read the first efforts of the race to explain the universe, there we find the embodiment of the natural phenomena in myths and fables, the personification of the planets and the stars and behind them all the force and energy of the simplest emotions set forth by unsophisticated minds with imaginations unfettered by science and neither dulled nor made timid by the knowledge yet to come. Is it any wonder that the literature reaching back to the infancy of humanity is dear to the hearts of men and is familiar in their mouths as household words? Would we have it otherwise? Are the quotations from folk-lore and ballads and songs in any degree harmed by the familiarity which is the badge at once of their worth and their pedigree?

Finally we come to the familiar quotations which are the work of the great masters, the poets or makers, the tale-tellers, the creators, the orators, and the essayists and philosophers whose thought has built up civilization and ruled mankind. Their familiarity is due to their power, their depth of meaning, to their beauty or their loveliness, to their wit and wisdom and humor, and in very large measure to their perfection of form. That they are familiar in the thoughts and speech of men is not only a proof of their high excellence but is an element of hope for the future of the race which has looked dark enough in these later years. Far

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from being a mark of inferiority, familiarity is here the sure proof of great qualities, so sure that there is no gainsaying the proposition that the oftener the celebrated passages from the great masters of thought and literature are quoted the better it is for all men and for the preservation of the social fabric which they have painfully built up.

Familiar quotations from the three sources which furnish them and which I have tried to indicate vary as widely as possible in thought, in intrinsic value, in imagery, and in ideas. They range from the apparent triviality and even nonsense of the nursery jingles through the folk-tales and ballads up to the "flammantia mœnia mundi" of Lucretius and the "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute" of Milton. The very large majority are in verse, and they all have form, however rudimentary. The formless never appeals to the popular mind or the popular ear. The people at large know nothing of quantities or pauses or cæsuras, of feet or of metres, but they demand a metred line and also the other great exterior qualities of poetry in the true sense, rhythm, melody, harmony, and rhyme where rhyme is used. The popular instinct is never misled by printing prose to look like verse. They may not know why the chopped and changing lines are not verse, but they know very well that they have no music in them, and they forget them as easily as the advertisements which daily flow unheeded past our jaded eyes.

It is a curious fact that the popular instinct and the judgment of the trained critics and of the greatest poets alike demand form. The verse form may be simple or complex, but form there must be and also rhythmic movement and melody in order to charm widely and lastingly the children of men. Moreover, when we pass beyond the nursery rhymes we find that again the people and the poets, the critics and the students of literature agree in liking what on the whole is best, and so it comes to pass that many of the most familiar quotations are from the best literature of all languages. We shall do well, therefore, in this connection to pay little heed to the popular fallacy that "Familiarity breeds contempt."

OUR PACIFIC DEMOCRACY

By William M. Sloane

WE of the Atlantic coast exhibit a disastrous indifference to the democratic evolution of our farthest West. The press mirrors the mental attitude of the readers and gives little space to the news and interests of Americans beyond the Rocky Mountains. "See America first" is an appeal which until the outbreak of the World War fell upon deaf ears as far as the Eastern tourist was concerned. It was far cheaper and easier to slip out the back door to the Old World than to set your face westward during the summer heats of vacation time. The railway fare across the continent was diminished for the excursionist, but the rates on the train for bed and board were portentous and the total cost far in excess of the same mileage eastward. The wonders of art and architecture in the Old World, the call of the past, exerted more drawing power than the call of natural scenery, the overpowering, awe-inspiring vastness of lake, mountain, and western ocean. Government and railways specialized in advertising the works of nature; the miracle of men's achievement found no place on folder or hoarding.

The closing of the Atlantic back door by the exigencies of war has somewhat changed all this. With all the railways under stern government control it is something of an adventure to reach San Diego or Seattle, and perhaps even more trying to the traveller's patience is the

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touring backward and forward over that thousand miles of latitude because of train consolidation and the return to duty of employees from the retired list, whose hand was out, to supply the places of middle-aged and younger men drawn into the ranks. Nevertheless, the usual number of climate-seekers, a rather unusual number of scenery tourists, and a considerable number of travellers in search of their own country have been drawn westward during the past season. The summer travel to both slopes of the Rockies and Coast Range and to the delights of bathing on the Pacific shore, south as well as north, is probably somewhat larger than ever. The climatic perfection of many places in southern California during summer is even greater than that of winter, though the variation of temperature between midday and midnight is to many rather trying.

The writer, who was for eight months a wandering lecturer, the guest of eight different institutions of the higher and highest learning, makes immediate confession of having been confused and stunned by what he saw and heard and generally experienced. He was one of many similar legates, and had abundant opportunity to compare notes with scores of equally astonished Americans from the Eastern and Central States of his country who were intelligent explorers of their own land and its people. With neither mandate nor commission to speak for the small army of peaceful and friendly invaders of the Pacific States, he ventures first to note that one of the results of war is to make Americans know each other better in purpose, sympathy, and catholic nationality, and, secondly, to set down some impressions regarding our westernmost region, and the dwellers therein, which crowd on the mind of an Eastern man undergoing a novitiate in the laboratory of social science, which is the Pacific coast.

When Lowell wrote that Columbus, knocking at the front door of the Indies, found himself at the back door of America, the phrase seemed witty, but fanciful. Yet he stated a sober truth. Now and then it is very important to rediscover what prophets have long foreseen and what discriminating observers have reiterated to indifferent ears. It is not easy to regard New York and the Atlantic cities as the service door of our national mansion. It wounds our pride. But in a certain sense that also is a fact because, as exports of basic materials increase, so also do imports of manufactured goods. What is essential to our material prosperity the war has taught us to create for ourselves from our own raw resources, and in time it will be for the historic objects of elegance and art that we shall depend on Europe, paying not in commodities but in cash.

At the great day of earthly judgment around the Peace-table, rearrangements of national boundaries are likely to make Europe with the regenerated portions of Asia independent of our foodstuffs and manufactured articles. Not so the farther East, which already looks to us for both material and moral support. It will be from our front door on the Pacific that commerce will continue to grow and the leadership of America as well as Canada, spiritual, moral, and material leadership, be expected. The three great harbors of Puget Sound, with the bays of San Francisco and San Diego, are such vestibules to the stupendous highways of the Pacific and beyond, that in themselves they indicate a destiny so manifest that only poltroons could shirk its commands. Both the former are a revelation of enterprise: corporation, State, and federal. They are bordered by prosperous cities, enormous docks and railway terminals, and in ship-building they vie even with the Delaware and the Clyde. The cities of Seattle, Portland, and San Francisco have a metropolitan character, and the last is among the foremost cosmopolitan places of the world. Observing its throngs, its shops, and its public buildings civic and commercial, you are amazed that it has not double the number of inhabitants which the census gives, until you recall that a few short miles across the bay to the eastward is a row of populous suburbs, where another half million dwell in lovely homes on a slope commanding the broad waters of the harbor and face the sun when it sinks beyond the aptly named Golden Gate into the Pacific Ocean. As yet San Diego commands an equal share of admiration for natural

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beauty and earnest endeavor; but it has further to go, though the exquisite Exposition, set in a still more exquisite park, is a promise of things hoped for in a commercial way and partially achieved. Los Angeles, numerically the largest city of the slope, with its artificial harbor of San Pedro, twenty-five miles distant, is thronged with health and pleasure seekers, is the centre of the moving-picture industry, and possesses important pottery, steel, fruit, packing, and other industries, is a great railway centre, and ranks in importance very high. Yet its outlook is rather eastward than westward, and its character is that of a first-class American inland metropolis, local rather than national or international. The total population of the Pacific States from the Great Divide of the Rockies westward across the Coast Range to the ocean-shore is approximately eight millions, perhaps more, for it grows rapidly. Their occupations fall into three categories, mining, agriculture, and transportation by land and seas. Incidentally the professions, trades, and industries complete a full social organization. Aside from luxuries and capital for development, the Rocky Mountains and Pacific States in combination are a self-contained community with an extended commerce both eastward to the Mississippi and Atlantic States and westward overseas. The population contains a certain percentage of undesirables, parasites material, intellectual, and spiritual. During a short half-hour's stroll in Los Angeles I counted signs announcing some sixteen nostrums for all spiritual diseases, sects with weird names derived from mediæval mysticism. But the percentage of quacks is probably less than elsewhere. They are more in evidence because the advertising columns of the newspapers make broad their pretensions and the police are indifferent to that form of swindling. Even the courts are lenient to the extreme when offenses spring from fanaticism. The spell of "Live and let live" controls to an amusing extent under skies which make tramp life an ideal existence to the impecunious.

But a season of travel north and south, and inland as well, leaves upon the observant wanderer an impression of solid worth in the character of the overwhelming majority. Nowhere in our broad land are truer souls and more ardent seekers after the tried and true things of life. Their clergy, physicians, lawyers, engineers, manufacturers, and merchants are of a very superior sort. There is the essentially American motto: Get the best. With neither mad haste nor supine rest they pursue it and, securing it, hold fast. The absence of feverish futility is everywhere noticeable and gives a sense of solid permanency to everything. Nor is living marked by distrust or suspicion. There are considerable numbers of various race elements in the populations: indeed, all that are known hereabouts and a few more, Mexicans notably, with Pueblo Indians, Japanese, Chinese, and a few Hawaiians. The spy-suspect is ubiquitous and the Mooney case, to which adroit agitation has given undeserved importance, exhibits the degree of labor or rather Sinn Fein unrest. The insidious poison of newspapers calling for peace when there is none, or printing elaborate tales of disintegration, starvation, and weakness among our foes, in order to lame home effort, has been likewise injected into the veins of the self-complacent who are annoyed by war sacrifices. All this merely goes to show that the Pacific coast is very much in the great world.

On the other hand, it is American in a new sense. Every sectional type of stock American is largely represented; New England, the Middle, Gulf, and Mississippi States all furnish strong contingents, still retaining the physical and mental types so familiar to those who know their own country, but divided in moral and intellectual unity. In Seattle the graduates of a single Eastern University, Columbia, number some hundred or more. Nearly all are from New York and its neighborhood. To my searching inquiry, whether they ever felt nostalgia, not one assented and all gave the same reason—here the individual and his worth tell. We need no pull. This is but a type instance: with changes and allowances the same fact is outstanding in every great city through to San Diego. The university clubs in each and all are distinguished and thriving, not merely social,

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but active in supporting or inaugurating academic movements.

The University of California at Berkeley is one of the largest in America, and its faculties contain scholars of the very first rank. Naturally the writer was in closer intimacy with the history departments of the several universities and colleges where he was a guest. If the other divisions of college and university work correspond to the power and life in their history work, and I firmly believe they do, it behooves us on the Eastern seaboard to look to our laurels. Nothing could be more gratifying than the process, steadily evolving, of exchange in both instructors and students among our foremost institutions East, Middle, and West. In California there were lecturing at one time six visiting professors, and probably as many from Berkeley were professionally visiting elsewhere. It is, therefore, not merely the various types of Americans which are blending on the Pacific, but the whole country is contributing its best, intellectually and spiritually, to a composite American culture of the very highest type.

This seems to explain the fearlessness of the leaders throughout the region. To an old New Yorker the atmosphere is that of the day before yesterday, yesterday being the generation of elders. There was an almost identical temper in the New York some of us still remember. There was an abundance, a horn of plenty, abounding not merely in material goods, but in neighborly good-will and reciprocal helpfulness. The earnest man can there be sure of a hearing, and the very remarkable discussion clubs which it was a privilege to attend in many places had a delightful old-time flavor of perspicacity, adroitness, and adherence to principle which was most refreshing to those who have lived long among speculations and doubt. In particular their debates, in each of which a dozen hard-headed men of various occupations, mercantile and professional, participated, convinced me that there was little worth reading which those men had not read concerning state socialism, prohibition, or the league of nations.

Not that the people by and large have been thinking internationally; far from it, just as far as their fellow citizens in other parts. Perhaps even a little further because the ineradicable human tendency to find honor and guidance in ancestry has in the first generation led them to look eastward, considering national problems next in order to regional. To their own particular and peculiar interest, that of ocean highways on the Pacific, its naval and colonial strategy, their own and the general American future in trade with the yellow races, they seem to have been lamentably indifferent. It appeared likewise as if for their great harbors and shipyards they were vastly more concerned to milk the federal cow at Washington than to fortify themselves by study, discussion, and formulation of a policy based on the experience of more than a generation.

To me it appears that there can be no nationalism without a vigorous sectionalism of the right sort. National life, like all life, is reciprocity in relations. The longing for unity is largely a dangerous desire for homogeneity, of which word the synonym is stagnation. It is high time that the Pacific slope should cease a rather carping criticism of the "East" as unaware of their needs and indifferent to them. Should that imperial community get together and announce a reasoned policy for the Peace conference in regard to their vital interests, their clear call would be convincing, and the national administration would be alert to heed it. Thus far you may search their many newspapers and other periodicals in vain to find it. But there is a most promising beginning. The week in March, 1918, which the University of California celebrated as the fiftieth anniversary of its charter was devoted to luminous discussion of the "Trans-Pacific" during a series of notable meetings and the residuum was a permanent committee to secure a Pacific congress first on our own shores and then an international one at Tokyo.

The project is one of the highest importance. If, after carnage and the clash of arms cease and a league of armed nations is formed to enforce military peace, anything in the nature of a protective system is to be set up, and economic warfare is to continue regarding staples and raw material, the question of the Pacific

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would be pivotal for America. The war has so stimulated our ingenuity and enterprise that we are economically well-nigh self-contained and independent. Our destiny is that of an export nation, exporting both manufactures and capital for the development of backward lands. Throughout the far Orient a great light has arisen. There is a Japan which cherishes high principle, there is another which is frankly opportunist. So far the latter is in the seats of the mighty, even though wholesomely checked by the large minority which has Western concepts of policy and good faith. China, still unorganized and undergoing a radical transition, is more and more familiar with the methods of Christendom in public life and international relations. Between both these great Powers and the nations loosely styled Allies, totally concealed as the nature of the alliance still is, there must be made arrangements at the Peace conference which open doors to all alike and remove those exasperating barriers across the great trade routes of the Pacific still in existence.

Fierce and irreducible, yes, ineluctable necessity gave the Western Powers a strategic unity of military command, but only after years of futile bloodshed. There is as yet no pretense of diplomatic unity, and hands-across-the-sea unity in economic policy is styled Utopian. Certainly the Powers have paltered dangerously in their cautious moves for the reorganization of Russia, and yet a war begun by economic freebooters is not likely to end without economic friction. Most enthusiastically it is fought by the Western Powers to protect a social system menaced in its very foundations by reckless piracy on sea and studied outrage on land. Yet that very social system is almost identical with a commercial and industrial organization. The two stand or fall together. It requires no prophetic vision to foresee that every one of the exhausted belligerents will renew the rivalry for markets, which through long preparatory years subtly suggested military warfare, and while co-operation might stifle rivalry for a time, yet competition will sooner or later supplant trade agreements in designated spheres, and the start of even such a friendly race must be made with the assurance of that fair play which is the foundation-stone of Western life, a fair play, as we fondly hope, alike internal, national, and international.

If, therefore, there is to be a protracted, perhaps even a lasting peace on earth, a degree of foresight almost superhuman must be brought to the solution of the Pacific problem, more crucial from the American standpoint than any other to be handled at the Peace conference. Life-long students of history all lean to pessimism. Thucydides, in his day, more than two thousand years ago, announced it as his judgment that everything changed, was in constant flux, except human nature. Yet even human nature does grow more regenerate, even if, as in the problem of the hare which can never overtake the tortoise, quite, it is still far enough from perfection. On this we base the hope that each succeeding peace interval may be longer, far longer than the last. This is why we call imperatively and even importunately on the great people of the Pacific to study the problem as being the only qualified guide in its solution. One rather cock-sure enthusiast made the emphatic assertion before a large audience that the youths of California were frequenting the educational and mercantile establishments of China and Japan in order to study from the inside Oriental ways, just as Orientals haunt our universities and mercantile enterprises to learn America—some of them, he said, under the stimulus and by the assistance of the University of California. Careful inquiry at Berkeley elicited no confirmation of the statement, nor could its maker be induced to put it in writing, though he did not retract.

And yet that is the very first thing which should be done. Its complement and supplement must be the organization, equipment, and energizing of a section in our Department of State to regulate intelligently our far Eastern relations. American business enterprise, capitalistic enterprise, has already done something of the sort, but its invaluable information, its shrewd agents are not public possessions. If private persons for business purposes accomplish, as so often they do, aims which the state will not even consider, whose is the fault? A democratic

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state acts only under compulsion, and we can only trust that the "interests" of the Pacific coast and its academic historians, including the economists, will continue to render the immense service of leadership in stating the problem, a solution of which is so vital to the general welfare.

One phase of Pacific life is passing. When the miner finds pockets or veins of pure metal, he appropriates; the later stage compels the application of power and science to wrest from ores and low-grade mineral mixtures a return of the same metals adequate to pay interest on a great investment. The industrial stage begins. It has been and still is much the same with agriculture. The great expanses of volcanic soil required nothing but seed and tillage for the appropriation of their wealth. Exhaustion is just beginning, north, middle, and south; irrigation, fertilizers, cultivation, strict economic management, high farming in short, is essential to secure paying returns. The peoples have faced their task and are performing it. Whether it be grains or fruits the visitor is overpowered by the scientific knowledge and the meticulous skill with which the earth is forced to yield its abundance. There are few places on the Atlantic shores where such farming on such a scale may be seen. As rigid prohibition spreads its imperious sway, vineyards are uprooted and huge orchards of prunes or apples or oranges, according to latitude, promptly take their place. There is no discouragement and little indignation.

But this transition creates a labor problem which is acute; whether in mines or manufacture, in field or orchard, fine, complicated, delicate machinery can do much. It is already working inanimate wonders. But the human tending even of miracle machinery is essential, and the labor question is more and more importunate the more efficient machinery becomes. Hand-workers who become expert machinists command high wages; those who perform the still necessary rude tasks requiring physical strength more than mental adroitness are not content with less than their more favored "mates" receive. So voracious has the market for "hands" become that "labor," as still understood in the Central and Eastern States, is neither so noisy nor so certain as it was about relieving the strain by importing Orientals. The Exclusion Act is of course enforced, but as the importunate demand for workers now manifests itself, sober opinion, soberly expressed, is to the effect that if the Exclusion Act were non-existent it could not now be enacted.

Where relief is to be found nobody sees, and probably the expansion of output may be checked; more probably even there will be a shrinkage. This is a prime element in the Pacific problem as, indeed, it may ere long be the very nerve-ganglion of our national problem. The stress has appeared there sooner than here, that is all. What we call the elasticity of our present currency system has produced the inflation predicted at the outset by cautious minds, and our dollar has fallen in value for purchasing not less than forty per cent already. Perpetual wage increases barely suffice to equalize income and outgo. Consequently the uneasiness takes, except under exasperating compulsion, almost any and every form except rigid economy and conservation. The patriotism and glad self-sacrifice of the Western people is nowhere surpassed, but the sources of supply both in men and money must be kept flowing. With immigration at a standstill and a million willing pairs of hands exported for righteous warfare every year, it seems manifest to many that temporary recourse must be had to Oriental labor to maintain the equilibrium. This is swiftly becoming an importunate question there, and may become so here.

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DAY'S END

By Roy Irving Murray

God send you Sleep, tired lad—
Tired lad, stretched still and straight
Beside the road shell-ploughed for Death's grim harvesting—
The tumult has passed on,
The day is done—
God send you Sleep.

God send you Peace, tired sleeping lad—
Across the clear green spaces of the wood
The birds call drowsily, the setting sun
Kindles a glory in your hair;
Slowly, on your shut eyes,
The daylight dies—
God send you Peace.

God send you Life, tired sleeping peaceful lad—
For you our little world blurs into nothingness;
What matter now the fury and the pain?
Worthy the price you paid, worthy the laying down
Of all you had, worthy the strife—
The last great Gift you gave, cleansed, purified,
Lies at your feet again—
God's Gift of Life.

A CITY OF REFUGE

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, U. S. N. R. F.

IN the dark autumn of 1914 the City sprang up almost in a night, as if by enchantment.

It was white magic that called it into being—the deep, quiet, strong impulse of compassion and protection that moved the motherly heart of Holland when she saw the hundreds of thousands of Belgian fugitives pouring out of their bleeding, ravaged land, and running, stumbling, creeping on hands and knees, blindly, instinctively turning to her for safety and help.

"Come to me," she said, like a good woman who holds out her arms and spreads her knees to make a lap for tired and frightened children, "come to me. I will take care of you. You shall be safe with me."

All doors were open. The little brick farmhouses and cottages with their gayly painted window-shutters; the long rows of city houses with their steep gables; the prim and placid country mansions set among their high trees and formal flower-gardens—all kinds of dwellings, from the poorest to the richest, welcomed these guests of sorrow and distress. Many a humble family drained its savings-bank reservoir to keep the stream of its hospitality flowing. Unused factories were turned into barracks. Deserted summer

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hotels were filled up. Even empty greenhouses were adapted to the need of human horticulture. All Holland was enrolled, formally or informally, in a big *Comité voor Belgische Slachtoffers*.

But soon it was evident that the impromptu methods of generosity could not meet the demands of the case. Private resources were exhausted. Poor people could no longer feed and clothe their poorer guests. Families were unhappily divided. In the huge flock of exiles driven out by the cruel German Terror there were goats as well as sheep, and some of them bewildered and shocked the orderly Dutch homes, where they were sheltered, by their nocturnal habits and negligible morals. Something had to be done to bring order and system into the chaos of brotherly love. Otherwise the neat Dutch mind which is so close to the Dutch heart could not rest in its bed. This vast trouble which the evil of German militarism had thrust upon a helpless folk must be helped out by a wise touch of military organization, which is a good thing even for the most peaceful people.

So it was that the City of Refuge (and others like it) grew up swiftly in the wilderness.

It stands in the heathland that slopes and rolls from the wooded hills of Gelderland to the southern shore of the Zuider Zee—a sandy country overgrown with scrub-oaks and pines and heather—yet very healthy and well drained, and not unfertile under cultivation. You may see that in the little neighbor-village, where the trees arch over the streets, and the kitchen-gardens prosper, and the shrubs and flowers bloom abundantly.

The small houses and hotels of this tiny summer resort are of brick. It has an old, well-established look; a place of relaxation with restraint, not of ungirdled frivolity. The plain Dutch people love their holidays, but they take them serenely and by rule: long walks and bicycle-rides, placid and nourishing picnics in the woods or by the sea, afternoon tea-parties in sheltered arbors. One of their favorite names for a country-place is *WelTevreden*, "perfectly contented."

The commandant of the City of Refuge lives in one of the little brick houses of the village. He is a portly, rosy old bachelor, with a curly brown beard and a military bearing; a man of fine education and wide experience, seasoned in colonial diplomacy. The ruling idea in his mind is discipline, authority. His official speech is abrupt and final, the manner of a martinet covering a heart full of kindness and generous impulses.

"Come," he says, after a good breakfast, "I want you to see my camp. It is not as fine and fancy as the later ones. But we built it in a hurry and we had it ready on time."

A short ride over a sandy road brings you to the city gate—an opening in the wire enclosure of perhaps two or three square miles among the dwarf pines and oaks. The guard-house is kept by a squad of Dutch soldiers. But it is in no sense a prison-camp, for people are coming and going freely all the time, and the only rules within are those of decency and good order.

"Capacity, ten thousand," says the commandant, sweeping his hand around the open circle, "quite a city, *niet waar?* I will show you the various arrangements."

All the buildings are of wood, a mushroom city, but constructed with intelligence to meet the needs of the sudden, helpless population. You visit the big kitchen with its ever-simmering kettles; the dining-halls with their long tables and benches; the schoolhouses full of lively, irrepressible children; the wash-house where always talkative and jocose laundresses are scrubbing and wringing the clothes; the sewing-rooms where hundreds of women and girls are busy with garments and gossip; the chapel where religious services are held by the devoted pastors; the recreation-room which is the social centre of the city; the clothing storerooms where you find several American girls working for love.

Then you go through the long family barracks where each family has a separate cubicle, more or less neat and comfortable, sometimes prettily decorated, according to the family taste and habit; the barracks for the single men; the barracks for the single women; the two hospitals, one general, the other for infectious diseases; and last of all, the house where the half-dozen disorderly women are confined,

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surrounded by a double fence of barbed wire and guarded by a sentry.

Poor, wretched creatures! You are sorry for them. Why not put the disorderly men into a house of confinement too?

"Ah," says the commandant bluntly, "we find it easier and better to send the disorderly men to jail or hospital in some near town. We are easier with the women. I pity them. But they are full of poison. We can't let them go loose in the camp for fear of infection."

How many of the roots of human nature are uncovered in a place like this! The branches and the foliage and the blossoms, too, are seen more clearly in this air where all things are necessarily open and in common.

The men are generally less industrious than the women. But they work willingly at the grading of roads and paths, the laying out and planting of flower-beds, the construction of ornamental designs, of doubtful taste but unquestionable sincerity.

You read the names which they have given to the different streets and barracks, and the passageways between the cubicles, and you understand the strong, instinctive love which binds them to their native Belgium. "Antwerp Avenue," "Louvain Avenue," "Malines Street," "Liège Street," and streets bearing the names of many ruined towns and villages of which you have never heard, but which are forever dear to the hearts of these exiles. The names of the hero-king, Albert, and of his brave consort, Queen Elizabeth, are honored by inscriptions, and their pictures, cut from newspapers, decorate the schoolrooms and the little family cubicles.

The brutal power which reigns at Berlin may drive the Belgians out of Belgium by terror and oppression. But it cannot drive Belgium out of the hearts of the Belgians. While they live their country lives, and Albert is still their King.

But think of the unnatural conditions into which these thousands of human beings—yes, and hundreds of thousands like them, torn from their homes, uprooted, dispersed, impoverished—are forced by this bitter, cruel war. Think of the cold and ruined hearthstones, the scattered families, the shelterless children, the desolate and broken hearts. This is what Germany has inflicted upon mankind in order to realize her robber-dream!

Yet the City of Refuge, being human, has its bright spots and its bits of compensation. Here is one, out of many.

The chief nurse, a young Dutch lady of charming face and manners, serving as a volunteer under the sacred sign of the Red Cross, comes in, one morning, to make her report to the commandant.

"Well," he says, disguising in his big voice of command the warm admiration which he feels for the lady, "what is the trouble to-day? Speak up."

"Nothing, sir," she answers calmly. "Everything is going on pretty well. No new cases of measles—those in hospital improving. The only thing that bothers me is the continual complaint about that Mrs. Van Orley—you remember her, a thin, dark little person. She is melancholy and morose, quarrels all the time, says some one has stolen her children. The people near her in the barracks complain that she disturbs them at night, moans and talks aloud in her sleep, jumps up and runs down the corridor laughing or crying: 'Here they are!' They don't believe she ever had any children. They think she is crazy and want her put out. But I don't agree with that. I think she has had children, and now she has dreams."

"Send her away," growls the commandant; "send her to a sanatorium! This camp is not a lunatic asylum."

"But," interposes the nurse in her most discreet voice, "she is really a very nice woman. If you would allow me to take her on as a housemaid in the general hospital, I think I could make something out of her; at least I should like to try."

"Have your own way," says the commandant, relenting; "you always do. Now tell me the next trouble. You have something more up your sleeve, I'm sure."

"Babies," she replies demurely; "two babies from Amsterdam. Lost, somehow or other, in the flight. No trace of their people. A family in Zaandam has been taking care of them, but can't afford it any longer. So the Amsterdam committee has sent them here."

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The commandant has listened, his cheeks growing redder and redder, his eyes rounder and more prominent. He springs up and paces the floor in wrath.

"Babies!" he cries stormily. "By all the gods, da— those Amsterdammers! Excuse me, but this is too much. Do they think this is a foundling asylum? or a nursing home? Babies! What in Heaven's name am I to do with them? Babies! Where are those babies?"

"Just outside, and very nice babies indeed," says the nurse, opening the hall door and giving a soft call.

Enter a slim black-haired boy of about three and a half years and a plump golden-haired girl about a year younger. They toddle to the nurse and snuggle against her blue dress and white apron. Smiling she guides them toward the commandant and says: "Here they are, sir. How do you like them?"

That terrific personage has been suddenly transformed from haircloth into silk. He beams, and pulling out his fat gold watch, coos like a hoarse dove: "Look here, *kinderen*, come and hear the bells in my tick-tock!"

Presently he has one of them leaning against the inside of each knee, listening ardently to the watch.

"What do you think of that!" he says. "What is your name, youngster?"

"Hendrik," answers the boy, looking up.

"Hendrik *what?* You have another name, haven't you?"

The boy shakes his head and looks puzzled, as if the thought of two names were too much for him. "*Hendrik*," he repeats more clearly and firmly.

"And what is her name?" asks the commandant, patting the little girl.

"*Sooss*," answers the boy. "Mama say '*ickle angel*.' Hendrik say *Sooss*."

All effort to get any more information from the children was fruitless. They were too small to remember much, and what they did remember was of their own size—only very little things, of no importance except to themselves. The commandant looks at the nurse quizzically.

"Now, miss, you have unloaded these vague babies on me. What do you propose that I should do with them? Adopt them?"

"Not yet, anyhow," she answers, smiling broadly. "Let us take them up to the camp. I'll bet we can find some one there to look after them. What do you say, sir?"

"Well, well," he sighs, "have your own way as usual! Just ring that bell for the automobile, *als'tUblieft*."

In the busy sewing-room the two children are standing up on one of the tables. The commandant has an arm around each of them, for they are a little frightened by so much noise and so many eyes looking at them. The chatter dies down, as he speaks in his gruff authoritative voice, but with a twinkle in his eyes, rather like a middle-aged Santa Claus.

"Look here! I've got two fine babies."

A titter runs through the room.

"*Ja, Men'eer*," says one of the women, "congratulations! They are *lievelingen*—darlings!"

"Silence!" growls the commandant amiably. "None of your impudence, you women. Look here! These two children —I want somebody to adopt them, or at least to take care of them. I will pay for them. Their names are Hendrik and——"

A commotion at the lower end of the room. A thin, dark little woman is standing up, waving her piece of sewing like a flag, her big eyes flaming with excitement.

"Stop!" she cries, hurrying and stumbling forward through the crowd of women and girls. "Oh, stop a minute! They are mine—I lost them—mine, I tell you—lost—mine!"

She reaches the head of the table and flings her arms around the boy, crying: "My Hendrik!"

The boy hesitates a second, startled by the sudden wildness of her caress. Then he presses his hot little face in her neck.

"*Lieve moeder!*" he murmurs. "Where were you? I looked."

But the thin, dark little woman has fainted dead away.

The rest we will leave, as the wise commandant does, to the chief nurse.

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A GROUP OF POEMS OF PEACE AND WAR

THE WAY OF THE WHITE SOULS

(To the Memory of Joyce Kilmer, Killed in Action, July 30, 1918)

By Helen Gray Cone

I stood in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven seemed nigh,
And I saw the powdery swirl of stars, where it swept across the sky,
The wide way of the white stars, where it ran up and down,
And my heart was sad for the man who said *It was Main Street, Heaventown.*

He chose to walk in the Main Street, in the wide ways of men;
He set wings to the common things with the kind touch of his pen;
He caught the lilt of the old tune that the hearts of the plain folk beat;
He might have dreamed on the far faint hills—but he walked in the Main Street.

He knelt down with his fellows, in the warm faith of the throng;
He went forth with his fellows to fight a monstrous Wrong;
He marched away to the true tune that the hearts of brave men beat,
Shoulder to brown shoulder, with the men in the Main Street.

A road runs bright through the night of Time, since ever the world began,
The wide Way of the White Souls, the Main Street of Man,
The sky-road of the star-souls, beyond all wars and scars;
And there the singing soul of him goes on with the marching stars.

So, as I stand in the summer night, when the hosts of heaven seem nigh,
And look at the powdery swirl of stars, where it sweeps across the sky,
The wide way of the white stars, where it runs up and down,
My heart shall be glad for the friend who said *It was Main Street, Heaventown.*

LAST CHRISTMAS IN THE HOLY LAND

By Andrew F. West

They are coming out of Egypt and they seek the Promised Land
Through the desert and the lions that are standing in the way.
Hark! I hear the Tommies cheering to the music of the band;
"Carry on!" the captains calling, "Carry on!" and "Clear the way!"

They have taken Gath and Ashdod and old Ascalon as well,
The places where the Philistines so fondly loved to dwell;
They have got the gates of Gaza and advancing in their wrath
They smite the Hun as David smote Goliath of old Gath.

They have entered little Bethlehem with joy for Christmas Day,
They are in the Holy City with a prayer no words may say.
God keep you, young Crusaders! away beyond the sea;
He led you through the desert and Jerusalem is free.

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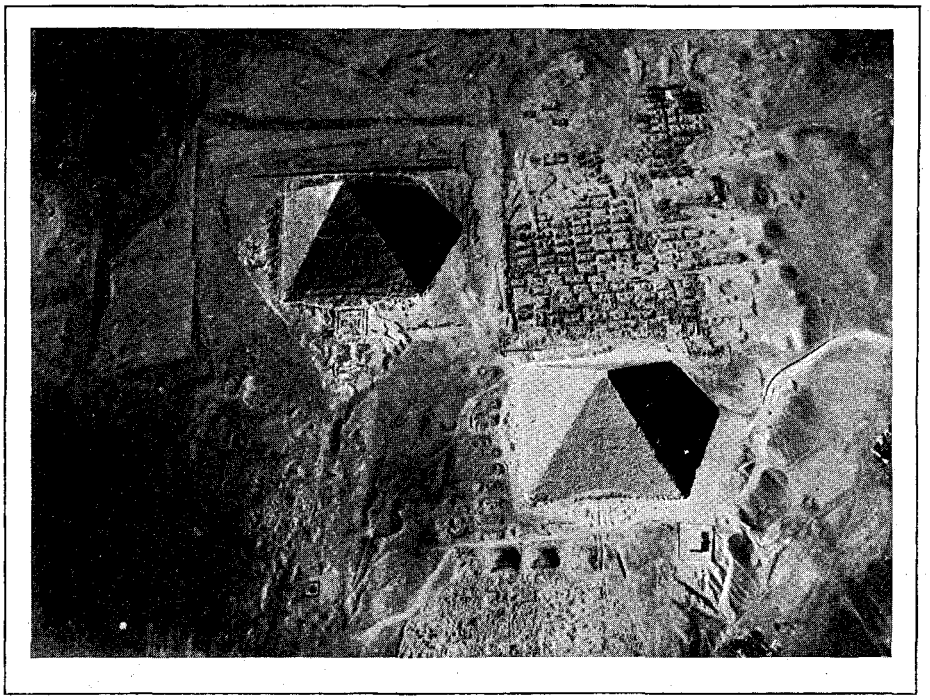

The Pyramids as seen by Doctor Finley in his recent airplane flight from Egypt to the Holy Land.

"VIA DEI"

By John Finley

I

"Via Dei"—this the sacred phrase
By which they named the thousand ways
That led from palace and from cell,
From hut and shop and citadel,
O'er mountain, river, sea, and plain,
Through heat and cold and drought and rain,
Toward the Holy Land.

II

But with the wings of morning I
A "via Dei" of the sky
Have found amid the paths of light
Where airmen make their pilgrim flight
High in the heav'ns—the ways ne'er trod
Save by the glowing feet of God
Above the Holy Land.

III

O'er Pyramid and Sphinx we flew,
Dry-shod th' unparted sea passed through,
Crossed in an hour the wilderness,
Saw Sinai looming terrorless,
High o'er the gates of Gaza leapt,
And low across the plain of Sharon swept
Into the Holy Land.

IV

And then I saw Jerusalem
Lying an opalescent gem,
Or breastplate, 'mid the ephod's blue
And gold and purple ambient hue,—
A city from the skies let down
To be henceforth the whole earth's crown
Set 'mid the Holy Land

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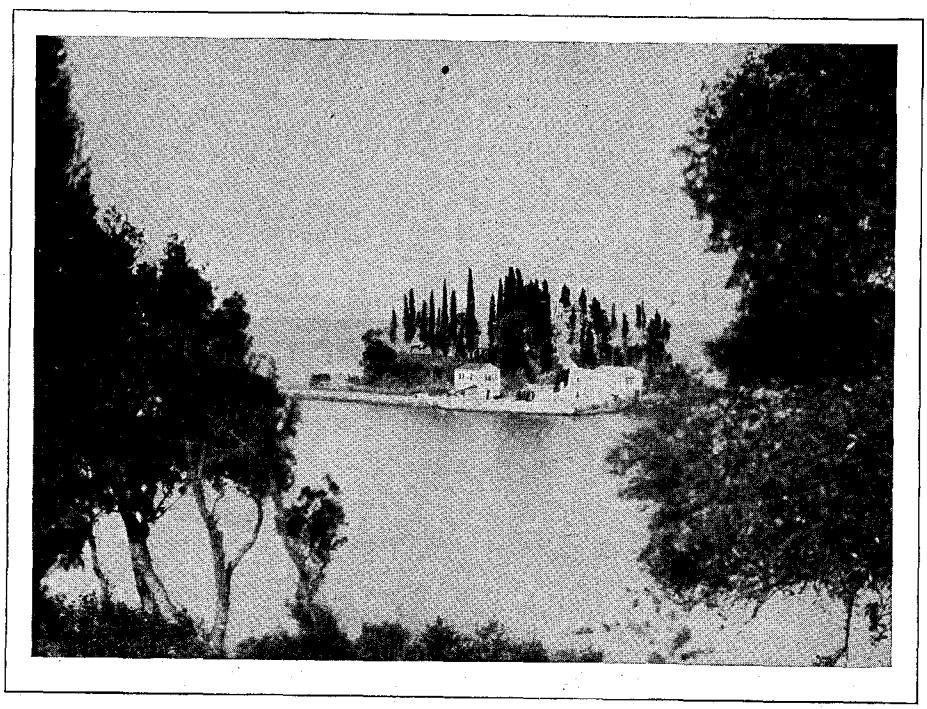

ODYSSEUS' BARK

By John Finley

O DREAD Poseidon
Who didst turn to stone
Odysseus' bark
And anchor it
Beside the lovely isle
Where goddess-like Nausicaa
Still plays at ball
'Mid shadows violet
With her shrill maids,
Loose thou this ship,
With sombre cypresses for masts,
With dark monastic cells
For cabins, and the close,
Abloom, for deck!—
Loose it, I pray,
From its long anchorage
And let it take me back
To my loved Ithaca—
An island grown to continent,
America,
Lying beyond the seas
That are "the baths
Of all the Western Stars."

CORFU, 1918.

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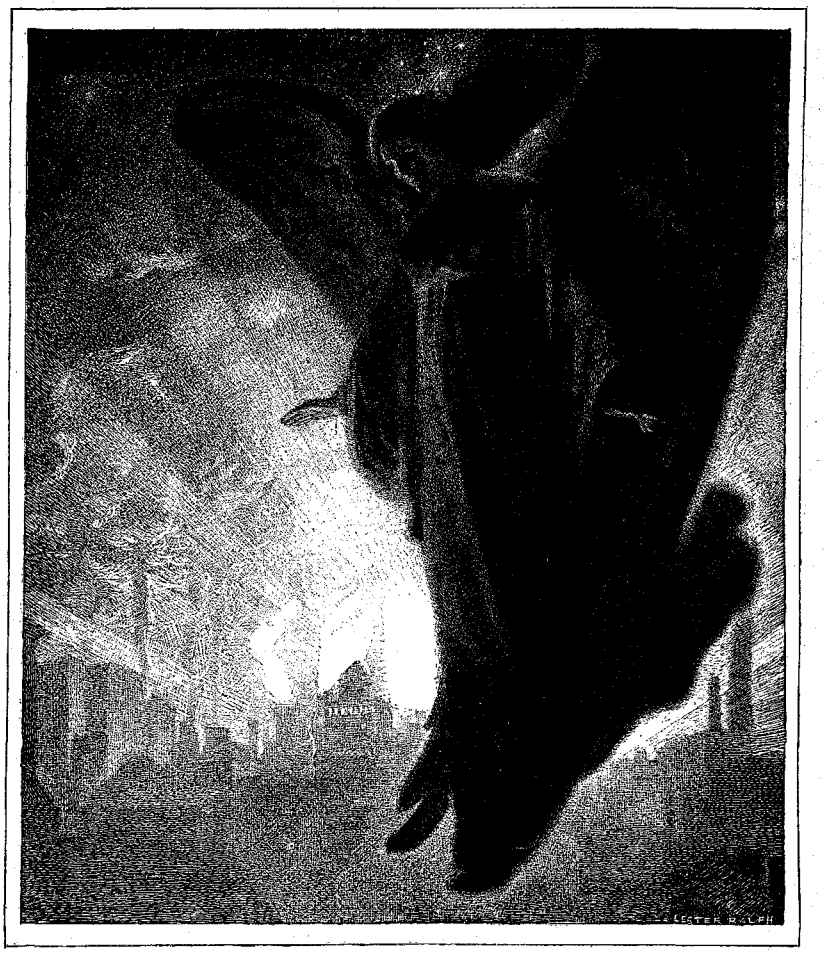

Drawn by Lester Ralph.

"WHEN PEACE COMES DOWN"

By William H. Hayne

BEYOND this era of pain and tears
Are there no smiles for the unborn years?
Will Death keep scarlet the blood-drenched sod,
And hills that point to the stars of God?

Will untamed armies, like beasts at bay,
Continue madly to smite and slay,—
Till the anguished earth and the sea's red waves
Reek with the burden of countless graves?

Ah, no! There will be surcease of crime
When balm is shed from the wings of Time,—
When over ruined hamlet and ravaged town
Peace, the healer, comes softly down.

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RESURGERE

By Benj. Paul Blood

THOUGH shrapnel-stript the poplars rear
  Bare fingers to the shivering skies,
Some leaves will come another year
  To whisper that the dead will rise.

Then mourn no more the minster spires
  Whose foliate stones lie overthrown;
Still on the altars dream their fires;
  The spirit walks, and waits its own.

The genius lives, the faith remains,
  Nor needs the Peter-pence of years;
It dreams of scaffolds, cranes, and chains
  Where Art in khaki garb appears.

The best are there, the men who know
  In the old fashion. Spire and dome
From shards resurgent swift will grow,
  And burgeon ere the boys come home.

MELISANDE'S GARDEN

By Katharine Baker

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. ALLAN GILBERT

SARAH was sulky because I wouldn't buy her buckskin sport boots at eighteen dollars a pair. We were ordering her clothes for college in her Easter vacation.

"You're very unreasonable," I reproved her. "Any one would think the high cost of living was a mere academic question. No, not academic, for then it might touch you, I presume. Eighteen dollars for boots is wicked, with people starving in Europe and the East Side rioting because cabbage is twenty cents a pound and potatoes are seven."

Sarah merely turned up her nose.

"Cabbage ought to be a prohibitive price," she declared, "and as for those rioters on the East Side, it makes me tired to have people that came over here day before yesterday, and aren't even naturalized yet, complaining because we send a little food to starving Europe."

That's where you see the college education in Sarah. She's always going off on those learned discussions that aren't intended to get you anywhere. When I argue I like to be arguing *about* something.

However, I had compromised with myself and chosen ten-dollar boots, and she was extremely discontented.

"Those very boots you have on this minute cost fourteen dollars," she accused me. "You think anything is good enough for me."

I was exasperated.

"Do have a little sense," I urged her. "*I* try to use judgment. You're seventeen. You're supposed to be brilliant. I advised mamma to send you to college. Suitable place to develop brilliance. You wear number six shoes. What difference could it make whether a number six shoe cost eight dollars or eighteen? You certainly couldn't expect to exploit it. Now I'm stupid, but I wear a three. I haven't brains for a career. Obviously I've got to get married. I'm nineteen. I ought

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"Can't you see me in that new ninety-dollar pongee

to do it soon. At least it will keep getting harder. It isn't selfishness that makes me pay fourteen dollars for my shoes. It's common sense."

Sarah was silent, but she was not convinced. She went back to college with a really beautiful outfit.

And the very next week the Whitby munition plant was blown up. That was the worst thing that ever happened. The place wasn't insured, and they had practically every bit of mamma's money except a few hundreds a year and a little in bank that would barely pay our bills.

We owned the house besides, but it would be a ghastly white elephant without servants, and of course mamma couldn't do anything. Mamma sits and knits and reads all day. She simply devours wool, and you've no conception how expensive it is.

I dismissed the servants and got in a kind of charwoman, who went home evenings.

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bathing-suit down in the show-case?"—Page 80.

I spent two frightful days and nights considering. I consulted Alexis, but he never has any ideas. He suggested that I should marry him, as though that would help anything. Alexis is a bond salesman and so he is fairly prosperous just now, but I can't forget that two years ago he couldn't buy himself an overcoat. That business is too volatile for me.

And then mamma asked me to stop in Farquhar's and get her some wool to finish a pair of socks for the Belgian Relief.

I passed through their ready-made-gown department. They were having an opening. Models in Maya Indian adaptations were appearing on a stage, strolling down steps and out into the solid jam of humanity in front, right pretty models, of a chorus-girl sort.

I looked at them and had my idea. So I bought the wool for more than its weight in gold, and went home and dressed up

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in my most dress-up clothes, and hurried back to Farquhar's. And I asked for Mr. Farquhar's office.

I'm always hearing people say it's hard to get the ear of czars and presidents. I don't believe it. It may depend on your sex and age and clothes, of course. However, I fancy it's chiefly keeping the thought before you: "Why, certainly I'm going to see him. He's an old friend of mine. Nobody else would do at all."

Anyway, I got in. Somebody did ask me what I wanted, but I raised my eyebrows tolerantly at him and smiled.

Mr. Farquhar was at his desk, figuring. He was rather old, about thirty, I imagined, and sallow and dark-haired, and hollow-chested, and generally gloomy-looking. Not at all your notion of a person who has inherited a great fortune.

He looked up when I entered, and then sprang to his feet. Due to my clothes.

I have never been expert at introducing a subject. When I want to say anything, I just say it. So I said it.

"I want a job, Mr. Farquhar."

He looked amused.

"A fad for economic independence?" he inquired politely.

"An irresistible craving for food and clothes," I assured him. "I'd much rather be a drone. I'd be perfectly brazen about letting the submerged tenth continue to support me, but they refuse to do it any longer."

The submerged tenth is one of Sarah's favorite subjects. I learned it from her.

"No one would suspect you of needing clothes," remarked Mr. Farquhar.

"No," I assented. "I bought these things down-stairs in your shop. But they look more expensive on me than they really are. I improve them. This suit was ninety-five dollars. The hat was thirty. The boots were fourteen. Don't they look like the most costly things your models wear?"

"They do," he affirmed.

"That's what I want to be, a model," I unfolded my scheme.

He drew his eyebrows together.

"I don't wish to criticise other people," I apologized, "but you can see most models look like chorus girls, and of course I'd look like a lady. . . ."

"How about that wad of artificial, blondined hair?" Mr. Farquhar interrupted me brutally.

To be sure, it was horrid in me to criticise the models when I wanted a model's job. I gazed at him, puzzled.

"My hair?" I stammered.

"Yours," he said.

I snatched off my hat. I pulled out my hairpins. My hair fell around me.

"I beg your pardon. Most heartily," said Mr. Farquhar in a changed tone.

I rolled my hair back into the wad, and stuck in the pins.

"You see," he began again, "we try to have nice, well-bred girls in our employ. I'm sorry our models affect the public that way."

"Oh, they don't," I reversed myself. "They're really very nice models. Only I'd be different. That's what I'm trying to point out. Can't you see me in that new ninety-dollar pongee bathing-suit down in the show-case?"

I pretended to pick my way across the beach in that bathing-suit.

"Very good," he commented.

"Tennis things," I announced, and advanced toward him, swinging an imaginary bat. "*Sortie du bal*, but that's for next autumn. . . ." I huddled myself in a fur-lined cloak.

"Very good, indeed," he agreed emphatically. My spirits rose. "You're too small, I think, for the standard thirty-six?" he suggested.

"My dressmaker says I have a perfect figure," I retorted.

"Perhaps so," he agreed indifferently, "but if you can't wear the average-size costume . . . At any rate, while the general manager attends to these things, I happen to know that we have all the models we need at present," he added cruelly. "I assume you wouldn't want us to discharge anybody?"

Well, if I would, naturally I concealed my guilt. I suppose my face fell.

"How about stenography?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

"Good at figures? Mathematics?"

"Rotten," I said. "I have no mental gifts."

"You could certainly sell goods over a counter," he suggested.

I laughed indignantly at him.

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"I have to have at least twenty-five dollars a week to keep things going at home," I told him. "That's why I wanted to be a model. What good would six or seven dollars do me? That's all a saleswoman gets. I'll have to try for a job in a chorus or something."

"I don't think a chorus would pay you twenty-five a week at first," he objected.

"Good morning, Mr. Farquhar." I turned to the door.

I was not accustomed to a business life where everybody seems to consider it his duty to be as unpleasant and difficult as possible. I had the door open before Mr. Farquhar had turned his slow tongue to saying: "Wait a minute, Miss Cunningham. There's certainly some opening here for you. I can give you a kind of secretarial job while we look into the matter further."

"Thank you," I said ungraciously. "But I've got to have twenty-five dollars a week, and of course, as you say, at first . . ."

"Secretarial work is different," he interposed hastily. "Qualities of fidelity and discretion, and so on, are involved. The pay is higher. Suppose we try it for a week, or say a fortnight, beginning tomorrow, while you look around?"

"Oh, very well." I accepted his offer. I held out my hand. He came over and shook it. "You're really awfully good," I thanked him.

On the way home a messenger boy on a wheel ran into me and tore and soiled the front of my gown, the only decent thing I had. Still it had served a good purpose. It had secured me a job.

Alexis was displeased. He dropped in as usual that evening and found me in the back yard planting potatoes. I had made the furnace man spade up the grass-plot where the maids used to hang the clothes. I had cut up a lot of potatoes into little pieces, just as it directs in garden catalogues, and was planting them in rows.

Frankly, I was relying on making Alexis do the work for me. He comes over practically every day, and he's too lazy to live, anyway.

"What in Sam Hill are you doing?" he asked.

I explained.

"You are to cultivate them, Alexis," I informed him. "It will do you good, and with potatoes at three dollars and a half a bushel, I consider it's the only chance mamma and I shall be likely to have of ever tasting one again."

I pushed a basket of mutilated potatoes into his unwilling hand and gave him careful instructions, and he began to plant them complainingly.

He stopped and looked closely at one piece. Then he turned them all over.

"About half these pieces have no eye in them," he commented. "I don't know much about potatoes, but I do know they sprout from eyes."

Men are always carping at little things.

"Sort them," I advised him. "Don't use those pieces. Save them. I'll put them in our safe-deposit box to-morrow."

It was not a warm evening, but Alexis soon took off his coat. I told him my adventures at Farquhar's as entertainingly as possible, to reward him for his toil.

"Confound the fellow, I don't like it," declared Alexis. He straightened up, lifted his hat, and began to wipe his forehead, just like old farmers in cartoons. "At least the man had the sense to see you couldn't be allowed to be a model, but I don't like it. You're not worth two dollars and a half a week to any business, let alone twenty-five," he said frankly. "What sort of fellow is Farquhar?"

"Middle-aged, and kind of stodgy-looking," I described my employer. "Don't you know him?"

"Naw," said Alexis. "Father was an old-clothes man, or a tailor, or something, before he built that business. Nobody knows 'em."

Alexis's grandfather was minister to Russia. That's why he's named Alexis.

"But the nerve of you," he jeered, "to think you could be a model. Aside from the appalling conceit of fancying you have the looks, don't you know it takes skill? You'd get stage fright. You'd be a stiff."

"I would not," I maintained. "I'm a born actress. I can do a canary, or a fish in an aquarium, or His Master's Voice so you would think they were before you."

I did them. Alexis admitted they were

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lifelike. I did the girl in a bathing-suit for him, and the *sortie du bal*. Alexis was enthralled. He ceased from his labors to watch. I had to remind him firmly of the potatoes.

"I did you an injustice when I said that you weren't worth twenty-five a week to any business," admitted Alexis, picking up his basket with a weary grunt. "As a slave-driver you'd be cheap at the price."

Just then mamma came out to tell me John Badger was in the drawing-room to see me. John is teller in a bank and is a very estimable citizen.

Alexis put on his coat and came along in. John stayed a long while, but Alexis outstayed him. When he had gone I said: "Alexis, you'll simply have to stop hanging around here all the time interfering with people that have intentions."

Alexis said: "I have intentions."

"Yes," I responded. "But the trouble is you have nothing but intentions."

"Would you marry that boob?" inquired Alexis, and I said:

"No, but I would marry somebody, and obviously it wouldn't be you."

The potatoes came up in intermittent rows. Where the pieces had eyes, I presume.

"My garden is up," I confided to Mr. Farquhar as I burst into the office a few minutes late. My office was a sort of cubby-hole inside his.

"That explains your being late, does it?" inquired Mr. Farquhar sardonically.

"No," I confessed. "I know very well I'm always late. If I could only set my watch fast and forget it. Now, when it's fast I know it. You might move it on some time," I requested him. "It stands on my desk all day."

"Gather your roses while you may," muttered Mr. Farquhar. "Old time is still aflying. What's in your garden? Roses?"

"No. Potatoes," I said. He looked startled. "I am combating the high cost of living," I added.

"Isn't your salary adequate?" he asked.

"Did you ever try to live on a fixed amount?" I demanded. "Any fixed amount? Personally I don't believe it can be done. But if potatoes and the vacant lot will help, my problem is going to be solved."

Just before closing time Mr. Farquhar stalked in and left a tall package on my desk. It contained a brass sprayer and a can of Bordeaux Arsenate of Lead Mixture.

That evening I found my watch had been set on fifteen minutes. Mr. Farquhar must have changed it. I wondered if he'd seen the picture of Alexis in the back. Alexis had pasted it in carefully himself. He said when he did it, if I hadn't any proper romantic feeling about him, at least we'd try to conceal my shortcomings from the censorious world.

Alexis is lovely to look at. I hadn't the heart to scratch it out.

One afternoon Mr. Farquhar called me in to take some instructions.

"What are you going to do this evening?" he inquired as I got up to go.

"Hoe potatoes," I said.

"Hoe potatoes?" He repeated my words.

"Yes," I answered, and sat down again. "You see, Alexis Jones is pretty sure to be over, and he might as well be doing something useful. I just hoe to keep him company, so he won't grow discouraged."

"Ah! And he's sure to be there?" asked Mr. Farquhar.

"Well, practically sure," I hedged. "Of course you couldn't get Alexis to work long, try as you might. He soon gives out; but we do a little every evening."

"That's all," said Mr. Farquhar, and turned away.

I got up again.

That night, when it became too dark to work, Alexis pulled out a clean handkerchief as usual, and we both wiped our grubby fingers on it as usual, I taking first turn, and then we sat down on the steps and I played the ukulele and sang while he smoked. All as usual.

Mamma sat by the light in the library window, busily reading. She is trying to finish the five-foot shelf of books. She persuaded me to read to her for a while, but she unfortunately started me on the "Journal of John Woolman," and I only lasted about ten minutes at that.

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As a singer I flat and sharp and commit every crime, but Alexis is perfectly tone-deaf and doesn't know it.

I played "Aloha Oe" and "Loch Lomond," and a lot of the mournful, slushy stuff he likes best, and then I told him about Mr. Farquhar's asking what I'd be doing that evening.

Alexis sat up angrily and threw his cigarette clear across the fence.

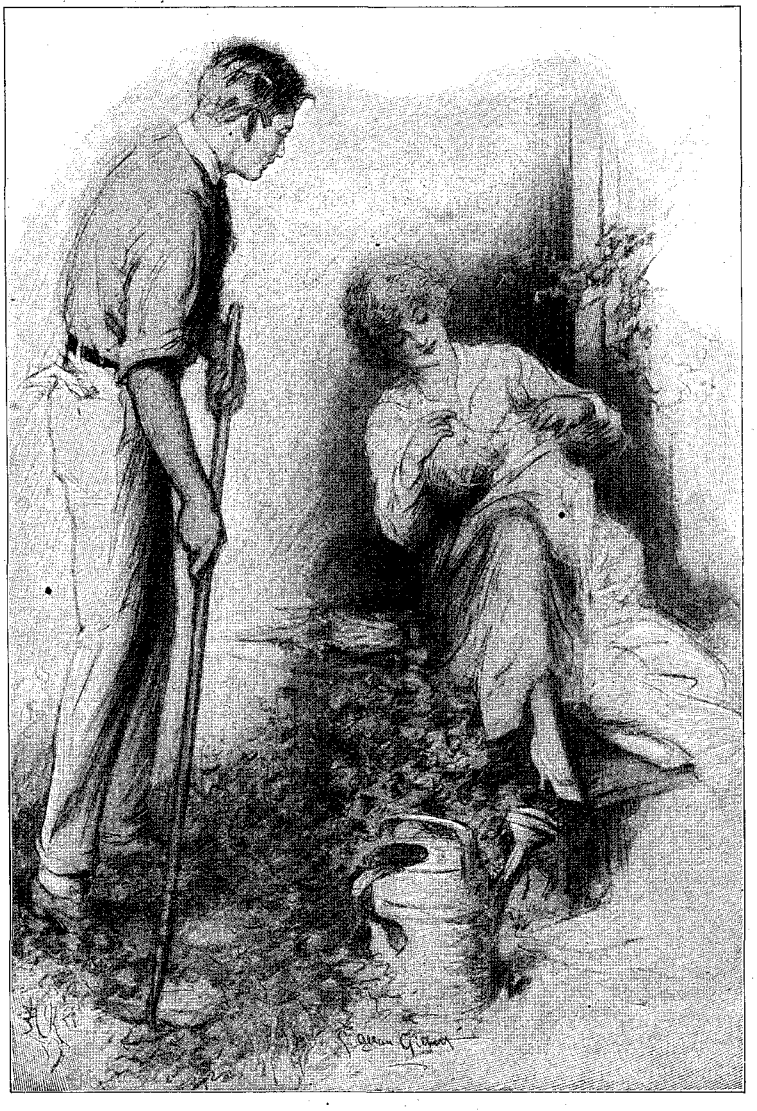
"Why, —— him," he said. "The confounded blighter would ask you to go out with him, would he?"

"Nonsense," I answered sharply. "He didn't ask me anything of the sort."

"He meant to," argued Alexis with conviction, "if you hadn't told him about me."

"Told him about you?" I said, puzzled. "Told him what?"

"Practically told him you were engaged to me," said Alexis complacently.



Next evening I made Alexis hoe alone while I sat on the steps and ran graduated tucks.—Page 84.

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"Alexis Jones, you simply make me furious," I informed him. "I'd like to know what any girl would marry you for?"

"She might marry me for my family, mightn't she?" suggested Alexis. "You'll admit we've always been very successful in concealing our bum relations. That's all the most rigid aristocracy can do. Of course you couldn't expect me to amount to much myself," ended Alexis humbly. He knows I am always more encouraging when he's humble. "At least, if that fellow thinks you're engaged to me it will keep him from insulting you," he added with gratification.

"He wasn't going to insult me," I insisted. "Maybe he was going to ask if he might call."

"Rubbish," said Alexis.

"Well, I'm sorry I told him about the potatoes," I grieved. "I might have found out what he was going to say. Now I'll always wonder."

Alexis lowered at me.

"Gosh, I hate to have you stay on that job," he reflected. "I've got to put my poor old bean to work to find a way out."

"I've got it," he greeted me exultantly a few evenings later. "Of course it will give your mother heart-failure, and I don't know how me own proud family will stand for it, when I marry you; but if you make good it will buy potatoes and Belgian wool ad libitum, and Sarah can go back to college next year. And best of all, it will take you away from that lobster's den and enable you to marry me without financial anxiety."

I clasped my hands around his arm and hung on it.

"Hurry up and tell," I begged.

"Unhand me, woman," he grumbled. "You haven't begun it yet." But he caught my hands in one of his and held them tight on his arm. So then I wriggled away. "You're to be a movie queen," he announced.

"Nonsense," I said.

"No nonsense about it," he assured me. "Let me off this deadly grind for to-night, won't you?" he coaxed. "There isn't a grain of dust out of place in the whole danged garden, and I've got the weeds so intimidated they wither if I look at 'em."

We sat down on the steps.

"I ran down to Atlantic to-day to sell some bonds to the Reverend Enos Clay," he related. "That's the man that picturized the Bible and made forty millions out of it. He's staying at the Churchill because he likes their soft-boiled eggs. You see, I knew the old boy and I'm fond of him. Three years ago he bought the first bond I'd sold in four months. It was the first one he ever had the money to buy, so he favors me, too. Sold him everything I had to-day. Then he got to gassing. Said he's going to do a series —the world's great fairy-tales. Struck me you'd be just the heroine for him. Regular Fair One with Golden Locks —that sort of thing. I told him about you. With that little button mouth of yours and your little turned-up nose and all, well, of course there's no character to your face, but they certainly would eat it up in the shows. And your hair will finish 'em. I want you to go down with me on Sunday. We'll see the Reverend Mr. Clay and put one over on him. It'll be a nice picnic, too. Will you go?"

I love Atlantic City, though it does ruin the tips of your shoes to walk on the Boardwalk.

"Yes, I'll go," I agreed.

"You want to dress sort of like a valentine—the way you used to," advised Alexis—"if I know anything about the clergy."

"Oh, Alexis, my only decent gown is spoiled," I lamented.

"Don't worry. You'll think of some way to fix it," he comforted me.

I lay awake, reflecting. At midnight I jumped out of bed and fished out an old strawberry liberty crape of Sarah's. Sarah is lots taller than I. I found the left-over material in the piece drawer, and climbed back in bed and measured and folded the thing on the down quilt.

Next evening I made Alexis hoe alone while I sat on the steps and ran graduated tucks, five big ones for the skirt, two for the waist, three for the sleeves.

He soon came and dropped beside me.

"What are you doing to Sarah's old duds?" he asked. Alexis never forgets a gown.

My boots were all right. The hat wor-

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ried me terribly. I had none that would do with that gown. And then, passing through Farquhar's French millinery salon at noon, I saw a little plain straw thing from Reboux, with two quills stuck through it. I tried it on. I certainly did look nice in it. I glanced inside at the tag. Things are marked plainly at Farquhar's. It was fifty dollars.

I stuck it back on the velvet-covered support and continued my search. I couldn't bear any others after that one, so I went away. But I couldn't forget it, either.

Still I had to have a hat. On Saturday, just before noon, I came to Mr. Farquhar's desk. He laid down his pen and leaned back in his chair.

"Miss Cunningham," he began, "I'd like to ask you something." He paused.

"Yes," I urged him.

"My mother is an invalid," he said. "I believe it would give her pleasure to know you. I have wondered if you wouldn't call on her."

"Why, certainly," I agreed.

"To-morrow?" he asked.

"I couldn't, to-morrow," I regretted. "I'm going on a picnic to-morrow to Atlantic. I just came to ask you can't I get away a little bit early. I have to buy a hat."

"By all means." He fumbled with a pile of books on his desk. "Perhaps you might go on a picnic with me some day . . . if I met your mother . . ." He hesitated.

"Oh, goodness, no," I answered. "Mamma would have a fit. You see, Alexis is different. Alexis's grandmother and mine rolled their hoops together. And I've known Alexis all my life."

"I see," said Mr. Farquhar with an ugly sneer. "So you're going with Alexis. Of course."

Horrid thing.

I ran down to the hat salon. But really there were no others. There hung the alluring creation. I stuck it on my head again. I needed it. Mr. Clay could never resist a hat like that.

I turned it over mechanically. A line had been drawn through the fifty, and twenty-five written below. In my hand was my week's pay, twenty-five dollars. "He either fears his fate too much, Or his desert is small, Who dares not put it to the touch, To win or lose it all."

"I'll take this," I said to the saleswoman.

She knew me.

"Just marked down. And pure flimflam at that," she warned me. "Twenty-five dollars for a wisp of straw and two quills."

But I took it.

"Good Lord!" said Alexis Sunday morning. "Have you robbed a layette?"

I admit Sarah's made-over dress was the same style I wore when I was seven years old, but it was the height of the mode.

"Some hat!" He admired my purchase.

"Alexis, you'll have to pay my fare and buy my luncheon," I announced. "There'll be neither food nor fire in our house this week. I've mortgaged my future for a hat."

"You done well," grinned Alexis.

The Reverend Mr. Clay met us in the flower-filled lobby of the Churchill. He was fat and clerical, evidently much impressed by his own new-found wealth.

Alexis pulled a little group of easy chairs together in the glazed corridor, and we talked, and I watched the overdressed crowds inside and out, and Mr. Clay watched me.

"You'll lunch with me," he said.

And after a while we went into the café. There sat Mr. Farquhar alone at a table. All through luncheon, whenever I looked that way, there he sat and glowered.

Naturally I became much more animated. . . . Mr. Clay relaxed to open friendliness.

"Shall we go up-stairs to talk?" he asked after luncheon. "I have nearly a whole floor up there on the front."

Alexis glanced at me and shook his head slightly.

"There's a big parlor over by the patio that's most probably deserted now," he proposed.

"That's better," agreed Mr. Clay. "*Virginibus puerisque.* We must be considerate of this little girl. That will do perfectly."

We went over to the deserted parlor, all huge windows hung with painted yellow blinds, looking over the Boardwalk.

"Acting is an art," said Mr. Clay pom-

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pously. "And acting in motion pictures is a highly specialized art. It requires a rare gift of pantomime."

"Barbara, couldn't you show Mr. Clay the girl in the bathing-suit? And the fish?" asked Alexis.

So I did. And a lot of other imitations.

"Very pretty and quaint," said Mr. Clay non-committally. "Of course the mere gift of pantomime is a very common thing."

I stared blankly at him.

"Miss Cunningham has one very uncommon gift indeed," remarked Alexis. "There's nobody about. . . . If she would just unpin her hair. . . ."

I took off my hat obediently. I unpinned my hair.

A gust of wind from an open window unfurled it like a flag, and flung it loose around me. It blew against Mr. Clay's open mouth. It flew out like a tent.

"By g-good gracious!" he said, wiping my hair carefully out of his mouth. "Wonderful! Incredible!"

I swung round, sweeping it under control again. There in the doorway stood Mr. Farquhar.

"Beg pardon," he said, and turned on his heel.

"Confound the intrusive lout," said Alexis.

I stood clutching my collected hair in both hands against my seven-year-old gown.

"What's the matter?" asked Alexis anxiously.

"That was Mr. Farquhar," I said.

What would he think of me? I do not go around flaunting my hair in hotels and offices as a rule. But what would any one think? I twisted it into place.

Mr. Clay was chattering happily to Alexis, his caution laid aside.

"No question at all about her," he said. "A trial film. But her features will photograph well. What a Melisande! 'Lettice, Lettice, let down your hair, That I may climb without a stair!'" he blithered on. "Now we'll take this wonder-child out and show her the sights of Atlantic." (I used to do the Boardwalk in my perambulator, and Alexis broke my first doll there, shooting Indian arrows at it. Of course he didn't hit it, but it fell off the Boardwalk onto a spile and broke.)

"Later I'll run you over to Philadelphia in my machine," Mr. Clay promised. "No trouble, my dear boy. A pleasure. And I shall look for many pleasant returns."

He's a good soul. His car was truly superb. It contained quantities of warm motor garments in which he huddled us. We slipped silently over the smooth new road between the rows of board signs and the tracks and the great trusses of overhead wires that spoil the meadows. The road was as populous as an ant-hill.

Presently the engine began to miss. I didn't notice it, but it almost drove the chauffeur wild, and even Alexis could hear it. So we stopped and the man produced his tool kit.

While he was burrowing under the hood, cars were flying by in droves. A big one passed us and stopped. A man climbed out and came back. It was Mr. Farquhar.

"Engine trouble?" he asked the chauffeur. He addressed me. "I'd be glad to take you all home in my car."

Alexis looked him up and down.

"Thanks awfully," said Alexis, and drew his lips tight in a fixed smile. "I fancy we shall do very well."

Mr. Farquhar became as red as a Pennsylvania barn.

"Why, nonsense," I interrupted. "I'd be very glad indeed, Mr. Farquhar. I don't care to wait around here."

"S' all right," called the chauffeur, slamming down the hood. Chauffeurs are very jealous of the reputation of their engines. "Wire had jumped," he defended his. "Short-circuited a cylinder."

He ran and leaped into the car. We left Mr. Farquhar standing in the road.

"You're an arrogant young dog, Alexis," said Mr. Clay, gazing at him with a certain surprised satisfaction.

"I'd thank you to let me decide for myself whose car I'll ride in, Alexis Jones," I stated in my coldest manner.

"'Scuse," said Alexis meekly. "I can't stand the fellow."

He slipped his hand under my big coat-sleeve and gave my fingers a little squeeze. I pulled away.

Mr. Clay couldn't get over his new view of Alexis. He kept chuckling and reciting to himself: "'When night dark-

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Drawn by C. Allan Gilbert.

A gust of wind from an open window unfurled it like a flag, and flung it loose around me.—Page 86.

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ens the streets, then wander forth the sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine.'"

Mr. Farquhar wasn't in the office at all next morning. An unheard-of thing. He came in in the afternoon. I listened, in my cubby-hole, but he was receiving one department head after another.

It was late when they stopped coming. Then I emerged. I must tell him about Mr. Clay. And especially I wanted him to understand about my hair.

"I'd like to ask your advice," I began. "I'm in a dilemma. Of course I know my salary is a great deal more than I am worth. Still it isn't enough. Mamma isn't used to considering expenses much, and she can't understand that we can't afford to buy wool for her to knit socks for the Belgians. She frets over it. She thinks it's preposterous. And I have a chance to go into the movies."

"Your hands aren't large enough for a movie heroine," remarked Mr. Farquhar abstractedly.

He was not paying much attention to my story. I had hoped he would remonstrate, but he merely sat there making crosses and dots with a lead-pencil on a fat pad in front of him.

"What is the dilemma?" he inquired finally. "It's perfectly true, as you say, that your present salary is exaggerated. . . ."

Yes, he sat there and assured me in that cold-blooded manner that I was already receiving charity. I felt the blood rush into my face.

"I know it," I said, springing to my feet. "I am only skin-deep. I can't do anything that requires a brain."

"The movies are no job for a young girl. Even less suitable than a model's life. Of course you have the equipment," he conceded. "Your looks . . . your beautiful hair—which always creates such an impression. . . ."

"Doubtless I already seem forward," I mocked him. "This must not continue. So the only thing left for me to do is just to get married."

Beads of perspiration suddenly appeared on his forehead, like Alexis when he hoes potatoes. He swung his chair around quickly so that his back was turned to me, dismissing me.

I ran into my own little cubby-hole. I was furious with everybody. Nobody thought a thing of me. They just considered me a useless doll with fine long hair and little feet. I was certainly tired of it. And now he taunted me with showing my hair. I never expected Mr. Farquhar to be anything but kind.

I cast my eyes down on my desk. There lay a huge pair of paper shears.

I pulled out my hairpins for the last time. I snatched up the shears and slashed across the back of my neck. A yellow snake of hair squirmed a minute on the floor. I caught it up and carried it into Mr. Farquhar's room. I threw it on the desk.

He stared at the roll, thick as my arm and longer.

"What on earth? . . ." he asked.

"I'm tired of being nothing but a yellow-haired doll," I cried. "If I'm nothing else, then I'll be nothing at all. I *don't* go around displaying it. It won't create any more impressions."

He put out a hand and touched the coil of hair gently, then drew his hand back.

"Extraordinary act," he murmured. "Don't you think this might interfere with your usefulness in the movies?"

"Of course it will. I don't care," I said.

"So you've settled your dilemma yourself?" he asked. "You've decided to get married. To Alexis?"

"I suppose it will have to be Alexis," I admitted.

He glanced up, just a second, and then lowered his eyes again to the pencil in his hand. But there was something in the way he looked at me, just that minute. . . .

"My hands were tied," he said savagely. "You needed the money, and where could you go if I annoyed you?"

"You did annoy me," I reproached him. "It's annoying to be ignored. I suppose it will have to be Alexis," I reiterated, "but, oh, I did hope I was going to marry you."

He sat still with his pencil poised.

"I hope you are," he said quietly. He made a deep dot, threw the pencil down on the pad, and got up. "I hope to God you are," he repeated, and then he swung past the table and flattened me violently against his woolly coat.

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"LES AMÉRICAINS SONT LÀ"

By Mary King Waddington

THOSE were the words on everybody's lips as the first big detachments of United States troops began to appear in the Paris streets, rather making one think of the old days of fierce fighting in the Vendée, when the phrase "Monsieur de Charette est là" seemed to put new heart and courage into the groups of peasants fighting hard for a lost cause. One could hardly call them soldiers, those bands of rough peasants, their uniforms when they had any faded and torn—scarcely armed, a few muskets, old guns, and pistols, pitchforks, sticks, whatever they could find, but all intensely religious, burning with loyalty and a mad thirst for vengeance against the hated "fléau" (Republicans) who had murdered their King, scoffed at their religion, overthrown everything that was life and country to them. Charette's name and presence worked like magic. He seemed the savior of all they held dear.

There could be no stronger contrast than these bands of young American soldiers (they all look young), vigorous, tall, supple, nor very strongly built perhaps, neither the square-shouldered, powerful Tommy, nor the sturdy muscular poilu, but swinging along with a firm free step—very bright eager eyes looking at everything and responding at once to the slightest sign of interest. They too had come to fight for an ideal—freedom and liberty of all nations, but theirs was no lost cause, their coming meant Victory and they knew it. It seemed so long to us all over here before America could make up her mind to fight. There seemed so many reasons why she shouldn't, but au fond one felt she must do her share in the world fight against tyranny and militarism. We quite understood the President's reluctance to drag his country into war—and such a war! We in France have seen all the horrors of it; still after four years of awful fighting—almost a whole generation gone in France and England, and unspeakable misery in the invaded regions—there are very few people who dare to clamor for peace at any price. The men who have been wounded go back to the trenches with the same indomitable spirit, and the women send off their men with a smile and a prayer, then take up the burden of life again. Ah, what a heavy charge! It was pathetic to see the Americans so eager to get to the front, knowing so little of what was before them. Even for the regulars, the fighting in the Philippines and Mexico were skirmishes and cavalry raids compared to this terrible war.

I think there is a simple politeness in these young warriors from across the sea, whether they come from some of the big cities, New York, Boston, Chicago, or from some far-away States on the other side of the "Rockies." There is an instinctive courtesy to all women. The other day I saw three or four young soldiers at the doors of one of our workrooms. I said to them: "I am sure you are Americans." In their khaki shirts and no hats it is not always easy to note the difference between them and the Australians. "Yes, ma'am"—came the answer. "I like to hear that, it reminds me of old days in America." "My mother always taught me to say ma'am to a lady." "Well, my boy, if you go through life remembering always what your mother taught you, you will do well." Again came the answer "Yes, ma'am," but this time with rather a wistful look in the eyes as if the thought of mother so far away had awakened longings for home. They tell me they are all homesick, which one can quite understand. Their compatriots over here do all they can for them in the way of clubs, restaurants, hospitals and distractions, but they are always strangers in a strange land where they don't know the language nor the customs. I was glad to see them gradually disappearing from Paris where

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every possible temptation assailed them, and these simple honest country boys were no match for the greedy Paris shopkeepers who asked them exorbitant prices for everything; and above all for the pretty painted girls of the boulevards, who have all learned a little English, and lay in wait for these good-looking, open-handed young soldiers who half the time don't understand them but are always ready to give them a dinner or a drink or take them to the theatre.

Last winter in one of the very cold spells when great blocks of ice (a most unusual sight) were floating down the Seine, I met a group of young officers walking along the Quai, sauntering in the sun, not heeding apparently the cold, sharp wind blowing from the river. Some of our French officers had told me that they found the Americans not warmly enough dressed, their tunics and overcoats all right but their undergarments not nearly warm enough. I stopped to talk to them—I always do whenever I meet them—and asked them if they felt the cold, that I had heard they were not warmly enough dressed. They all protested, said they had everything they wanted, and one of them, rather older than the others, said he had heard no complaints from his men. We discussed it a little, then he added: "Most of us come from the far West, madame. We are accustomed to months of snow and ice in the winter—this weather seems like spring to us."

I think perhaps they didn't feel the cold, as long as there was any sun, but the damp weather tried them very much. Hundreds had heavy colds and pneumonia. They were marvellously cared for; their hospitals are perfect. We all here in France felt so keenly what a wrench it must have been for American wives and mothers to see their men leave for such far-away fighting. There must be long weeks of agonized waiting before they can get news of their soldiers, ill or wounded. I wanted them so much to know that until they had had time to organize their own hospitals and ambulances, all their men would be as tenderly and skilfully nursed as if they were at home.

Now that they have really come into the fight and are merged into the lines of the Allies, fighting side by side with French and English, it is impossible to send them all to their own hospitals. They are picked up very often by French convoys, and taken to the nearest field-hospital, often French. I heard of two young fellows the other day at a French hospital where they were being taken care of, doctors and nurses doing all they could, but the poor fellows couldn't talk, nor understand, and were very miserable. One of my American friends went to see them and said their delight at hearing their own language was touching—also that the doctor was as much pleased as they were, saying to her: "Ah, madame, your visit has done them more good than all my skill."

Their attitude was a little puzzling when they first came over; they were half shy, half arrogant. The American eagle spread his wings extensively, they were going to finish the War, and show the Old World what the young Republic across the sea could do. I had many discussions with my American military friends, and told them they would certainly *help* to win the War now that all the difficulties had been straightened out by the men who had borne the burden and the stress of the battle. We too were unprepared for such a war as this; trench fighting, and those horrible gas attacks, and incendiary bombs, which one would not have expected from a civilized (one can't say any more a Christian) nation, and had besides all the misery and suffering to contend with in our devastated towns and villages. It was hard for the men, particularly men of a certain age, to keep up a good fight, knowing that their homes were in ruins, their wives and children scattered all over the country and no possible means of communicating with them, or knowing if they were still alive. Naturally fresh young troops, perfectly well equipped and eager for the fray, could surely give us the help we needed.

I think they understand now how magnificently the French and English have fought, each in their own way, but making a very formidable ensemble. The English cool, stolid, tenacious, like the bulldog when he has got his teeth in the other dog's ear—the French excited, nervous, rushing to the attack. We had hardly

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had time in July to judge the Americans, so few of them had got to the front, but when we saw the long lines of tall, keen-faced, well-made young men, we felt how much they brought to give courage and fresh energy to the troops who had fought steadily for four years.

The poilu is very much astonished at the equipment and pay of the Americans, and the practical way in which they settle themselves in any quarters, and the quickness with which they do everything. They are still astonishing the small (and even the big) French officials by their quick decision and action. I was in a small town, not far from the front, several weeks ago when two or three American officers came up in their car to see about accommodation for a detachment of soldiers, about three hundred men who were to be quartered in the town and were arriving the next day. The mayor was much perturbed. He had nothing, not even a room. There were already French and a few English troops in the town, not a room available. The officers cut short his regrets and apologies, saying: "We don't want houses nor rooms. I suppose you can give us a field—we bring our own material."

The next day arrived a train of lorries, with huts, tents, planks—everything they needed to organize their camp. The simple peasants were astounded at the ease and rapidity with which everything was settled. That same day in the afternoon they appeared at a garden-party given by Mme. T., an American-born wife of the general commanding the legion. She had prepared for five or six hundred people, and the garden looked charming. The French soldiers had arranged a pretty little theatre decorated with flags and greens in a real "Théâtre de Verdure" in the middle of the lawn; they had arranged the flags very well, French, English and American, when at the last moment Mme. T. discovered that there was no Italian flag and one or two Italian officers were coming who were with General F.'s command. One was obtained with difficulty from somewhere so that nobody's feelings could be hurt, but the honors of the day were for the Americans. Tables loaded with sandwiches, enormous chocolate cakes, tea, chocolate, syrups and lemonade (with a little "something" in it to give it a taste) were spread under the trees. The cakes were rather a problem —they were all made in the house, but the ovens here are not big enough in an ordinary country house, in war-time, to hold so many, so they were all baked at the bakery of the little town.

The Americans arrived very punctually at four o'clock, by the garden entrance, about two hundred and fifty, marching two and two in the winding narrow paths. The poilus were there already, and the blue coats and the khaki stood out well against the background of trees as they ranged themselves in a semicircle behind the chairs reserved for the few ladies who were there and the officers. The concert was very good! Some of the French soldiers sang and played very well and some Americans (volunteers) contributed most capably and agreeably to the performance. The American songs were half patriotic, half sentimental; the men all joining in the chorus; a little shyly at first but with much entrain after a pause for refreshments. The poilus couldn't help much in the singing, as all the words were in English, but a cheer or a hurrah seems the same thing in all languages. Some of the songs were amusing; that "Kaiser Bill would feel pretty ill when the Yanks were marching to Berlin," that chorus being given with much enthusiasm, the French soldiers smiling and nodding to the Yanks (let us hope he won't escape that illness), and another big with hopeful prophecy, "As Washington crossed the Delaware, so Pershing will cross the Rhine."

When the concert was over we talked to the men. Many of them had just come over. They were from all parts of America. I asked were there any from New Jersey, the State where I was born, and was amused at the answer "From New Jersey, little New Jersey. No, ma'am, I don't think so."

It is very interesting, as the War goes on, to see the difference of thought and education between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations; even when they say and do the same thing, they do them differently. The Americans move and march differently from the English—their step is lighter, freer; when they stand at atten-

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tion, though perfectly correct, they are not so stiff as the Englishmen. I think many of them are shy (though it is not a national trait), especially with foreigners, but it doesn't make them as embarrassed and self-conscious as many English are. It was rather trying for some young fellows fresh from the plains or big farms of the far West to take part in the various entertainments provided for them in some of the clubs their compatriots in Paris had organized. They were generally very well arranged—several tables, almost always a piano, tea, cakes, sandwiches ad libitum, and pretty girls and young women waiting on them, bringing them refreshments, and asking them to play and sing.

I was shy myself when I was asked to sit down at one of the tables, and have tea with eight or ten young men of whom I knew nothing except that they wore the United States uniform, and had come across the Atlantic to stand in line with our men and help us on to victory. However, my experience, after a long and varied life, is that simplicity is always the best way to get on with all classes of society, and after the first banal questions, "Had they been long in France—were they as much pleased to come over as we were to have them," and then the statement that I was born in America, had only been back once to my country after forty years in Europe—the ice was broken and they talked easily enough of home and the wives and children and sweethearts they had left behind. One of them showed me a picture of his wife (a pretty young woman) and two little children. I said to him: "It must have been hard for her to see you go." "Yes, ma'am, but if I hadn't come she would have put on the pants and come herself." Another asked me: "Do you like living in France, ma'am, and never hearing English spoken? Isn't America the *finest* country in the world to live in?" As I went out a soldier was singing very well an English song I didn't know. I stopped to listen and one of his comrades, standing near the piano, told me he was a professional singer from Colorado. When the Americans first came over there were doubts expressed as to the discipline of the United States troops. No one doubted their fighting qualities, but the American from the far West, the rancher, the cowboy, has become such a familiar type in Europe that some people rather expected to see companies of "Buffalo Bills"—all carrying big Colts, and firing recklessly and cheerfully at anything or anybody, which didn't please them—but as the French got accustomed to the quiet, confident bearing of the Americans, their opinions modified sensibly, and wherever the U. S. soldiers passed they were sure of cordial greetings.

Some of the French officers, instructors who have had charge of the Americans when they first came over, told me that their intelligence and quickness of comprehension were extraordinary. At first they rather posed as knowing it all, were a little contemptuous perhaps of the routine and set ways of the old trained soldier, but that mood soon passed when they began to understand and appreciate the French artillery. I heard a young American gunner talk with much enthusiasm about our famous 75, the perfection of every detail and precision of working. They learned to handle our big guns very quickly, doing better work, that is, firing more quickly than the Frenchman. The French gunner thinks, and I fancy he is right, that he is the best in the world, but the American runs him very close, and the Frenchman acknowledges it very generously. Certainly their quickness astonishes the French. Their decision is quickly made and the action follows at once.

There were all sorts of amusing stories going about when they began to establish their camps in various parts of France. Of course the questions of transports, railways, telegraphs and telephones came up at once and the Americans, accustomed to move quickly, were impatient and irritated at the delays and formalities of everything in France. They were polite at first, resigned themselves apparently to the long wait imposed upon them by the local authorities, then took matters in their own hands,—and I know of several cases where bridges were built, rails laid, and telegraphs and telephones working before the official permission arrived.

There is much sympathy between the poilus and the Americans; the French like

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the dash and independence of the American, which appeals to something akin in their nature, and, in some mysterious way without understanding each other's language, they make friends, and in the long summer evenings I often saw couples under the trees—a pretty little "midinette," book in hand, and a trim-looking young American soldier to whom she was giving French lessons.

I was in Paris on the Fourth of July and was present at the fête in the Place d'Iéna, which was most interesting. The French doing all they could to celebrate America's great National Day—Washington's statue in the centre of the square almost disappeared under the heaps of wreaths and palms and ribbons. The Stars and Stripes floated proudly everywhere. We shall miss them when they go home after the war; it will seem as if a part of us is going. The square was packed with a sympathetic enthusiastic crowd. The President, with the ambassadors, ministers and distinguished guests (among them Lloyd George, who was heartily cheered by the crowd when they recognized him) sat in a tribune on one side of the square; just opposite was another one reserved for Madame Poincaré, the ambassadresses, ministers' wives and certain representative American ladies. There were several speeches, the speakers standing on a small platform just under the President's bay, but we didn't hear them very well. We were too far off and very few voices can bear the strain of speaking in the open air and besides all our attention was concentrated on the military display.

The French opened the march, the crowd cheering, as soon as the "clairons" were heard and the blue coats were visible —then in the distance appeared the first companies of the Americans. A great cheer greeted and accompanied them all the time they were passing. They were a splendid lot of men, their uniforms fresh and trim; they had not yet been to the front but came from a training-camp "somewhere in France." They swung through the square with their extraordinary suppleness and light quick steps—everybody cheering and admiring. We heard exclamations in the crowd "Ah les beaux gars"; then came more French troops. Some of the Americans near me were very much struck by the cavalry salute of the officers, "le salut de l'épée," as they passed the President. It was a pretty sight, the sunlight falling on the naked blade as it rose high in the air.

There was a movement of the crowd toward the end of the square and cheers and cries of "Vive l'Amérique" told us another detachment of Americans was arriving and a long line of soldiers debouched into the square—the men who had fought near St. Quentin, their helmets dented, their uniforms worn and faded, lagging a little, but looking soldiers every one—not the parade troop which passed first, but men straight from the firing-line with that look that one sees in the eyes of all the men who have faced death and seen their comrades fall alongside of them.

Madame Poincaré came up to me saying: "Quel jour de gloire pour vous, Mme. Waddington." It was indeed a proud moment for any one who had American blood in their veins.

Then came our soldiers also from the fighting front—brave little poilus, their helmets and uniforms also showing signs of the fierce fighting they had been through —but marching sturdily along, keenly alive to the festal appearance of everything. The Frenchman dearly loves a show. There were ringing cheers and cries of "Vive l'Amérique," "Vive la France." The Marseillaise and the Star-Spangled Banner played at the same time by half a dozen bands—I think everybody had a choke in their throats, but one heard a triumphant note through all the discordant war of sound, the Te Deum of Victory. I shall never cross the Place d'Iéna again without seeing the scene, Washington's statue covered with flowers, the sunlight streaming down on flags and swords and bayonets, and the mass of eager faces all turned in one direction following the lines of retiring soldiers, and on each one the same expression of hope and joy and confidence of victory.

SEPTEMBER, 1918.

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FIGHTING IN FRANCE WITH THE MARINES

BY LIEUTENANT NEWTON JENKINS
Infantry, U. S. A.

TRUE to their tradition of ever being the first to fight, the Marines made up, in part, the first fighting unit of the A. E. F. to reach foreign shores. Doing various duties from the ports forward, along the lines of communication, it was not long after their arrival in France before they found themselves called upon to go into the line.

Having finished a course of training in an American Corps School in France, I, along with a few other officers, was sent to serve with the French army in the front-line trenches. When the big offensive started on the morning of March 21, 1918, I was in sight of the cathedral at Rheims on the right and Fort St.-Thierry behind, with the Germans but sixty metres in front.

After the initial successes of the big push, we were hustled out of the line and despatched back for assignment to American units that were pressing across France to take their places in the line against the Teutons. It was my fortune to be assigned to the Marines and my privilege to go with them into the front line for their first hitch. It was in the evening when I reached my company headquarters. The company commander, glad-eyed, greeted me warmly, adding that I had come just in time to leave with them for the line, and that I should be in charge of the third platoon.

We had done a turn or two in the line, together with corresponding shifts in rest-camps. It then fell to our lot to take over a sector due east of the memorable city of ——. The afternoon of the day before the relief was to take place, I went up to reconnoitre my platoon sector. It left me depressed, for it was a miserable position. It was under heavy intermittent German artillery-fire. My sector was to be on the brow of a hill that was shelled by the enemy every day. The little dugout I was to occupy seemed to be a favorite spot for the shells to light. Three shells that week had been direct hits, the officer in charge told me. The nose of a six-inch shell that had fallen on the roof an hour before, tearing away all the earth covering, had tumbled down into the door of the dugout. I asked the officer to see that some earth was thrown back on top of the dugout before we took over the position.

The night of the relief found us moving into the trenches in good order. The relief took place promptly and without incident. Toward morning I called my orderly to make the three-o'clock run to company headquarters. He had barely returned when a frightful bombardment opened up. Shells began falling at once all around us. I never heard such crashing, and all so close. Each shell seemed bound to be the last one. The dugout was only a surface one, with some five feet of soft earth thrown over the top. It was well timbered, however. The concussion of the near ones snuffed out the candle-light. It kept us busy lighting the candle. They soon were striking so fast that it was useless to attempt to keep it lighted. I feared they were mixing gas with the high explosives. The sentry gave the gas-alert warning once. After each close shell I asked Wade, the orderly, if he could smell gas. Each time he said he could not, and appeared to be but little alarmed. We expected the fury to cease at the end of half an hour, but there was no let up. Time after time they landed so close that dirt was alternately thrown upon us and away from us. It would seem that the little dugout could not stand another shock. The timbers would groan under the concussion of each explosion. The projectiles, falling on top of

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the dugout, jarred the supports as a heavy mallet does when driving a crooked stake. Instead of being crushed in, the timbers resisted stubbornly. Part of the door had been blown in, and I feared pieces of shrapnel would shower us through the door. Shortly one smashed right into the doorway, closing it up with earth. I asked Wade if there was gas. He thought there was; so did I. The fumes of the burnt powder filled the dugout. We slipped into our masks, and I tried to get outside to the men's dugout to direct them into their masks. But the door was broken and jammed, with the earth piled over it. I failed to get out. We both pressed against the door and forced an opening. The orderly dashed out in my place and gave the men the order. The bombardment lasted fifty-five minutes. Seven times the little old shelter was struck, and yet neither of us was hurt within it. The instant the barrage lifted we all were out at our fighting stations. But the raid was over. They had put down the barrage upon us while they raided two other platoons. Runners were despatched in every direction on their various errands. Word came in at once that we had suffered some casualties.

The land at this point consisted of a series of tongues of higher ground reaching out into a lowland with wide coulées between. Our company held one of these tongues and the French held the tongue next to us on the left. Instead of the front-line trench crossing the coulées, a gabion was generally built up across, from one stretch of high ground to another. Automatic rifles were trained upon this area from the combat groups on either side. But this particular coulée was at a vulnerable place, and the trench curved back around it, keeping on the fringe of the higher ground. This coulée, therefore, afforded a place into which the Germans could advance between the two tongues and strike half-way back on the side of the tongue. The plan of attack that night was to strike at the side of the tongue. Here the raiders would divide into two parties: one party was to move into the middle, where two dugouts were located, and then down the centre line to the tip of the tongue. The other party was to course around the edge to join the first party at the tip of the tongue. This latter party was to kill all the sentries posted around the fringe of the tongue.

This raid had been carefully and methodically planned. The enemy front line at this point was half a kilometre away. Our own front line turned around the hill at a right angle. The plan of attack was to cut off the corner and take as many of our men prisoners as possible, including those in two dugouts, that were to be raided and destroyed. The entire raiding-party was to come through the wire at *E*. One group was to follow the Balzac trench to *D*, where the wire was to be blown up, affording a passageway out. The other group, after destroying the dugouts at *A* and *B*, was to pass through the Tunis and Rozelle trenches, following the course indicated by the dotted arrows, taking a dozen sentries prisoner en route.

The raiders, about one hundred strong, crossed No Man's Land under the cover of darkness. With great stealth they approached our wire. They cut through the wire, with secrecy and skill, at a point indicated at *E*. One party of hand-bombers was detailed to mop up the Balzac trench. Another party, under two German lieutenants, had the dugouts *A* and *B* as objectives. Both parties were to go out through the wire at *F*, sweeping all the sentries before them as prisoners. If these two parties should succeed in their respective missions, the raid would be successful. It is to be presumed that careful reconnoissance of the position had been made by the enemy. He discovered that a relief was to take place that night, making it, therefore, a favorable time to raid. [Diagram, page 96.]

The first thing confronting the enemy was to get across No Man's Land undiscovered. Otherwise, the raiders would have been cut up by our artillery and machine-gun fire. They had succeeded in this. The next difficulty was to cut through the barbed wire without being detected. This was a long, tedious job, delicately dangerous. Our machine guns swept that hillside from emplacements stationed in the direction indicated by the arrow at *J*. If these guns had opened rapid fire, the Germans would have been riddled to pieces. But the raiders had

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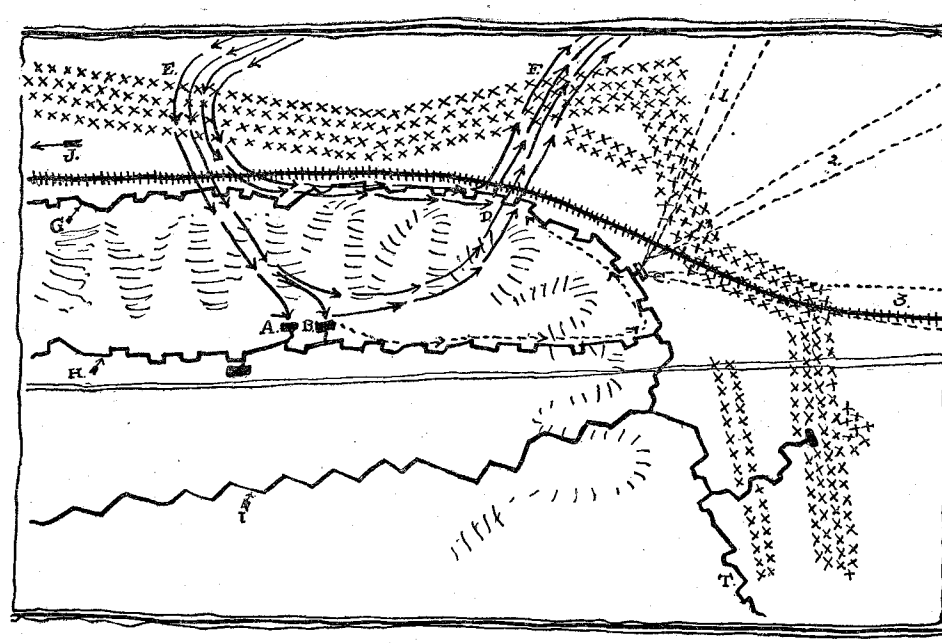
succeeded in getting through the wire unheard. From all outward appearances, the raid would have been successful right from that point. Had it been a practice manœuvre, the umpires would have given the raiders the victory. To have allowed them even to come into the position through all the obstacles would have decided the contest. Then, in addition to all this, other circumstances piled up to make the case overwhelming in favor of the enemy. We scrambled for flares to light up the ground. We made haste to send up rockets and signals to summon machine-gun support and to bring our artillery into action. If we could have brought these powerful weapons into play at once, we could still have cut many of the raiders up, who had not yet come through the wire, and the artillery would have cleared No Man's Land, directly in front of our position. The big guns would have also produced a tremendous moral effect, both upon our own men and especially upon the enemy, and would probably have killed many of the latter on their way home.

It was our first night in that position. It was the first night the platoon commander of one of the platoons attacked had ever been in any front line. He had just come back to us from the hospital and had never been in the trenches before. There was not a flare to be found. We looked for artillery signal-rockets and found one. It was sent up but was not seen by the artillery observers. We were in the dark and without support from behind. The enemy had got into the trenches. The Germans had superior numbers. The Americans were strangers to the position. They were unschooled in this new war. What a perfect setting for a complete German victory!

Let us see what happened. The Balzac trench was not occupied, as the Germans calculated. Their mopping-up party started down through it, throwing dozens of their potato-masher grenades. But there was nobody in the trench to



A. Dugout.
B. Dugout.
C. Automatic-rifle emplacement.
D. Point of exit.
E. Point of entry.
F. Point of exit in wire.
G. Balzac trench.
H. Tunis trench.
I. Communication-trench.
J. Points to machine-gun post.
T. Rozelle trench.
1, 2, 3 are fields of fire of automatic rifle.

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kill. An automatic-rifle team was stationed at *C*, with a field of fire covering the three directions indicated. When he heard all the commotion in the Balzac trench, the gunner moved his rifle so as to fire into that trench to meet the advancing Germans. He kept the stream of fire on them as he would a hose. They could not face the music. The leader of the party had a hundred holes in him. That party did not reach its objective.

The other party, led by the two lieutenants, had a desperate bit of business to get done. Each lieutenant carried a high-explosive infernal machine, made by arranging twenty sticks of powerful explosive, like dynamite, into a bundle wrapped securely in burlap. Inserted in the charge was a detonator with fuse attached. The lieutenants, surrounded by their men, were to crush their way to the tops of the dugouts. With wires fastened to the bundles, they were to hang them from above, down into the dugouts, and set them off. It was a piece of high-class stuff and required an officer to carry it out. It is only by the use of some such powerful explosive that a dugout can be destroyed and everybody killed. A grenade will not do it. It will not destroy the dugout, and some of the occupants may survive. The dugouts were not full of men, as the enemy anticipated. There was one man in one of them. The others were all out in the mêlée that was now growing desperate. That one man was getting ready as fast as he could to get out. The German first lieutenant stood on the top of the dugout. He was peeling off his silk gloves, ready to dangle that frightful piece of mechanism in front of the door of the dugout into the hands of the German corporal, who was at his appointed place to carry it inside. The American inside saw the German in the doorway. With a forty-five he scored a perfect hit. A hole the size of a quarter was put into the front of the helmet and a similar one behind. Some one from somewhere saw the two lieutenants. There was one lying on top of each dugout. This ended the party. It was time to go. There was a mad, wild rush back through the wire, where it was cut and where it was not cut. They ran off without their gas-masks, rifles, grenade-sacks, pistols, knives, and shields, leaving them strewn around in our trenches.

The barrage had been put down all around the position attacked. There was no artillery preparation to announce to the attacked that a raid was about to take place. The artillery was used solely to keep reinforcements from reaching the units being raided, either from the rear or the flanks. The raid was being managed entirely for the enemy by the lieutenant in charge. Instead of being controlled by the company or battalion commander back in their lines, the raiders themselves governed the action of the artillery and machine guns. Instead of a zero hour, allowing the raiders a given number of minutes to get through the wire, and so forth, there was a more flexible scheme adopted. The raiding-party was to take all the time it needed to get through. Once it was through and ready to proceed, a signal was given the waiting artillery to put down a barrage. This barrage was to continue while the raiders were in the trenches and to cover their return. It is obvious that such a plan is preferable, under certain circumstances, to a raid preceded by artillery under the cover of which the raiders would advance. The other side could put down a barrage immediately in front of its trenches before the attackers could get into them. This is especially true where the opposing lines are a considerable distance apart. Another advantage of a raid of this kind is that the artillery of the side attacked is apt to be responding with a barrage in front of its infantry front line, which the returning raiders can see and therefore avoid. The shells already falling will mark the place where the barrage is being put down, and the returning attackers can go around the area.

For the first few minutes all was bewilderment for the Americans. Many of them were not sure what was happening. There was some doubt whether the approaching forms were Germans or not. The French were on one flank. Other Americans were on the other flank. It was the first night in the sector, and nobody knew the exact position of our other units. The night was black. One very young soldier, who happened to be near his officer, sidled in close and said:

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"Them's Huns, Mr. Conroy, them's Huns." With these words he forgot his immaturity.

A gunnery sergeant in command of a half-platoon that was just outside of the zone attacked started through the belt of fire to the assistance of his platoon commander and was killed by a direct hit from one of the enemy shells. Corporal —— and five men went through the shower of shells from behind, all the way up to the attack, to see if they could help. None of these was injured. One man in the line was killed by a grenade. A dozen others were slightly wounded. Our aeroplane observer said the Germans were carrying back their dead and wounded throughout all of the next day.

The Germans are effective, machine-like fighters. They can dash over in mass with all their devices and weapons, put down a fierce pommelling upon those attacked, and rush back again. The French are adroit fighters; keen to sense the designs of the enemy and able to decide quickly and correctly whether to stand fast or withdraw, and to follow that decision forcefully. The English are stubborn fighters who never admit defeat. The resistance of this fierce attack by the Americans had in it the essence that characterizes the Americans as fighters. Every man as an individual, without command or suggestion, turned in to defend his post and resisted the approach of every force that came to threaten that position. When the smoke of battle clears away, an American is found at his post or near his post. He is chained to his position with links, not of steel, but forged out of courage, conviction, and character.

While others were caring for the injured, an order came down from the major directing me to gather in and take charge of all dead and wounded Germans and all captured equipment. The trenches were full of the night's wreckage. We picked up two hundred of their unexploded grenades. Picking up enemy grenades is a delicate undertaking. We had heard all about the Germans putting instantaneous fuses in hand-grenades for the Allies to experiment with. This was an old joke that we would not bite on. The grenades must be handled gingerly. Perhaps the button which, when plucked, sets off the grenade has been tramped into the mud. To pick up the grenade, failing to notice the button, is all that is needed to set off the grenade in one's hand. We collected the potato-mashers, the egg-grenades, and the gas-bombs. There were rifles and Lüger pistols. The latter promised to make popular souvenirs. Helmets, musette-bags, Very pistols, and material of every description were gathered in. Some of the Germans had carried shields and lost them. These were made of pieces of sheet steel hinged together and hung from the shoulders like a baseball catcher's chest-protector. A wounded German lay in the trenches, cared for by a couple of men. His name was Otto. He was a pale, thin-faced, middle-aged man. He was pale, for he was near death. He was thin-faced because he had gone through the ravages of years of war. He could neither give nor withhold any valuable information. An automatic rifle had sprinkled its fearful spray upon both of his legs. One could not gauge anything about the morale of the Germans, their food supply or man-power, from this broken, hurt thing. He had been badly wounded. He was carefully and quickly taken to the first-aid station and treated; but he later died, murmuring: "Kalt, kalt."

On the body of the corporal killed in the doorway of the dugout was found a handful of passes for the men of his squad, to go on leave to a certain rest-camp located at a stated place behind the German lines. It was valuable for us to know just where that rest-camp was. But to the men interested the loss of the passes was, no doubt, more important than the loss of the raid. The top of the corporal's head had been blown off into his helmet. We wrapped a towel around his head and pressed on his helmet. The body was then sent back for burial.

There was not a line of information upon the officers. They carried only their names written on little pieces of paper with indelible pencil. We found but one officer at first. He was a second lieutenant. He had fallen on his face on top of the dugout that he sought to destroy. He had been run through from side to side. Some one peeped over the parapet near

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the entrance to the other dugout. He saw a foot and announced that there was another German up there. We climbed up and found a dead German officer. He was a first lieutenant. There had been just enough mist to keep his face and eyes fresh. In taking the body down from the parapet, I stood it up against the side of the trench. The boots and uniform were close-fitting, and the body stood up perfectly normal. There was not a visible scratch on the body, and on a casual examination it looked like a live German officer taken. The two officers had come through to their objectives but had been killed before carrying out their missions. Neither of the dead officers seemed to be over nineteen, and they looked enough alike to have been twins. They appeared to be of the aristocratic class. They were beautifully dressed and wore black, polished boots. The first lieutenant wore the highest decorations within the gift of his country. There was not a mark on his body that would indicate how he was killed. All the remains were carefully taken back and given decent burial.

When we had done nineteen nights in this position, a reconnoissance party came up to look over the trenches preparatory to relieving us. This is always gladsome news. We are always at home to parties that promise us relief. I was down at the end post, pointing out the usual paths of the evening patrols to the lieutenant that was to relieve me, when a runner came down with the news that I had been appointed an instructor to return to the United States. This was indeed gladsome news, and yet it was tinged with sadness by the thought that the brave men around me could not come out with me, but they must remain out yonder.

That night, before going out, I visited each sentry-post and wished Godspeed to every man. I did not then realize that they were within a few days of being pulled out of the line at that point and sent against the onrushing horde of Germans at Château-Thierry. The Germans were stopped. Paris was saved. The turning-point in the war was reached. The Marines made themselves immortal. They galvanized their lives into history at Château-Thierry!

OLD TUNES

By Sara Teasdale

As the strata of perfume, heliotrope, rose,
Float in the garden when no wind blows,
Come to us, go from us, whence no one knows;

So the old tunes float in my mind,
And go from me, leaving no trace behind,
Like perfume borne on the hush of the wind.

But in the instant the airs remain
I know the laughter and the pain
Of times that will not come again;

I try to catch at many a tune
Like petals of light fallen from the moon,
Broken and bright on a dark lagoon.

But they float away—for who can hold
Youth, or perfume, or the moon's gold?

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LADY GAUNT

By Major Wolcott LeCléar Beard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

IT was the opening of the *corridas* at Quito. Every one was there, of course, together with a great multitude of those who were nobody at all, for the bull-fights are to that little Andean capital what the Grand Prix has always been to Paris—and more.

Five bulls had been killed, dying with the courage for which that Ecuadorian breed is famous even in old Spain. The sixth bull had not yet been turned into the ring when young Archie Douglas leaned over the rail of the President's box.

"I came to tell you, General Alfaro, how sorry I was that I didn't receive your invitation to see the *corrida* from your *palco* here in time to accept it. I was away," he said, in his careful, academic Spanish. "I didn't get back until just now."

Eloy Alfaro, President of the republic, so called, of Ecuador, was short, stocky, and clad in a near-German uniform. Every line of his heavy face told of the Quichua ancestry which had made him so many adherents and of which he was so bitterly ashamed. Slowly and deliberately he turned that aboriginal face upon Archie.

"I am rejoiced that my invitation miscarried," he said, murdering the liquid Castilian with raucous tones and defective grammar. "Otherwise," he went on, "I would have felt called upon to cancel that invitation. Having been spared that painful necessity, I consider myself most fortunate."

Archie started as though the President had struck him. What in the world could it all mean? Why, until now Alfaro's manner had always been cordiality itself: he had neglected no opportunity to shower attentions upon this young engineer from the United States who was sojourning in his country. This change was so astounding that poor Archie, his thoughts thrown into utter confusion, at first could only stare. Alfaro saw the effects of his first verbal bomb and, thinking it good, launched another.

"You do not understand me?" he sneered with exaggerated politeness. "Then I will endeavor to make my meaning clearer. When I invited you to become a guest, here in my box, I supposed you to be a gentleman and a man of honor. Then I discover that you are neither. Therefore I am desirous of bringing our acquaintanceship to an end. *Voilà tout.*"

President Alfaro was proud of his French, but as he had learned it entirely from books, he pronounced it, Spanish fashion, exactly as it was spelled: "*voe-eela toe-oot.*" Ordinarily Archie would have smiled at this, but now not a smile remained in his whole composition. A dull flush spread over his honest, rather ugly face, and his rage restored to him a measure of articulate speech—such as it was. Bending down he spoke softly and almost caressingly in the President's ear.

"You're a mangy, lying, mongrel cur," he cooed. "If it wasn't for making a scene in this place I'd thrash that yellow hide of yours until you thought it held sausage meat. If I can once find you when you're not surrounded by more guards than I can fight, I'll do it anyhow —President or no President. Remember that—for I mean it!"

For a moment Archie stood waiting for a reply, but none came. With a crash of cymbals the band blared forth as the gates were flung open and a bull bolted into the ring. This gave the President a chance to pretend that he had not heard, and he did so pretend. He had ample cause, of course, and ample authority as well, to order the irate young man into one of the numerous and vermin-infested jails, but he thought it wiser not to. The present political situation was acute, even for Ecuador, and a little thing might

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bring about most distressing results. As to the insult—well, if a chance to repay that should present itself he would make the most of it. If not, what matter? Insults are only words. True, blood of the Black Douglases, heated by generations of Texan suns, is ill to trifle with; but in justice to Alfaro it should be said that if this thought occurred to him it had no more effect upon his conduct than did the insult. Men do not attain to the position then enjoyed by Eloy Alfaro through being either sensitive or cowardly.

Tramping doggedly around the curve of the arena, Archie Douglas re-entered his own box, where he had left two guests. The noise of the band prevented his having to speak, and for this he was grateful. Raising his glasses, for the first time he swept them slowly over the audience.

Bright costumes of women and the gay uniforms of many officers made the old *Plaza de Toros* like a great bowl of gray stone, bordered with flowers. In this border there was one dull spot, and only one. At this spot Archie was looking when the band ceased.

"I wonder who she is—that old lady in black," he said, lowering his glasses and trying hard to speak naturally. "She doesn't look like a Spanish-American."

"She isn't," replied Major Jimmy O'Neill, formerly of his Britannic Majesty's Seventeenth Lancers. "That's Lady Gaunt."

"Gaunt! Fits her—eh? Name and nature—that sort of thing—what? Sure!" snickered Thrale, the second of the two guests.

Thrale's squeaky voice was ludicrously disproportioned to his big, over-plump body. His utterance was jerky. He himself was Jimmy O'Neill's pet aversion. O'Neill frowned, but Thrale did not see the frown.

"You'll find it wiser not to discuss Lady Gaunt in my presence," quietly remarked O'Neill. "Try and grasp that fact. It's worth while."

Thrale made no reply. Duelling still is a universal custom in that country, but there was not a duellist in it who would not think twice before putting himself in the position of having to meet this dapper, grizzled little soldier of fortune. And, despite Thrale's vanity, which was enormous, despite his military rank, which was that of colonel, his regard for the safety of his own plump person was, to put the fact conservatively, among the more strongly marked traits of Thrale's character.

Therefore, wriggling his body as though the tight uniform suddenly had become irksome to it, Thrale held his tongue. Also he glanced apprehensively at his host, for there were especial reasons, just then, why he would greatly regret being discredited in Archie's estimation. Archie, however, being absorbed in his own troubles, had heard nothing of what passed between his guests. So Thrale breathed more freely, and once more turned his flagging interest to the spectacle before him.

The bull, after having been played with by the elusive *capaderos* until he would chase them but languidly, was goaded to fresh fury by having three *banderillas* planted in each side of his massive neck and left hanging there. After a few ungainly capers, made in a vain attempt to free himself from those barbed and torturing darts, he pawed the earth, tossed clods of it into the air with his horns; then stood glaring about him for something upon which he could avenge himself.

A bugle sounded, and the band once more burst into violent eruption as four *picadores*—mounted men these, armed with spears—pranced into the arena.

"I say!" cried Archie disgustedly, shouting so as to be heard above the noise of the band. "I was told they didn't do that here. I don't want to see those poor brutes of horses gored by the bull. It's beastly!"

"It won't be beastly," asserted O'Neill, very positively. "Not more beastly than usual, that is. If it were, Lady Gaunt wouldn't allow it."

Archie glanced with surprise at O'Neill's impassive face, and saw that neither humor nor sarcasm was intended. Raising his glasses again, he scrutinized the lonely occupant of the opposite box more closely even than he had previously done.

Evidently, he thought, Lady Gaunt would be tall when standing. The chin

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under which old-fashioned bonnet-strings were tied betokened grim determination, and so did the Roman nose above it. Her gown of the richest brocade, and fitting closely to her bony frame, was as severely plain as the habit of a nun; but the large and well-formed hand, resting on the gold crutch-head of an ebony stick, glittered with jewels. A man dressed in severe black, and with the appearance of ultra-respectability which apparently is attainable only by bishops and upper men servants, stood behind her *palco*, which was next to that which the President occupied. This latter fact recalled to Archie an intention that had slipped his mind. He turned to Thrale.

"Tommy, look here," he said. "I'm in bad with Alfaro. I don't know why, but I am. So I thought that if he saw you sitting here with me he might get sore, and I ought to tell you."

"Sore!" cackled Alfaro's quartermaster-general. "He? Not any! If he's peeved at you, Duggy, don't you mind. Just his way. That's all. Don't mean anything. If 'twas *her*, now—" here the speaker wagged his head toward Lady Gaunt—" 'twould be different. Bet your boots! He camps on her trail. He hates her. And she him."

"Which is a jolly bad lookout for Alfaro," O'Neill observed.

"Anyhow," Thrale hastened to continue, "my being here won't bother him. He won't care. Not he! He don't care—within limits—what his officers do."

"Nor whom," added O'Neill. Thrale hastily changed the subject.

"See that man?" he giggled. "That servant. Eh! He's Lady Gaunt's—her *majordomo*. Yep. Also a crook—fugitive—all that. Fact! Yet she——"

O'Neill frowned. Thrale's flow of staccato speech took another abrupt turn.

"'Scuse me, Duggy. Got to leave you. Yep. Got to," he said. "Somebody I must speak to. See you later. Club. Right? Good!" And he was gone.

"What on earth did he mean in saying what he did about that servant of Lady Gaunt's?" asked Archie with mild curiosity. "Was he trying to joke, or what?"

"To joke?" repeated O'Neill. "No. He spoke the truth—this time. Could think of nothing more malicious, I suppose. McCabe—that's the man's name—was a burglar, 'wanted' in both Europe and the United States. He escaped, came here, and was caught, but Lady Gaunt prevented his extradition. She has her own ways of doing those things. She took him on as a sort of general factotum and says he's the most honest man she knows. But I wanted to speak with you concerning another matter, Douglas. I heard what you said to Thrale about falling suddenly out of Alfaro's favor. Would you mind telling me just what occurred? I don't ask from idle curiosity."

Archie didn't mind—far from it. Full of his troubles, a sympathetic listener was most welcome. His tale was neither long nor, in that country, strange.

Since the death of Archie's father, many years before, an uncle of his had been also his guardian. The uncle held an Ecuadorian concession for the building of a railway, and in the construction of this road had sunk not only his own fortune but most of Archie's as well, when an injury and subsequent illness compelled his return to the United States. Young as he was, Archie had come to take his uncle's place, but meanwhile much time had been lost. There was a time limit to the concession as there is to all such concessions. If not completed by a certain date all rights to the road, and to the enormous amount of work and material that already had been expended upon it, would automatically revert to the state. And that date was at hand.

"Alfaro started by being nice as pie. Nearly broke his neck to do me favors," said Archie, his face full of troubled perplexity in completing his tale. "When I explained to him why we needed an extension of time he said—why, certainly; I could have all the time I wished. Yet he never gave me the extension. Kept putting it off. Said it was only a formality anyway, which could be attended to whenever he had five minutes to spare. And now, when we've put in all that money—and the road's nearly finished—*and* the concession expires this very day at midnight—" Archie finished the sentence with a helpless gesture of both hands and tried to smile gamely.

"I see," nodded O'Neill, as Archie finished. "Alfaro, of course, wishes to hand

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the concession over to somebody else. Haven't you suspected as much?"

"No," sighed Archie. "I had no reason for suspicion until this afternoon. Probably you're right, though. Now I think of it there *was* a fat and fussy little Dutchman hanging around——"

"You mean the man talking with Thrale?" asked O'Neill, interrupting. "Over there by that pillar. Can't you find him? Look! There comes McCabe, Lady Gaunt's man. He's handing Thrale a note. Now can't you——"

"I see him!" cried Archie. "He's the man. Do you know him, O'Neill?"

"Not personally," was the reply. "I've seen him, and was told that his name was Müller, and that he was after your concession as soon as Alfaro intimated that it probably would lapse, and so be open for regranting. Lady Gaunt told me; therefore it's true."

Lady Gaunt again! The iteration of that name began to get on Archie's nerves.

"Who *is* this Lady Gaunt, anyway?" he asked impatiently. "And how does it happen that an Englishwoman has so much inside information about the affairs of Ecuador?"

"She isn't an Englishwoman; she's an American," answered O'Neill. "Old Phil Gaunt was English, of course. He was always messing around these little countries and their little wars—like me. He wasn't very successful. Hadn't any brains worth mentioning—only brute courage and good looks. But somehow he induced Lady Gaunt to marry him. Why she did it I can't imagine—but she did. Perhaps his way of life appealed to her. Anyway, she furnished the thinking machinery for both, and from the time of his marriage Gaunt began to rise in the world. She made him do something—I don't know what; it all happened before my time—that got him knighted by the British Government. He died soon afterward. His widow took up his work, and ever since has carried it on."

"But how *can* she—a woman—carry on such work?" asked Archie, now much interested. "And what has she done?"

"Done!" repeated O'Neill, with unwonted enthusiasm. "By sheer force of brains and courage—aided by a woman's intuitions, a woman's occasional ruthlessness, by her utter contempt for any laws that she can't use for her own ends, and also by an entire lack of all feminine weakness—she has raised herself to a position of greater power than western South America has seen before since the days of the Incas. That's what she has done—among other things. Not many people know how great her power is. And let me tell you, young Douglas, that you're a blazing lucky chap to have Lady Gaunt for a friend."

"Lady Gaunt my friend?" laughed the younger man. "'Fraid that can't be, major. Why, I never laid eyes on her till to-day. She doesn't know me from Adam."

"Oh, yes, she does," returned O'Neill very positively. "Don't ask me how, nor any other such questions, for though I've lived and prospered under her orders for years I can't tell you the answers. In some occult way she seems to know everything she wants to know. Well, the *corrida* is over, and that poor devil of a bull at last can get some rest. Are you bound for the club?"

Archie rose. "I have an engagement there with Thrale," said he. "I wish I hadn't, now."

"Don't let that trouble you," advised Major O'Neill, as they made their way to the exit and the street. "Thrale won't be there. The note you saw McCabe deliver was a summons before the throne—from Lady Gaunt, you know."

"Thrale won't obey any such summons," returned Archie, unconvinced. "Not when it takes him away from a poker game."

"Oh, yes, he will," O'Neill smilingly contradicted. "It's true, I admit, that as yet Thrale isn't at all afraid of Lady Gaunt. That's because he has no imagination; only cunning. But Thrale's master is another matter. Alfaro, who is just beginning to realize what Lady Gaunt's power may mean, is defiant, but scared. His dignity won't allow him to call upon her, and for days he has been trying to get her to receive Thrale as a sort of ambassador. She wouldn't do it, until now. But tell me, Douglas, where did you meet this man Thrale?"

"We were at school together. Then I

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lost sight of him until we met down here. He went into our army—and got out of it."

"Under pressure?"

"Well—he was allowed to resign, I believe."

"Ah!" sighed O'Neill understandingly. "Here we are at the club. And here, if I mistake not, comes your former schoolmate in order to offer you his excuses."

Thrale came panting toward them. "Sorry, Duggy!" he called out, as soon as he was close enough. "Have to postpone our *séance.* Yep. Business. Alfaro's. His orders. So long!"

Thrale departed, almost running. Archie and the major stood looking after him until a great limousine car came by, driven slowly in order to minimize jar from the cobble-paved street. Within sat Lady Gaunt, rigidly upright, her hands, as usual, resting on her stick. The two men raised their hats; she bowed, gravely and impersonally, as a queen might bow. The car drove on through the street into which Thrale had vanished and through other streets, all of them lined with grim, fortress-like mansions. It drew up at the largest, grimmest, and most fortress-like of them all. With the aid of her stick and McCabe's shoulder—for she was very lame—Lady Gaunt alighted and, limping up the steps, entered a room where Thrale, fuming and rebellious, awaited her coming.

The room was a large office, worn and shabby, in which Lady Gaunt was accustomed to interview the less important among the many people with whom she had business. Its shabbiness was strangely accentuated by a sedan chair, exquisitely painted and of the period of Louis XIV, which stood against one of its walls. Thrale permitted himself the rudeness of not rising as Lady Gaunt entered. On her part she made no sign that she was conscious of his presence until she had settled herself in an armchair behind a well-worn writing-table. Then, with characteristic directness, she spoke.

"I sent for you because I wish to speak of your intimacy with young Douglas," she said. "I desire to impress upon your mind the following facts. The intimacy must stop; it must stop at once and stop for all time. You left the army of your native country because you attempted to swindle a brother officer. That in itself naturally unfits you for association with gentlemen. Your connection with Alfaro, whose jackal you are, has no tendency to sweeten an unsavory record. Therefore, you will leave Archie Douglas alone. Do you understand?"

"Oh!" cried Thrale, elaborately sneering. "I'm to leave Douglas alone—eh?"

"Yes," she answered composedly, "or take the consequences."

"Consequences!" he sneered, more elaborately than before. "Really, now! You think you run this country, do you?"

"Yes," replied Lady Gaunt. "And you'll find it well to remember that I do."

As O'Neill had said, Thrale was not afraid of Lady Gaunt. His lack of imagination prevented his conceiving any circumstances in which an old and crippled woman could imperil his interests. By dint of an effort almost suicidal he had thus far succeeded in controlling his temper, simply in order that no mental heat might blunt the edge of what he considered his cutting sarcasm, of which he was very proud. Now, however, his self-control quite deserted him. His squeaky voice soared to a pitch almost unprecedented even in the voice of Thrale.

"Listen!" he shrilled. "I've played cards with Douglas—yes! He's lost. Not much. Enough to make him wild to get even. No more. Now it'll be different. Get that? Different! He's going to lose big. Big! And you won't do a thing. Not you! You'll sit tight and see Duggy take his medicine. Yes, you will! There's a reason. Here!"

Leering triumphantly, Thrale flung a folded paper on the table before Lady Gaunt and stalked majestically toward the door. "It's only a copy," he said, pausing as he reached the door. "Destroy it, if you like. Sure! Why not?" Then he vanished.

Unfolding the paper, Lady Gaunt read what was written there once and then again. Laying it down, she sat motionless, her eyes fixed vacantly upon the opposite wall and an expression on her stern old face that must have frightened Thrale had he been there to see it. Alfaro would have been more frightened still. Alfaro had imagination.

Minutes had massed themselves into

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hours, and the sudden darkness of the zero latitude had fallen when at last Lady Gaunt nodded, as though her thoughts had led her to a satisfactory conclusion. She struck a bell and McCabe appeared, bringing lights. In a tone so low that he was obliged to bend in order to hear her

"If it wasn't for making a scene in this place I'd thrash that yellow hide of yours until you thought it held sausage meat."—Page 100.

she gave him some directions. He repeated them in a tone that was lower still; then bowed and hurried away.

A quarter of an hour later, when Major O'Neill entered the great doorway, there was an unwonted stir in the stronghold of Lady Gaunt. Singly, and in unobtrusive groups of two or three, swarthy men were hastening in through that same doorway to join many others who already were within, crowding the great *patio* and among them representing every one of the numerous and minute gradations into which the city's lower classes, both military and civil, were divided. Glancing at them with surprise and answering their salutes, O'Neill hurried on into Lady Gaunt's office.

"Why, what can be the matter?" he cried, as he saw her face. "And why have you called in those men? There must be a hundred of them—and more are coming."

"There'll be over three hundred of them," she replied impatiently. "They-'re to be the nucleus of a mob I shall need later. That isn't the question now. Read that."

So O'Neill took the paper that Thrale had left and read aloud:

"*To Whom it May Concern:*

"I, Archibald Douglas, do hereby acknowledge and confess as follows:

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"On the Seventeenth day December, 1915, I, with the three gentlemen whose names are appended to this paper as witnesses, was playing cards in the *Club Unión* of Quito, Ecuador. One of the players, Colonel Thomas Thrale, discovered me in the act of cheating. Under pressure I then owned that I had cheated upon other occasions, when definite detection did not follow.

"This confession is signed by me at the instance of Colonel Thrale, who undertakes to preserve it in confidence so long as certain conditions imposed by him are observed by me. If, in his opinion, I should fail to observe those conditions, he is at liberty to make such use of this confession as he may see fit.

"(Signed) ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS.

"Witnessed by
Thomas Thrale
James Terence O'Neill
William C. Drayton."

"Sit down!" commanded Lady Gaunt as O'Neill started to rise. "Your notion, I surmise, is to go immediately and horsewhip Thrale—but you mustn't. Major, I didn't think that he and Alfaro between them had brains enough to concoct that 'confession.'"

"They signed my name to a false statement contained in a document I never saw until now," said O'Neill, with tense calmness. "I don't consider that a clever thing for them to do. I think it was a very foolish thing for them to do. And I intend to convert them both to my opinion."

"They shall be converted—thoroughly converted," Lady Gaunt assured him. "Still, the scheme was crudely clever. They used poor Mr. Drayton's name because, as he died in January, he can't deny that the signature was his. They used your name because they think—and with some reason—that you won't dare deny it."

"Won't dare!" growled O'Neill.

"If you did what would happen?" asked Lady Gaunt; then answered her own question. "Backed by Alfaro—who, after all, is President of the country—Thrale would say that you signed the paper because you couldn't refuse without practically announcing yourself as Archie Douglas's confederate. They would also say that now, at my behest, you take advantage of Drayton's death to deny your signature in order to impute forgery to Thrale."

"A riding-whip," began the major, "if judiciously administered, would——"

"Would serve only to give wings to the lies that Alfaro is anxious to have circulated," interrupted Lady Gaunt. "The result being that the better element would be driven to join the Alfarist faction, my position would be greatly weakened, while you and young Douglas would be utterly discredited. That won't do."

O'Neill was a soldier, pure and simple, who knew nothing of politics and intrigue. Still, as he himself would have said, he could see through a millstone if somebody would show him the hole. He saw through this one now.

"Still," he said thoughtfully, "what licks me is just what we're going to do. If Alfaro really did sell Douglas's concession to Müller——"

"Alfaro didn't sell the concession at all," the old lady broke in. "He gave it away. He knows—and so do you—the weakness of his grip upon the presidency. He knows that Leonidas Plaza stands ready to tear that grip loose if he can, and that in a mild way Plaza is favored by Washington. Alfaro therefore desires to identify the interests of Germany with his own interests. He gave the concession to a German subject with that end in view. Müller received the document this morning and delivered it to me, properly countersigned by him, just before the *corrida*."

"Müller got that concession and turned it over to you?" asked O'Neill wonderingly; then a light broke upon his mind. "Good heavens!" he cried. "Then Müller must be *your* man! He must have been acting as your agent all along!"

"Don't be so stupid!" the lady snapped. "Of course Müller is my man and has been for years."

"Good!" sighed the major, with deep satisfaction. "Then all we have to do is to decide upon our course in dealing with this infernal forgery."

"I have decided," said Lady Gaunt. "I'm interested in this young Douglas. I've taken a fancy, say, to that ugly face

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of his, which probably is a demonstration of that feminine weakness that you like to believe I don't possess."

She paused. Certainly she never had appeared less capable of any weakness than she was at that moment. Leaning forward, both lean hands gripping her stick with a force that whitened their knuckles, she gazed into the face of O'Neill with a controlled but concentrated fierceness that caused even him, long associated with her though he had been, apprehensively to wonder what would come.

"Listen!" she continued. "As I say, I've taken a fancy to the lad. Those two slimy reptiles, Alfaro and Thrale, have tried to rob him not only of his honor but of nearly everything else he has in the world. For that I shall break Thrale—yes—in passing; taken alone he's a nuisance merely. But Alfaro! O'Neill, I shall see to it that Alfaro receives, while still in this world, a foretaste of the other world to which he shall go this very night."

"But I say," O'Neill objected, in his most insinuating tone, "aren't you afraid that those Yankee cruisers—there are two of 'em no farther away than Puno—will come blundering in and spoil the show?"

With a suddenness that seemed almost miraculous, Lady Gaunt's fury had passed. She might now have been attending in her customary way to the ordinary routine that went to make up her life—which was very nearly the fact, though not quite.

"The cruisers aren't at Puno," said she. "This afternoon they started for Guayaquil, and ought nearly to have reached there by this time. I've known the senior officer for years. So I sent a telegram informing him that in the absence of the United States minister the legation here at Quito had been mobbed and the emblem of the country insulted, adding that ample proof that it had been done by adherents of Alfaro would be forthcoming. So the cruisers will take possession of the custom-house at Guayaquil until apologies and reparation shall have been made. Both will be made. But it is Leonidas Plaza who will make them."

"But—hang it all, Lady Gaunt—Plaza isn't in the country!" cried O'Neill. "He doesn't dare cross the frontiers. And there has been no mobbing."

"Leonidas Plaza is in this house and has been for days," placidly contradicted Lady Gaunt. "As for the mobbing—I wished first to be sure that the mob wouldn't be wasted, and so waited for a reply to my telegram. But now——"

She struck a call bell. Soft-footed and respectful, in manner the ideal servant, McCabe appeared and stood before her.

"Well?" she asked. "Has everything been done?"

"I think so, my lady," the man replied. "The national coat of arms has been removed from over the door of the United States legation. No one, as yet, has noticed its absence. Men have been detailed to stone the legation windows whenever your ladyship gives the word. Colonel Thrale's quarters were entered, thoroughly searched, his papers collected, brought here, and burned—all under my own supervision."

"Burned!" cried O'Neill. "And without having been read? How are we to tell whether the original of that forgery was among them or not?"

"We don't care," answered Lady Gaunt. "There'll have been records there of any amount of Alfaro's characteristic business. The mere fact that Alfaro is likely to learn that these papers have been stolen will be quite enough to throw Thrale into such a panic that he will be only too glad to run away and stay away, which is all I require—from him. So why should we wade through all that filth? McCabe, get the chair ready and call the chairmen. Major, it's time for you to go."

"Go where?" asked O'Neill, rising.

"First to the club. Tell Thrale that his rooms have been robbed in order that he may suspect that it is our people who have robbed them. Tell him also that a fast horse and a mounted guide will be found around the corner from his quarters ready to take him to the border. See that he starts. Then come and join me."

"Where?"

"In the porch of that little church that faces the *mercado*. Hurry, please."

The major departed. He knew that

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Lady Gaunt was right; that the prospect of standing between a wall and a firing squad, where Alfaro would not for an instant hesitate to place him, would cause flight from the country to be the one longing of Thrale's soul. O'Neill loathed his present mission but had not the shadow of a doubt of its entire success, nor was there any occasion for doubt.

The grim old city was silvered by a full moon, save when the shadow of a cloud enshrouded it in passing darkness. It was into one of these shadows that a little procession, fantastic in its incongruity of times and types, issued from the portal of Lady Gaunt's mansion. It consisted of that sedan-chair, dainty with pink satin and Watteau-like paintings, borne by strapping Indians in ponchos, with more Indians to relieve them. Within sat Lady Gaunt. By its side walked McCabe. It wound through a labyrinth of narrow byways until it was swallowed by shadows, far darker than those of the clouds, which lived under the porch of that little church. O'Neill found it there.

"Thrale has gone, of course," said the voice of Lady Gaunt, from the inky blackness. "You're just in time, major, for the first scene of our last act. It's worth seeing."

It was well worth seeing. Staged in an old market-place that was outlined by low stone buildings, thronged with picturesque actors and lighted by a dozen roaring bonfires, it was a scene to which few painters, since Rembrandt's time, could have done justice. Few of those actors, it is true, guessed that parts had been assigned them; only Lady Gaunt's instructed three hundred, a number no more than sufficient to leaven the greater mass, knew of this fact. Nevertheless, every individual there, man or woman, was included in the cast. Now some of them were dancing to the music of guitars while others watched or gathered around booths where liquor or refreshments were sold. For the day was one of a fiesta, as, in all those countries, so many days are.

From the church porch came the faint and silvery chime of a repeater.

"It is time," announced Lady Gaunt. "Let the others begin, McCabe."

Touching his hat, McCabe nodded to one of the Indian chairmen, who departed at a run. O'Neill waited for whatever was to happen. He had not long to wait.

At first the major could see only that the fronts of houses lining a street that led from the *mercado* to the level of the Upper City were successively lighted by the glare of torches, but that was enough; the United States legation stood at the head of that street. He watched the glare become stationary as it fell upon the cornice of the legation, which was visible from where he stood. Then came a concerted shout which caused the guitars and the dancers to stop short, and made even the drinkers listen.

"Viva Alfaro!"

Instantly following was the crash and tinkle of broken windows. Then the glare vanished and the slap of rawhide sandals worn on running feet could be heard. The outrage which, hours before, had called those war-ships from their anchorages now had been technically committed, which answered every purpose.

The slapping footsteps died away as those who made them rejoined the crowds in the market-place, but the shout of those men did not die. "Viva Alfaro!" The two words lived to flash from one end of that crowd to the other, as fire flashes along a train of powder. Yet, though the people, in holiday mood, were willing to shout for anything so long as they could shout, the chorus was not a very hearty one. Laughter and a few hisses mingled with the cheers.

"Now!" whispered Lady Gaunt, into the darkness.

A man stepped forth from the shadows, where he had been waiting. He was bareheaded, as though, in his haste to arrive, he had left his hat; also he panted. He sprang upon an unoccupied booth.

"Silence!" he screamed.

The man was a merchant known to all who saw him and respected by all, for his dealings had been exceptionally fair. Widely also was he known as an enemy of Alfaro, a fact which lost him no popularity in that assemblage. Lastly, he flourished in one hand a slip of blue paper—a telegram. A telegram had but one meaning to those whom the merchant addressed—tidings of woe—news of battle, murder or fresh instances of oppression, or, more likely still, all three. For all

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these reasons dead silence ensued. For a moment the newcomer also was silent, his face a picture of righteous rage. Then he burst forth.

"Fools!" he roared. "*You* shout 'Viva Alfaro,' will you?—idiots and sons of

"Now it'll be different. Get that? Different! He's going to lose big."—Page 104.

idiots that you are! Here is a telegram that has come from Guayaquil. Listen!"

They listened, and he read.

"'Because of the insult offered their country United States war-ships have taken possession of custom-house. They will collect all duties until indemnity has been paid.'

"And you, you blockheads and asses, whose grandmothers were geese—do you know what this means?" the merchant went on. "It means that the United States will collect a huge sum of money—that they will collect it once. But it means also that the scoundrel Alfaro will use this condition—which he himself has brought about—as an excuse for collecting it a dozen times, as he has done before. As an excuse for more taxes, and yet more. It is *you* who will pay! Will pay while your wives and little ones starve, as others have starved."

"Down with Alfaro!" cried a voice, and other voices took up the cry.

"Viva Plaza!" some one yelled, and from the crowd there rose a mighty, inarticulate roar of assent, a roar that echoed and re-echoed like thunder and which seemed to make the leaping flames of the bonfires tremble in sympathy.

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"Yes, 'Down with Alfaro!' and 'Long live Plaza!' " cried the orator, as the roar at length subsided somewhat. "Especially 'Long live Plaza!' Shall I tell you why? The reason is this. Were Plaza in power the indemnity—if, indeed, it should then be demanded—would be paid without a single *centavo* of extra taxes. You doubt! Then, if you choose, you may hear Plaza himself make the promise and that within an hour. If you choose, I say. But first you must act. You shout 'Down with Alfaro!' Very good! Will you confine yourselves to shouting, and still allow Alfaro, unchecked, to rob and murder you? Answer!"

The answer came. "NO!" It was another roar, mightier by far even than the first.

"Good!" cried the orator. "Alfaro is at the *palacio*. There, then, let us go. I myself will lead you. *Al palacio!*"

"*Al palacio!*" came the response.

Springing to the ground and marching straight ahead, the orator began to sing. He sang the "Marseillaise," with misfit Spanish words, and in a moment every man there was singing it. Any song rendered by that number of male voices is impressive. When the song has a deadly purpose behind it it becomes doubly so. This song had such a purpose. Forming mechanically into a ragged column behind its leader, the crowd followed him, serpentwise, into the street which led into the Upper City.

"Nothing can stop them now," said Lady Gaunt. "All need for theatricals is over. A great actor was lost, however, when that man became a merchant. Take me home, McCabe. Major, please come with us."

They took her home, but not by the most direct route, for the direct route was occupied by that column, as it wound its upward way into the *plaza mayor*. There stands the *palacio*. There also stands the house in which Archie Douglas had his rooms.

That singing, distant but approaching, at first mingled with Archie's dreams. Then, as he wakened somewhat, he recognized the music for what it was. Though he knew, as every one knows, what that air is likely to mean when it is sung in procession by thousands of men, for a little Archie lay still, trying to gather his drowsy senses. Above those deep notes he heard a discord of bugles sounded from the infantry barracks. Starting to a sitting position, he listened for shots, but none came. Instead he heard cheers. Thereupon he lost interest; probably it was only a lot of political speech-making and that sort of thing. So he lay down once more and took up his interrupted sleep exactly where he had left it off.

Therefore Archie saw nothing of the procession as it debouched into the *plaza mayor*. It was greater than it had been—much greater. All sorts of people now were included in its ranks. Soldiers from the barracks cheered and joined it. Torches of llama wool soaked in grease blazed and smoked and smelled abominably. With one of these the leader beat time to his singing.

Straight to the *palacio* they went. Archie might have seen the sentinels leave their posts and join their comrades. He might have seen the doors as they opened, and have caught a glimpse of brilliant uniforms behind them. Only one man emerged, however. The doors closed, and by himself he advanced to the edge of the portico. It was Alfaro. For a moment he stood motionless in the glaring torchlight. Enemy though he was—scoundrel though he was—Archie must have respected him then, had he seen. That squat figure, standing alone and forsaken against so many, was heroic. And by some strange freak the crowd fell silent.

Stretching forth his right hand, Alfaro would have spoken. Instantly pandemonium ripped loose. The crowd surged forward. From the breast of his coat Alfaro snatched a pistol which spat redly. The merchant—he who had been the leader—crumpled to the paved floor and lay there. But over the front and both ends of that raised portico the crowd lapped like a rising tide. Almost at once its voice sank to a murmur like that of a tide.

Then it was that Archie's slumber became part of his good fortune, and no small part of it. Had he been awake he would have seen what followed, which was ill for any man to see. For this mob had traditions behind it, traditions of Inca

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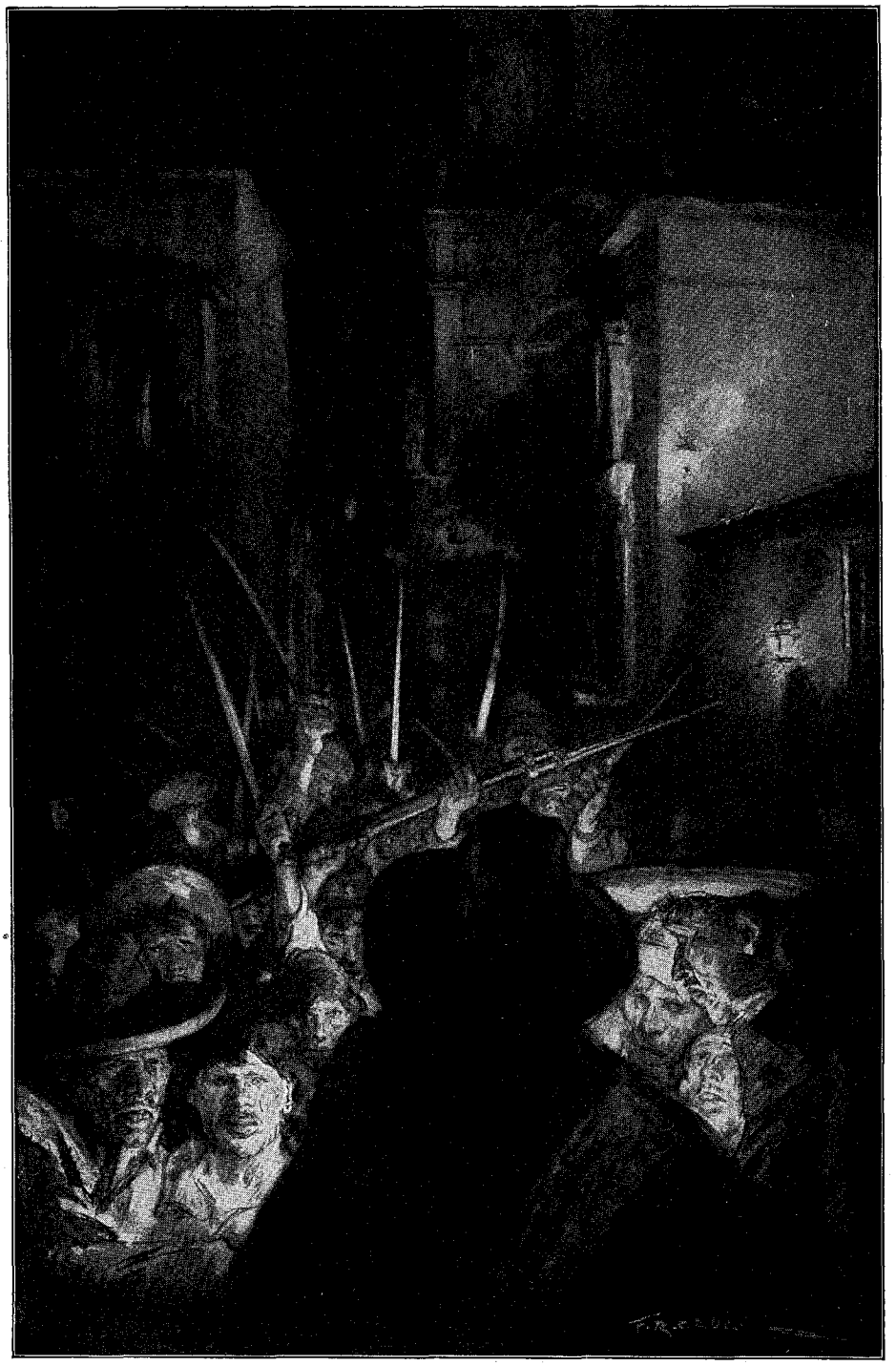

Drawn by F. R. Gruger.

"It is *you* who will pay. Will pay while your wives and little ones starve, as others have starved."—Page 109.

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punishments, also those of the Spanish Inquisition. It was making good the words of Lady Gaunt. Archie slept on.

There was no sleep, however, in the mansion of Lady Gaunt. She sat in the great *sala*, enthroned in an armchair. McCabe stood behind her, and the major sat close by, both watchful and alert. A tall and rather handsome man, his beard shot with gray, nervously paced the room. Suddenly he halted, holding up a hand, as the notes of the "Marseillaise" came floating in through the open windows. He sighed with relief.

"They are coming," he said in Spanish. "Your part of our bargain, *señora mia*, is complete; it now remains for me to fulfil my part. One hundred thousand dollars in currency of the United States as an atonement, you tell me, for a sin of my predecessor. And cheap enough—as I do not have to atone for his other sins!"

Drawing from his pocket a packet of gold certificates, Plaza—for it was Plaza who had spoken—placed them on a table by Lady Gaunt's side. Then he stepped out through a window onto a balcony, to bask in the torchlight which now began to shine there while the crowd roared forth his name, mingled with cheers.

Without looking at him Lady Gaunt opened a drawer in the table, and taking from it a document covered with seals—the one conveying that concession—she laid the sheaf of gold certificates upon it, snapped a rubber band about both, and placed them in an envelope. From the drawer she took also another envelope, placed both of them in a larger one, and handed it to O'Neill.

"I find myself very tired, major, and think I shall leave this morning for a rest in the country," she said. "So please give that envelope to Archie Douglas as soon as you conveniently can. I think everything is quite safe for you to go. General Plaza is making a speech which, if it is like most speeches of its kind, will last for hours."

With an old-world courtesy that sat well upon him, O'Neill bent low and kissed the withered hand that gave him the packet.

"It isn't the concession, my lady," he said, with a sort of affectionate gayety, "nor yet the money. But all the same I think that young Douglas is the luckiest chap in the world."

Lady Gaunt smiled almost shyly, and over her face there came a delicate pink, like that which one sees on the inside of sea-shells.

"Please go now," she said. "For, after all, I'm just a tired old woman who must get some rest."

So O'Neill left her, just as dawn was breaking. He found Archie deep in slumber and was obliged to shake him back to consciousness.

"Hullo!" growled the shaken one good-naturedly. "What's the matter?"

"Matter?" echoed the major, laughing. "The matter is that you're to get up and come over to my place to breakfast. In the meantime here's something that Lady Gaunt told me to give you."

It was the smaller of the two enclosed envelopes that Archie happened to open first. An old-fashioned locket set with brilliants fell into his hand. Mechanically, for he still was dazed with sleep, he pressed a spring, and the locket flew open, disclosing a miniature. Save for the costume, which was that of a day long past, it might have been a portrait of Archie himself. He stared, rubbed his eyes, and stared again.

"Why, it's dad!" he cried. "My mother had one something like this, but this is younger than hers. So Lady Gaunt knew my father, and before my mother did! Now, *wouldn't* that bump you?"

"Yes," agreed O'Neill thoughtfully, a light of understanding breaking upon his mind. "Yes, I think it would. But—I don't know whether you've noticed it, Douglas, as I have—whenever a woman makes history one is apt to be 'bumped' twice; once by her motives and once by the history itself. It's an interesting phenomenon. I'll see you at breakfast. You needn't hurry, though."

There was no reply. With the unopened fortune lying beside him, Archie stared at the miniature. So O'Neill left the room and, softly closing the door behind him, went his way.

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WOMEN AND HEAVY WAR WORK

By W. Gilman Thompson, M.D.
Consultant in Industrial Hygiene, U. S. Public Health Service

THE American traveller in continental Europe a few years ago often was amazed to find women at work upon tasks which in his own country would have been thought impossible through their severity, and degrading in their nature. The French peasant woman was seen behind not only the hoe but the plough. The Tyrolean peasant girl was met staggering under the weight of heavy boards fresh from the sawmill, and the German woman was found unloading canal-boats laden with briquets of peat, which she carried in huge baskets upon her back or head. Thus the traveller, making superficial observations from his car-window, would give pharisaical thanks that his countrywomen were not as other women are, and muse upon the "chivalry" which holds the saucepan mightier than the shovel, and the perambulator more appropriate than the wheelbarrow, for woman's share of the world's work. But now, how this point of view is changing through the economic and industrial upheavals of the war! The heaviest farm labor, such as ploughing and loading hay, is no longer the exclusive work of the farmer and his hired man, who finds his fields invaded by a "Woman's Land Army," ready and keen to help in any task and, much to his surprise, making good.

We have forgotten the hard labor of the women among the first settlers of the country, who, while their husbands and brothers were felling forests and fighting off the Indians, often were left to do everything to "keep the home fires burning," chopping the wood and barricading the doors themselves. With increasing prosperity came the period when the work of women was more and more restricted within the limits of household cares, or in the constant but relatively not arduous work in the factory and mill. They thus were more and more withdrawn from the heavy manual labor which has come to be regarded exclusively as "a man's work."

With the beginning of the war came a great change which, originating in England and France, is now involving this country—namely, the determination of how far women can replace men in the heavy industries, *i. e.*, those in which the hardest kind of continued physical exertion is called for. These industries are, at present, almost entirely war industries, which are concerned with the production and manufacture of high explosives, munitions, chemicals, and all manner of appliances for warfare. They involve the lifting of heavy weights, such as large shells or the plates for large electric furnaces, the assembling of machinery parts, etc., and they involve the handling of heavy tools—the pick, the shovel, and the barrow.

The combination of great shortage in labor with the urgency of "speeding up" war contracts is leading the managers of large industrial corporations seriously to consider the employment of women, and in a number of instances the trial is being already made upon a limited scale. In fact it may be said to have passed the experimental stage, although in this country the experience has practically all been derived within the past few months.

In making industrial hygiene inspections for the United States Public Health Service during the past summer, I have had opportunity to observe the women laborers in a number of large manufacturing plants concerned with the output of munitions, chemicals, and other war materials upon a very great scale. I have watched women at work shovelling ore, wheeling heavily laden barrows, shovelling sand and earth into carts, unloading heavy acid carboys from freight-cars, standing upon ladders and painting the outside of big iron tanks, running ore-crushers, lifting heavy steel shells, sorting

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very large pieces of scrap-iron (boiler fragments, old iron piping, broken machinery, etc.), lifting the cumbersome heavy plates for electric furnaces, etc.

Women are astonishingly adept in wielding the pickaxe. One whom I watched for some time unobserved, was plying fifty-six strokes to the minute in picking off congealed tar from a flooring, which was nearly double the rate at which a stalwart man near by was working. This job is both extremely dirty and monotonous, and I was told that it is much easier to get women to undertake it than men. In an oil-refinery it became necessary to clear out the oily muck in swampy ground around some driven piles, and here women were seen working vigorously with shovels and picks. It is a novel sight, indeed, to find a woman managing a large ore-crusher while enveloped in clouds of dust which make her almost unrecognizable.

Such are some of the many tasks of heavy labor upon which women are being employed to-day. Speaking with many of them, I found them uniformly cheerful and interested in their work, and I have yet to meet a manager or foreman who, after experience with women in these employments, did not testify to the success of their work and express the desire to secure more of them. One large oil-refinery in Pennsylvania began about six months ago by employing a few women in heavy yard-work, such as sorting great piles of scrap-iron, shovelling waste material into carts, and wheeling barrows of refuse. To-day it employs over three hundred and forty women and is looking for more, and so satisfactory has the experiment proved that the women who were at first taken on for short shifts of four hours are now employed steadily for eight hours, and given equal pay with men for equal work.

The output by women workers compares very favorably with that of men. There are, of course, certain variations. For example, it requires two women to carry a heavy sack of cement which one man would take over his shoulder; but, on the other hand, some tasks are performed better by women, as the tar-picking above mentioned. On the whole, also, the women are steadier workers. It is true they are new at the work and eager to earn high wages and make good, but they do not get drunk over Sundays or "lay off" for trivial causes, and the labor "turnover," that is, a constant tendency to shift to new employments (which is one of the greatest difficulties in the present labor situation), is far lower among women. Moreover, they do not often belong to labor-unions or go on strikes.

As to the ability of women to sustain heavy labor for long periods without detriment to health, the matter is of too recent trial in this country to offer statistics, but in England they have proved quite equal to the strain, and when properly selected originally, and properly cared for subsequently, they rarely break down. Among the three hundred and forty workwomen above mentioned only two or three left because they found the work too strenuous, and those periodic ailments which theoretically might be expected to impair their efficiency have not thus far proved a serious drawback. It should be remembered, however, that most if not all of the women so far employed belong to a class inured to hard work at home, such as carrying scuttles of coal, washing, and scrubbing. They are, many of them, of the peasant class, chiefly Poles, Russians, Italians, and Slavs, although a few are Americans, both white and negro, and they are usually the wives or relatives of men already employed in the same industry. In the great chemical industries in Niagara Falls many of the women thus far employed are Polacks.

In selecting women workers for the heavy industries certain precautions should be observed, and the United States Public Health Service is at present engaged in researches which will lead to the formulation of rules and standards for women workers. These standards are not yet available, but I may suggest the following as desirable:

1. The preferable age for the woman worker in the heavy industries should be between twenty-eight and forty-five years.

2. A thorough physical examination should be made of each applicant by a competent company physician.

3. Existing pregnancy and the possession of infants should exclude the applicant. Young children may be left in a

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day-nursery which the company should maintain.

4. A competent matron or nurse trained in industrial hygiene should be put in charge of each group of women workers. One such person should be provided wherever the number of workers in a plant exceeds twenty, but whenever the number passes that limit she might easily care for many more, up to one hundred. To her the employee should promptly report any illness or overfatigue, and she should interest herself in the home conditions and mode of life of the employee.

5. In general, women work better by themselves than with the men—there is less tendency to gossip and more concentration of work.

6. Adequate and always separate dressing, toilet, locker, and lunch rooms should be provided, together with rest-rooms equipped with lounges, and a few simple emergency remedies under control of the matron or nurse.

7. A canteen should be provided in connection with the lunch-rooms, where hot soup, cocoa, or tea may be obtained at cost price.

8. The company should provide overalls, caps, and canvas or other gloves, to be sold at cost price, although experience shows that the women often prefer to wear out their old clothes rather than purchase proper overalls. Wherever poisonous chemicals are being manufactured, such as picric acid, or the explosive and highly toxic trinitrotoluol, the wearing of overalls must be compulsory.

9. Transportation and housing conditions may prove as important as proper hygiene in the company's plant itself. Particularly is this true of night-work, where that is undertaken. (It is not at present permitted in New York State.) The woman who leaves the works on a cold winter morning after a night "shift," who has several miles to go to her home, without prompt and comfortable means of transportation, who finds her meal-hours disarranged, and day sleep rendered impossible through a noisy environment at her home, or noisy children within it—such a one will soon break down, not because of hard work in an eight-hour shift, or because the work itself is any more injurious by night than by day, but because of the conditions affecting the remaining sixteen hours of the twenty-four.

One large corporation with whose plant I am familiar not only contemplates the establishment of day-nurseries for the young children but has studied a three-mile zone around the works with the view of bringing all its women workers into adequate housing within the zone, which is obtained for them through agents of the corporation. In addition it endeavors, in so far as possible, to assign similar hours of work to its men and women workers who are members of the same family. As the men work for nine hours and the women for eight, there is an overlapping of the men's time, *i. e.*, they begin half an hour earlier and quit work half an hour later than the women. Thus the women arrive and depart at separate times from the men, which is a distinct advantage, and enables a woman to get home before her husband and prepare his meal.

10. In the case of each applicant for heavy work the employment bureau should make careful examinations as to family and home conditions, and exclude all women where such conditions are found undesirable.

11. Working women should be given instruction in personal hygiene through the medium of the company physician or social-service nurse. Printed leaflets of instruction also have much educational value.

12. With the possible exception of lead, there are no industrial poisons which are any more injurious to women than to men, and work in chemical manufactures or in dusty trades which is injurious for women is equally so for men. In the admission of women to hazardous trades, such as the manufacture of picric acid or trinitrotoluol, it may be found possible to exact standards of hygiene and protection against poisoning for the women which will prove of equal advantage for the men. In one munitions plant, for example, where I saw over five thousand women employed, the installation of proper dressing-rooms, emergency medical rooms, and an excellent system of medical supervision for the women had resulted in greatly benefiting also the health standards for the men. In this

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plant, however, the women were doing light work, such as machine stamping, sorting parts of shell-caps, varnishing shells, etc., which is comparable to the ordinary factory and mill work in which women have long been universally employed, but the company was contemplating employing others in heavy yard-work.

Miss Eva Fenton, of the hygiene staff of the British Ministry of Munitions, who accompanied me on visits to several munitions plants in New Jersey, expressed great surprise at not finding more women employed in heavy work in these plants, saying that in England of the employees in similar service sometimes as many as 95 per cent of all the workers are women.

It would be interesting to have more exact physiological standards for estimation of muscular and nervous fatigue in women workers. Apparatus exists for these determinations, such as scales for recording the force of a blow with a pick or hammer, dials for recording pushing or pulling effort, dynamometers, etc., but as yet few experiments have been made with women workers. In general it is stated that a woman of average strength can lift a weight of fifteen pounds, intermittently all day, without impairing her efficiency. In England, in some cases, this limit is placed as high as twenty-five pounds for work such as lifting steel shells from one table or bench to another. After all, however, the best test is found in careful medical supervision of the work over long periods of time. The introduction of rest-periods of say five minutes in the hour or ten minutes every two hours, in certain kinds of work, has been found actually to increase the total output.

The theoretical objections to the employment of women in the heavy industries are fast disappearing in the face of practical results. For example, it has been objected that the men workers will not tolerate the innovation. It has been found, nevertheless, that where women are shown no favoritism and are not employed exclusively in the lighter jobs in order to force men to the heavier work, the men raise no objection. It has been suggested that the employment of women in the type of industries under consideration would result in certain moral deterioration in their relationships with the men, but this view would scarcely be maintained by any one who has seen women camouflaged in multistained overalls and with faces and hands smeared with graphite, carborundum, yellow picric acid or blue aniline! Such appearances, combined with hard work, are not conducive to flirtation! It is objected that the vigor of the coming race may be impaired by physical strain of women and interference with the regularity of their normal functions. Thus far there is no indication from the observation of women at hard work that such might be the outcome, although the researches available do not cover a prolonged time. There is, apparently, less ill health among these hard industrial workers taking vigorous exercise, with well-trained muscles, much of it in the open air or in open sheds, than among the poorly dieted, care-worn shop-girl, fatigued by long hours of work and often by ill-advised expenditure of the non-working hours.

It is further objected that we have not yet reached that degree of economic stress which should make it necessary for woman to be summoned to aid in doing man's work. It is not the purpose of this article to enter upon the economic and social phases of the discussion, but merely to point out certain practical matters concerning a subject which is quite new to us in the United States and which rapidly became of national importance as a factor of war industry. The essential facts are that women *can* do men's heavy work with substantially equal output, without any disturbance of the particular industry, and, when guided by proper conditions, without detriment to their health. How far and how long they *ought* to do it in the emergency arising from the war is to be decided upon different grounds.

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BUILDING CHARACTER IN THE ARMY

By Allen D. Albert

WE Americans have become conscious that something fine has happened to those soldiers of ours.

We sense it from the expressed affection and new seriousness of their letters. It is one of the teachings that survive out of the buzz of unceasing lectures. The sight of the boys in the trains or the streets suggests it so strongly that it warms the very souls of us. We would know it, if there were no other revelation, from the even power of their thrust against the enemy.

The development of these boys has now reached a stage where we can know something definite about it. Not everything. None of us shall ever know the whole story. But something. And beyond the growth in them which is definite we ought to be able by now to see something of that growth which is finer and less definite.

Through about eighteen months I have touched these boys intimately and on many sides. My gauge of them has been founded upon a service with them that has been favorable, I think, to seeing through their eyes and living their life as they live it. The boys have "trued" my gauge, as mechanics say, by talking of themselves as openly as they could.

It is interesting that at the very beginning I must acknowledge a debt to them. They have made me richer in the best coin of the world. They have increased my faith in humanity. I do not know that I have ever met a man that has lived with them without becoming richer in the same coin.

The foundation of all the lessons that workers are learning from the service, whatever our field, is that we have not known our American boys very well. In the camp, or the navy barracks, or the marine station, they are detached and it is easier to see them as they are. When we first see them there and the understanding of what they are comes over us we begin by being shocked at our own stupidity. Then we are thrilled and humbled with thanksgiving.

What is it that they are?

They are not saints. They are not so well educated as we thought. Thousands upon thousands of them, breeding bone and muscle and power in our American communities, have not been members of our American body.

They are more boyish than we thought. Stronger. More ambitious. More alike to each other and more sharply distinguished from the boys of other military forces. Far and away more promising physically. More responsive to appeals to their better selves. Sounder at the core. Needier of right leadership—as the rest of us have not been brave enough to believe.

No indication of the change that the service is working in these boys is so clear as their physical improvement. In one particular lad most of us have realized it with a great glow. We have not comprehended that he is the type of millions.

We have seen them set off in uncertain lines of fours, suitcases bumping, arms waving in the air, companies of boys that seemed too thin, too young, too slack, to make good soldiers. We have not seen the mass of them as they have straightened, unfolded, grown strong, like plants taken from the cellar in the spring and set in the open air.

They tan in a week. They straighten while they tan. Their shoulders lift from their old slouch, so violently at first that we smile, and after a month settle into a natural position well back from a chest of new depth and fulness.

Their bodies grow generally heavier. Here and there a "fat" drills away his softness. But the large majority fill out, so that a major-surgeon and I once calculated that according to our observation this new life has added ten million pounds to the weight of the first million boys.

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It seems also to have released about one hundred million pounds of pressure against Germany.

Still more significant is the clearing-up of their skin and eyes. Not all of them have needed this change, but most of them have needed it; and when it comes it is manifest. I think that nothing else in their son's military personality makes the parents of a city flat-dweller gulp so hard.

Something of this is reported, but not humanly told, in the official figures of our medical corps. Until the World War the finest achievement in fighting disease among troops was that of the Japanese, who had driven the disease death-rate among their forces back to twenty-one per thousand per year. We had been at war only eleven months when Surgeon-General Gorgas was able to certify that our American army death loss from disease had been reduced to ten per thousand per year. (The influenza has sadly altered these figures.)

In a force of two million men this measures the saving of twenty-two thousand lives a year. The American medical staffs are entitled to the larger credit for this progress. But they could never have wrought it without either of these two supports—the remarkable programme of social reinforcement already outlined in this magazine by Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick and the existence of a national stock generally more sturdy and healthful than was popularly believed.

Are there any of us, I wonder, that can forecast the gain to the nation in this one field of health when these boys have come home? There will be a certain settling among them, to be sure. But millions of boys who have felt anew the vigor of physical life, full and clean, will not lose it willingly, though to preserve it for themselves they must break the social shell that has shut city living away from the open air. To-morrow's generation in America will breathe deep.

The minds of these boys have been growing almost as strikingly as their bodies. They reported for service reflecting every extreme of higher education and lower ignorance. They are all at school—the former that they may advance to commissions, the latter that they may catch up with their comrades. The American Library Association has no demand to meet that is so steady as that for text-books.

How many of the "rookies" could not sign their names I think nobody has learned. Every camp has had hundreds who were by all proper rating to be judged illiterate. But the mere fact that a boy can make marks on paper that look like "John Johnson" is unimportant. A better test is that of the new psychological examination, and it indicates that about one of our boys out of every four has developed so little mentally as to be really illiterate.

By squads, companies, regiments, these boys are in school, not less than an hour each week-day. The enrolment of them early passed sixty thousand. They learn rapidly, most of them; but, slowly or fast, practically all of them learn. Of five hundred and fifty taught by the War Camp Community Service in Waco, Texas, all but six were lifted high out of illiteracy in a month.

An impressive instance is that of a young man of thirty-six who enlisted at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. He was a baker and earned thirty dollars a week, he said. When told to sign his name he answered without the least apparent embarrassment that he could not read or write. Before he had been five months in uniform he was in the Fifth Reader.

Larger than the company of illiterates is the company of those who cannot express themselves in the language of the country for which they offer their lives. There are hardly any who do not know the commoner street phrases. But at least three regiments at muster received their commands in alien tongues. Guessing at the number of boys that could not comprehend directions given to them in English, several of us estimated that it exceeded seventy-five thousand in the first nine months. Probably the true number was higher.

A captain at Camp Sherman told me that on discovering he was not making himself understood to his men he went down the line.

"Do you speak English?"

"Huh?"

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"Do you speak English?"
"Yessir. Pretty good."
"All right. You're a corporal."
"Do you speak English?"
"Yes, indeed, sir."
"All right. You're a sergeant."

In one squad of eight men there were five dialects of Slavic.

The important thing to know now is that every one of this great group is learning the speech of the country—most of them with fundamental thoroughness. But to look upon them as they struggle, these solid, foreign-looking young Americans, will bring the tears unless you are harder of heart than the teachers.

"One shoe is S-h-o-o-o."

"Shooh! Shooh! Shooh!" in guttural chorus.

"Two shoes is Shoe-zes. S-h-o-o-o-zes."

"Shooh-zes! Shooh-zes! Shooh-zes!"

The classes are managed by chaplains, by college teachers now in the uniform of enlisted men, by the Young Men's Christian Association, here as everywhere practical and undenominational, by the War Camp Community Service, by volunteers on both sides of the sentry lines. In time of peace the country would have thrilled to learn that an organization had proved itself capable of reaching so costly an illiteracy and inability to speak English. How it ought to thrill now to know that for these grown men no compulsion of any sort is required to keep them in school!

Another change of far-reaching promise is being worked in these boys through play. As a people we Americans have trended strongly toward recreation that is receptive mainly. We incline to look on. Golf is leisurely helping a certain class of us, including some women. We participate more actively within doors, where we gather in groups according to our social status and dance, play cards, stir the chalky air about pool-tables, and eat.

Furthermore, we have had too much delight in winning at our games. We have been playing against each other rather than for the joy of the game with each other. Our nervous zeal to win at sport is, I think, our nearest approach to German philosophy.

In the army, navy, and marine corps that we have organized for the World War this is not the spirit. Here recreation is better balanced. It includes leap-frog and theatre-going, baseball and singing, entertainment throughout the towns near to the camps, and play so closely related to work that it is hard to demark one from the other. Through the whole of it is active the element of team-work, of dependence upon others, of carrying the entire side forward, of having joy in the game with the others.

A camp foot-race, for example, is not like the foot-races we elders have known. We would have had a progression of eliminations until we had found one boy that no other boy could beat. The new army has foot-races by companies. The command wins which has the greater number over the line when the bugle blows.

Every one tears forward for himself in the first race. Next time a few hold back to encourage the others. The third time there is a kind of volunteer organization among the swifter to run with the slower men, urging them on with "Hurry up, you fellows! Hurry up!"

The recreations show "close up" the general levelling tendency of the service. College athlete, farm-hand, truck-driver, quiet boy from the high school, and professional prize-fighter are likely to be mates on any team. When they win they put their arms about each other in a little circle and sing. When they lose they put their arms about each other in a little circle and talk.

Developed skill seems to lie, as we might have expected, with those who have had the better coaching, and the greater number so advantaged have had the leisure of higher education. Endurance seems to lie with those who have done regular muscular labor. Between them arises a wholesome and mutual admiration. Teachers and parents acquainted with the rowing in school-yards and vacant lots would be amazed at the practically unvarying good temper of the sport in our present war-camps.

Any eight that drill together in a squad will also eat together and play together oftener than otherwise, and this without regard for normally insurmountable disparities. A worker for the Jewish Wel-

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fare Board told me of a squad he had watched for weeks. It consisted of a French boy and a Polish Jew, both foreign-born and lame of English, two boys from a New England mill-town who could not read or write, a hardware clerk from a small inland city, a professional musician, the son of a superintendent of schools, and a doctor of philosophy. They were as intimate as the crew of a life-boat.

The two last-named were at first the teachers of the others, but they were soon joined by the French boy, who gave lessons in conversational French by a system that made his "periods" more fun than a good comedy. The hardware clerk was a Protestant religionist who taught the Jew the English of the King James version of the Old Testament and learned the Old Testament from the Jew. I do not remember about the others, excepting this—that when the squad went together for a week-end at a beautiful home near the camp, the doctor of philosophy told the host that living with the other seven would make a man of him yet in spite of what the universities had done to him.

Their singing is the evidence of change that has impressed me most deeply. When one hears them, three thousand or more in a chorus, it is hard to realize that such groups as that which has just been mentioned really exist, that the whole congregation of young men is anything but a weld of units into a powerful whole. The unison is a revelation of a new power in them:

> "And three with a new song's measure
> Can trample an empire down."

Of course it is all distinctly American. The Germans entered Brussels, we are told, performing noble musical compositions, like male sections of grand opera choruses. Much that our men sing is a thin compound of rhythm and jingle and elementary sentiment—"K-K-K-aty," "Oh, You Kaiser, Lil' Kaiser Bill," and

> "Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip,
> With your hair cut just as short as mine."

The impression that our distinctly American musical product falls short of its larger possibilities is enforced by the antics of the leader. He sways, runs back and forth, pounds his fist in his palm, and ends his gymnastics with a series of kicks that make you laugh in spite of yourself. He is an exception if his contortions are not well beyond those of college cheer leaders.

With a purpose as transparent as glass he pits one side of the hall against the other and the boys enter into the rivalry with great earnestness. Here and there tenors and basses sound through the roar; the larger number sing the air in unison and give it up if it takes them a note or two above middle "C."

It is important to note whatever is not inspiring in the camp singing, because in spite of that the song of these boys is yet one of the plainest manifestations of the new spirit among them. It is one of the strongest of the agencies that lift them up to express their undercurrent impulses. It is a builder of enthusiasm beyond any other factor of camp life. Particularly, it is important in bringing forward and supporting a leadership that in my opinion has more power in our present American camps than anywhere else among men.

You could not get one boy in a thousand in our uniform to stand forth alone and lead in prayer, or talk about character, or sing a hymn, or cheer his flag. They are too self-conscious; and until this camp development the boy that did any of these things would have been generally rated a hypocrite, unless he manifested the most complete sincerity and manliness. But you can get these boys to stand together and sing, and thus introduce into the custom of their lives the expression of earnestness, of patriotism, of religion.

Ordinarily they rise to sing "Over There." They keep time with their heavy shoes on the theatre floor. The tramp, tramp, tramp, the heavy union of masculine voices, the growth of the song until it reaches a thrilling shout of "We won't come back till it's over over there," will sweep you before it as it sweeps the boys with it.

I remember hearing a regiment of engineers attempt "Onward, Christian Soldiers" for the first time. It threatened

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to be a weak performance. As the verse progressed, more and more of the boys stopped singing. In every row heads were turned from side to side, looking to see if soldiers were really speaking words so genuinely religious.

When "Forward into battle" was reached the few that were singing were evidently the better-trained singers and the more active church workers. But these kept on assertively. I could almost perceive their abashed fellows come to the conclusion that this hymn was really going to be sung through, that it was to belong to the camp life. The looking right and left ceased. The boys that did not know the words of the verse were visibly waiting for the chorus.

Ah, how they did sing it when it came! Not a lad that I saw did not join in it. Two general officers were with me in the last row and they choked as I choked. We three knew in our hearts that this was the battle-hymn of a new crusade in the making, and that if America were the only nation at war with Germany and Germany were ten times as strong, these troops advancing against her in this spirit would make peace with her on their own terms and God's.

Of course none of this would be possible without the assertion of the new leadership illustrated in the singing of that hymn. Heretofore in the barrack life of new troops the leader has been the man of longest service and loudest talk. The present emphasis is on things new in the service—trench tactics, grenades, "boobies," barbed wire, health, education, right living, and the highest of moral causes as the stake of the war.

The soldier of regular army experience who found himself among the drafted men of 1918 seemed first to indicate his realization of the change by shutting himself in a shell, then to accept it with studied attention to the new business, and ultimately to give it the solidest and most effective support. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that men of earlier army experience are leaders in this army because of that training. The leaders of to-day, whatever their earlier service or lack of it, are the men whom the others can follow in fulfilment of the new standards.

So it comes about that the chaplains and other welfare workers find themselves bearing a larger responsibility than they expected. They are the leaders supplied by the government for all the non-technical fields of military service. They are the largest support of the officers of the line in developing military efficiency, and I have yet to meet the officer of the line, in any branch of the service, who does not so estimate their support.

The intelligence officer of a camp in the mountains called my attention to a group of boys spreading away from the tent of the Jewish Welfare Board. "We Americans don't half realize the significance of that," he observed. "They are Jewish boys who have been attending their own service while the Gentile soldiers have been kept at work. If any one had told us in 1898 that the army of the United States would some day recognize Jewish holidays—well, we would have laughed. You see we recognized them in this war. The Jewish soldier gains something through it, of course, because his country is encouraging him to take his religion seriously and be proud of it. But the army gains more than the boy."

How much the army gains, how much of new religious interest there is among the boys in uniform, how much of survival value there will be to the nation, I make no attempt to guess. The masses of the Roman Catholic Church, the general Protestant services, and Sunday evening gatherings in which crisp talks on religion and gospel hymns are prominent, are all attended by thousands upon thousands of young men who have been irregular churchgoers, to put the case euphemistically. Every chaplain relates the asking of questions by boys who walk the company streets in the twilight that speak a new concern in the hereafter.

I bring a conclusion on one score only. We have all heard profanity in camps. It is to be heard in these camps as in all others. But the old gratification in picturesque blasphemy and nastiness is dead. I have yet to hear with my own ears, or to hear reported from any boy in uniform as soldier, sailor, or marine of the United States, the first word of irreverence, the first blatant disregard of religion, the first aggressively foul phrase.

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The contrast in this respect between our enrolment for the World War and our enrolments in 1898 and 1916 could not possibly be more striking.

The last of what seem to me the great factors in developing our new military type is not discipline. What discipline could do for boys was done in the war with Spain and the service on the Mexican border, and there it proved sickeningly insufficient. The last of the new agencies is the purely social factor of transforming the enlisted man's leave of absence.

To the boy in uniform town has been what we correspondents called it in 1898: "A fine combination of hell and loneliness." The streets, the shooting-galleries, the pool-rooms, the cheaper restaurants, the burlesque theatres, and the red-light houses were open to him. And not much else. No general preparation was made to welcome him to better places, and from most of them he was effectually excluded.

To-day the enlisted man of the American service has organized for him such hospitality as never before has been extended to troops. The traditional rivalry between city and camp is ended in this country. Our old fear that the troops would work harm to the town is now supplanted by the new fear that the town, without organization, will work harm to the troops. For these boys not only have the saloon and the red-light house practically ceased to exist, but the purely negative relaxation of the pool-room and the emptiness of the street corner have been forgotten in the superior appeal of wholesome companionships.

Men in uniform do not loaf in American city streets unless they deliberately choose to do so. They cannot make their way to dives without deliberately lifting themselves out of the current of hospitality kept in motion by the social energy of the people newly awakened and directed by the War Camp Community Service.

Boys on leave now have destinations when they go to town. In the American communities near to the camps they have their own Khaki and Blue clubs, and dinners are given to them by churches, women's clubs, schools of domestic science, the alumnæ of women's colleges, rotary clubs, and chambers of commerce. Dances bring them together with those girls all normal boys like to know under the favorable chaperonage of women socially experienced. The best of the theatrical companies, continuing their fine service in the Liberty Theatres, give special matinees to which the uniform is the only ticket required. Literally hundreds of thousands are entertained every week-end in homes distinguished for their refinement.

Sometimes I have thought that the boys, with the adaptability of youth, accepted all this as a matter of course. Other workers believe, however, that the sense of special attention and kindness is rarely lacking. In either case there are indications enough that the experience strikes deeply in.

Their pride in saluting their officers in the streets has in it something of chivalry when they salute the blue triangle of the Y. W. C. A. or the red circle of the W. C. C. S. They like to see their uniform in creditable places. When the President and Mrs. Wilson attended service the Sunday following the Red Cross parade in New York, I counted about them more than thirty boys of that force of which President Wilson is now commander-in-chief, constituting such a guard as no ordinary arrangement of the State could ever provide; and they had not known that the President was to attend.

In a train one night I talked with two boys returning from leave. I asked them what had happened to a third boy who had gone wrong while on leave a week earlier. "Don't bother your head about him," one of the two answered; and then he added a phrase with which such offenders are stamped in every cantonment in the United States, a phrase that tells nearly the whole of a great story: "He's a friend of the Kaiser." It is a wonderful day to be alive when the enlisted men of the nation count the old vices of the service as aid and comfort to the enemy.

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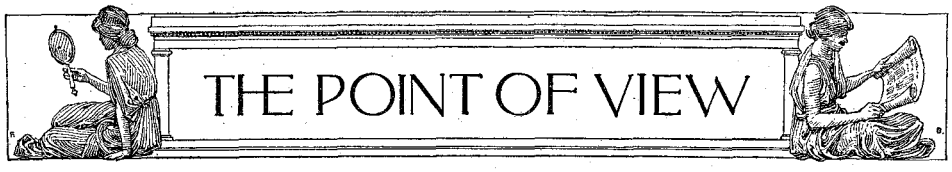

MY Aunt Anstiss has a Franklin stove in her guest-room; it is as loyal to her as is old Jane Black who has been in the family from sixteen to sixty-six. Aunt Anstiss can manage them both, but it is hands off for every one else.

On the Tending of Fires

That is the reason why when I visit Aunt Anstiss I leave the Franklin stove alone. In my first visiting zeal I tried to rake down the morning stove myself, but all I did was to rake it out and endure afterward the mortification of seeing the hired man use an hour of his valuable time in taking out dead ashes and starting a new fire. Now I leave it all to Aunt Anstiss, and the morning coaling up has become a ceremony.

The ceremony occurs early each day between the rites of Aunt Anstiss's bath and the taking out of her curl-papers. Enveloped in a blue bathrobe she comes into the guest-chamber, pink and serene, her near-sighted blue eyes shining through her glasses, her two little white horns sticking up over her forehead. Her glance of matutinal greeting to me passes almost at once to a search-light probe to the very vitals of the Franklin stove.

The first act is an offering, more or less generous as the case may be, of coals to the fire, a shutting of doors and opening of drafts, and then Aunt Anstiss, sitting on the heels of her heelless blue slippers, indulges in philosophy until such time as she sees fit to shut down the drafts and rake out the ashes. The delight of her philosophy entirely throttles the protests of my New England conscience against letting Aunt Anstiss make my fire while I lie in bed.

"Why are you the only stoker in the family?" I asked her yesterday.

"I'm not," she laughed. "Your uncle could do it, or Rod either, if they put their minds to it. But I *am* the family stoker; it takes a woman to do it. I've thought it out in fires and folks too, and the same rules hold."

"Tell me about it," I begged comfortably, and clasping her knees with her strong, capable hands she told me.

"When I was first married John was on a small salary and I did my own work. That meant making a fire burn, for one thing, and I'd never managed a fire in my life. They sputtered and ran away with me and they sulked and went out, until I made my first discovery, and that was—never rake a fire when it's low; feed it carefully and turn on the drafts, and when it's lively put in your poker.

"The very day I found that out in fires I found it was true in folks. John came in from work late, clean tuckered, and sat down to supper without washing his hands. I'd had a hard day too, and I spoke right out and told him what I thought. He'd been trying to be cheerful, but he just slumped then, gave up smiling, and ate his supper as sulky as could be. I saw what it was right away. I'd raked my stove fire out in the morning and I'd raked the fire out of John in the evening, all because I didn't throw on a little coal and open up the drafts before I stuck in the poker. I learned my lesson right there. It took me twice as long both times and it was twice as much trouble to build up a fresh fire as it would have taken to nurse along the little fire that was there. I did it, though. John was burning bright again before he went to bed.

"I see," I nodded.

"It helped me with the children too—that fire idea," Aunt Anstiss went on, straightening her glasses. "Joseph was my oldest. He was a good boy but he was on the move from the time he first peeped. I knew there was trouble ahead for me, for I was scarey in those days and it seemed as if I couldn't have him taking all the risks boys take. But I heard a woman in the trolley one day talking to her boy and just throwing salt on his fire, and I made up my mind I'd be a better stoker than that to my children.

"Their talk ran something like this: 'Can I go rowing with Sam when we get there?'

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'No, you can't.' 'Why can't I?' 'Because you can't and that's enough.' 'Oh, that's mean; Sam knows how to row.' 'Well, you can't go and that's all there is to it.' And the youngster looked out of the window pouting and muttering, his fire of adventure and activity damped right down by his mother.

"So when Joseph came along with the same thing to ask, I was ready for him. I turned the drafts on wide. 'Just as soon as you learn to swim you can go in any kind of a boat you like,' I told him; and with that inspiration under his coals, up he blazed, sure enough, and learned to swim in no time. He's taken real comfort with his boats all his life and his boy does now."

I realized then why my cousin Joseph let his eight-year-old son do things that made me hold my breath.

"And then there was Lucella," said Aunt Anstiss. "She wanted to learn music, but she didn't get on one bit, and by and by she got fretty over her lessons. Then I listened and I found her teacher was telling her all the time how badly she did—dulling the fire right down, you see, when Lucella always needed lots of encouragement and open drafts. So I took time to sit with Lucella when she practised. I threw on all the praise I possibly could on top, to feed the fire, and then I turned on the drafts of ambition as to what she was going to accomplish by hard work, and when the fire was good and bright I stuck my poker in and raked out the ashes of carelessness and inaccuracy that the teacher had been scolding about so long. And she wondered why Lucella improved so fast!"

Aunt Anstiss chuckled comfortably to herself and peeped into her Franklin stove.

"See how that's come up while I've sat here chattering like a magpie? It's almost ready now to rake good and plenty. Fires have their own personalities; this one I have to putter over, and the one in my room I couldn't put out if I tried. Lucella was like this. I was always fussing to keep her afire; drafts on all the time almost; while as for Rod, he burns with all the drafts shut. I've had to shut them off when I could on Rod, but I've done it carefully, for if you choke down a bright fire too far, it's apt to burst out in some place not so safe as the stove. The two older children were always well-mannered and John couldn't understand that he could have a child as rampageous as Rod. He was forever sitting on him, and the more he tried to crush the boy, the more noisy and self-willed Rod grew. But after John saw that a strong nature like Rod's has got to burn and find outlet, he let up on trying to shut all the fire into an air-tight stove, and Rod burns natural and blesses the world with his strength instead of scorching it. It pays, I tell you, to study up your fires and your folks if you want to keep the world warm and glowing and not waste your coal, on the one hand, or start too big a conflagration, on the other."

"You're a wonder, Aunt Anstiss," I said.

She seized the poker and came to her knees. "I'm no wonder and no saint," she protested, "and I've made my own mistakes bringing up a husband and three children. But I've been pretty happy doing it, after all. And they've been pretty happy."

"No one could dispute that," I agreed warmly.

Aunt Anstiss, kneeling, gazed at me with a wistful, blue-eyed look, clear as a child's.

"I've been at it thirty-two years," she said, "but it's the most paying job I ever went into—trying to keep the immortal fire burning bright in five immortal souls. And do you know what's given me courage over and over when my own coals were sort of dead? I'd think—if Nancy Hanks could light such a divine fire in that little boy of hers, what limit can there be to any possibility of what a woman can do for her children. Tell me that?"

But I could not tell her that, for she thrust in her poker and raked the dead ashes with such vigor that for the time she was lost to the world. She had fed, she had inspired, she had made the flame; now she could rake out the rubbish with impunity. And even if Joseph and Lucella and Rodney could none of them ever become to the world a beacon light, like Abraham Lincoln, they had learned at least to keep the fire on their own hearths burning pure and bright.

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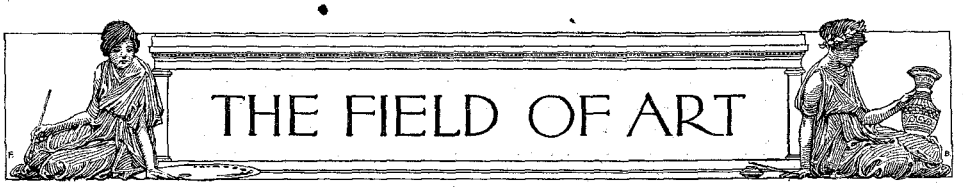

PROBLEMS OF THE ART PROFESSOR

ART is one of the last subjects to be recognized by American universities as worthy of consideration. Among the hundreds of courses offered the student, a place has been found for almost everything else conceivable or inconceivable. Even courses like one in the insurance business, very popular when I was a student at Yale, have won academic sanction. But art has been viewed askance. This Cinderella is distinctly not popular with her older sisters. English, economics, history, modern languages, philosophy, and the sciences, disdainful of her claims, serenely hold the centre of the stage; while the belles of yesteryear, mathematics, Latin, and Greek, wallflowers as they are, are on that account no less jealous. With the exception of certain trivial courses never likely to be taken seriously, art is the least well-established, the least well-received subject of the curriculum.

This condition is no doubt due in part to the youth of the subject. Another decade will certainly see the position of art far more secure. Yet all is not so to be explained. The fifty years since she first knocked for admittance at our colleges is more than ample to have made far greater progress than has actually been scored. There are only two American universities—Harvard and Princeton—in which the teaching of art can be said to have been entirely successful. Admirable work has been done in many others, and almost everywhere the battle seems about to be won. But it is only too true that great and often insuperable obstacles are still thrown in the way even of the best teachers of art, and that the subject in general has had to contend with exceptional and unnecessary difficulties.

Blame for this has been variously placed either upon the nature of the subject itself or upon the character of the men teaching. Both factors do undoubtedly enter into the complex equation. Yet I am not so certain that the heart of the trouble lies in either. If art and the colleges do not agree, it is not necessary to assume that the fault lies with art. It might instead happen to be with the colleges. And an analysis of the situation will, I think, show that such is indeed the case.

It is necessary to remember, first of all, that our American universities are democratic institutions, possessing the virtues and also the failings to which democracy is heir. The supreme power, although the fact is perhaps not generally apparent, lies in the hands of the students. The success or failure of an instructor is judged by his colleagues primarily on the basis of his popularity among those whom he teaches.

Yet in all democracies there lurks the danger that the rule of the many is the rule of the worst. The governing voice in our universities is that not of the best students, but that of the majority of students. And the majority of college students is notoriously a body not endowed with any exceptional faculty for discrimination. They have come to college not to learn, but in so far as they have any serious purpose, to make influential friends and acquire social finish. Such men ask only two things—not to be subjected to mental strain, and to be amused. Hence the increasing popularity of English and especially of courses in modern literature and in the novel. Hence the steady decline of the classics and especially Greek, which requires hard work and appeals only to a mentality of a certain development. Hence the whole trend of our universities away from intellectual development.

The public opinion of the students tolerates serious work only in directions liable to lead to the making of money in after-life. In professional and scientific studies accordingly standards are maintained. But culture and learning, except in so far as they can be acquired without effort, are tabooed. Scholarship is in danger of extinction in the American college.

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This statement may seem exaggerated, yet I fear is only too true. When I was at Yale fourteen years ago (and in this Yale is typical of all American universities) there still were a certain number of scholarly courses open to undergraduates. I was always able to detect them by the small number of men who elected them. If there were only two, or better yet, if there was only one man in the class, I was quite certain there would be something worth while. The courses with a large number of men, on the other hand, I almost invariably found a waste of time. The situation was entirely analogous to that of the theatre in New York; if a play is popular one knows, *senz'altro*, that it is devoid of literary merit. By making it a rule to elect always small courses, I probably obtained a much better education than falls to the lot of the average young American; far better than it would be possible to obtain to-day, for these small courses have all, one by one, by the relentless machinery of democracy, been ground out of existence. None the less, I have never been thrown in competition with European scholars without feeling myself cruelly handicapped by my early training or lack of it, and I believe my experience is common to most Americans who have found themselves in a similar position, although others, through sheer force of genius, have been able to rise above the disadvantage. I still, I confess, find the atmosphere of inexactitude and indifference to scholarship in an American university distinctly demoralizing. It is precisely because I am slipshod like my fellows that I miss the inspiration of those higher standards a university ought to maintain, but ours do not. In saying this I am not unmindful of the splendid individual scholars that still exist especially in our graduate schools and who are the exemplification of all that learning should be. Such men, however, straggling survivors of an older race, are rapidly being pushed aside.

The loss of scholarship is the price which American universities pay for their democracy. The valuable few are sacrificed for the worthless many. Learning has no longer a place among us. This is frankly recognized. My very intimate friend, for example, Professor Mims, in the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, stated flatly that scholarship is incompatible with present conditions in the college in all seriousness, quite unconscious how shocking is the situation he not only complacently accepts but actually praises.

This near-sighted and pragmatic (pragmatism is indeed the most despicable and degrading of all philosophies) spirit, this worship of the mob, has produced the same result in the universities as in the nation. Its fruit has been the Nemesis of Mediocrity. Men of high calibre have been crushed down to the level of the average, or if they have proved obstinate, eliminated. The modern American university is full of tragedies, and one sees their trace on all sides. Men who had all possibilities—brilliant minds, even genius—have been sucked dry, covered with the dust of the classroom, and quietly laid to moulder away on the heart-eating upper shelf of academic routine. There is one thing, and one thing only, capable of inducing a first-class man to become a professor, and that is love of learning. Opportunity to exercise, and recognition of, his scholarship might reconcile him to soul-withering duties, to the penury entailed by a salary totally inadequate to his social position, to the intrigues and petty jealousies of his colleagues. Nothing else on God's earth will. By eliminating scholarship, our colleges have eliminated, or soon will, men of distinction from their faculties. It has been wittily said that any one with brains enough to be president of one of our universities, would have brains enough not to be. The same thing is rapidly becoming true of the professors. Bernard Shaw's immortal epigram strikes cruelly home. Those who can't, teach. The college faculty, as a class, is made up too often of men who are unable to do anything better. Exceptions which now exist to this rule will, at the present rate, soon disappear. It is an inevitable consequence that the professorial class will lose standing with the outside world, which, instead of honoring, as now, their supposed erudition, will assume them ignorant whether they be so or not. It will be taken for granted that a professor is merely a business man or a politician who has failed, and he will be treated accordingly. And as the class of college professors falls in the general esteem, it will become more and more the slough to catch those unable to do anything better. These condi-

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tions will doubtless continue to go from bad to worse in our universities so long as social honors continue to be the aim of our students; so long as the faculty continues to be an executive and intriguing instead of a learned body, and so long as our people continue to worship the mob. The universities are merely another expression of a materialistic, unintellectual, and beauty-hating age. They will be reformed when the standards and character of the whole nation have been reformed, and only then.

In the meanwhile this is the atmosphere into which the art professor is projected. By the very nature of things he is of much the same character as his colleagues. He too is sometimes a failure. That he should be is an inevitable consequence of the mediocrity that rules throughout the university. Yet among the men teaching art to-day there are undoubtedly a few minds of the very first caliber, a statement I should not be prepared to make in regard to all the other faculties. The class of art professors, taken in its length and breadth, wrecks and geniuses, is certainly no worse than the average in other subjects. The professor of art is, on the contrary, apt to be rather more broadly cultured. I am fond of writing that a taste for art is, or should be, the common heritage of mankind, but, as a matter of fact, it is to-day almost always the last attainment of superrefined minds.

And at last we have, I think, come to the root of the difficulty. It is because art is distinctly cultural that it has been so slow in gaining a foothold in the college. It has not gained popularity, for the same reason that Greek has lost it. Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus had no message for young barbarians whose only interests lay in making a society and then succeeding in business. For the same class Botticelli and Giotto painted in vain. Such students take their relaxation in going to the movies or watching a football game. In moments of mental exaltation they perhaps rise to the level of a modern novel. The technical side of art, practical painting, sculpture, or architecture they have tolerated because it might help some poor inferior souls to eke out a meagre livelihood. But for the cultural side of art they have had no sympathy. The academic faculty, headed by the dean, has, as always, merely followed their lead.

The question presents itself whether these conditions will ever change. It is my feeling that the pendulum has swung about as low as it can go. There is hope in two possibilities. The crowd may turn toward art. There are many indications that such a change of attitude is taking place in the nation at large to-day. In this case the history of art will win instant recognition, provided it be taught pleasantly and not too profoundly. We may give our students agreeable chats on painters, spiced up with all appropriate and inappropriate tidbits of scandal, as our colleagues in the English department give agreeable chats on authors. Or it may be that in consequence of the war, or from other causes, the spirit of mob-rule, of materialism, and of opportunism in our universities will be broken, and that learning and scholarship will be reinstated on their ancient thrones. Art could then hardly fail of immediate recognition. We should have again on our faculties scholars willing to sacrifice any career for academic peace, for the quiet of the library, and for the stimulating contacts with young minds. Teaching would be surrounded no longer with the bustle of vaudeville, but with something of the serenity of poetry. It would be no longer a question of how many, but of how well. The academic procession, winding its way across the campus on Commencement Day, in its pomp and solemnity, would no longer bring a derisive smile to the lips of those who know what is beneath the caps.

I have, indeed, heard it said that in one university—it must be very, very far away—something like this has already taken place. The dean, I have been told, is not only a politician but a man of broad humanism and with sympathy for the true and the beautiful. I have even heard it rumored that he has played the St. George and rescued Greek, the lovely princess of Trebizond, from the jaws of a ravening dragon. Some one whispered that in this university they had built buildings of real architectural merit, not unworthy to stand beside the masterpieces of another continent. I do believe that all this and more the future will bring forth. The day will come, will surely come, when learning and culture and art, instead of, as now, being turned away from our universities, will be welcomed with open arms; when Greek shall come back to her

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own and when Art shall be seated in honor. In that day intrigues and politics shall cease, and the time of the professor will no longer be squandered on executive work. On that day the ideal of the college will be once more not materialism, nor football, nor numbers, but scholarship; and the rule of the student mob will come to an automatic end.

A. KINGSLEY PORTER.

OUR NEW ART HERITAGE

WITH the home-coming of the thousands of young men who have been with our armies abroad we may hopefully look for the "turning of the crowd toward art." They will turn toward it as something concrete, something real, something that expresses a spiritual need that they may not be able to define but which will be felt and become a part of the new ideals of our democracy. From France and from Italy and Belgium they will bring back with them something of the heritage of the centuries, something of the love of art they will find in the heart of even the simplest French poilu with whom they may have fought side by side. They will come back with the vision of art as an every-day reality, a part of the people's very existence; a thing to be lived and not merely thought of as the exclusive possession of the super-refined mind. Many of our boys will have seen some of the great French cathedrals and city halls, alas, many of them mere shells of their past glory, and they will respond to the appeal of the native domestic architecture, so different from anything we have, and will gather, almost unconsciously, impressions of the art history of lands they have been fighting in. When they come back they will want to know more, and few will miss the opportunity of adding to their knowledge by reading, or if they return to college, by the lectures on art at the various universities. There are thousands of college men, teachers, artists, architects in the army who will foster the art interest of the men about them, and who will help them to bring back a new appreciation and love for many things that have been known to them heretofore only through the medium of books and the inadequate teaching that Professor Porter so deplores. The ideals of the Old World will be brought back to the new, and manifest themselves in our national life in many ways that no other teaching but contact can possibly make vital. The war has been a wonderful university for our people. It has done what the schools have never been able to do—brought us a national unity and a common purpose, a democracy that knows no spirit of class or race. The professor of art of the future will have a new starting-point that should be an inspiration in his teaching, and make him better realize that scholarship that does not humanize and spread the gospel of art beyond the classroom is, after all, selfish in its use of time and endeavor.

J. B. C.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 24.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

FIRST CONSEQUENCES

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WITH the assembling of the Peace Conference at Versailles, the public mind—already diverted from military considerations and not yet fully confronted with the new problems of economic readjustment—will necessarily converge itself on the political aftermath of the war. Probably no such assemblage of responsible public men, certainly no conference with such far-reaching purposes, has been held since the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, undertook to reconstruct the map of Europe and to rearrange the basis of future international relations. It is inevitable that present calculations, not only of statesmen but of financiers, should be largely conditioned on the outcome.

As in 1814, so in 1918 the military question had been settled before the Conference was called. On each occasion, therefore, disappearance of the vital issue of victory or defeat had so far relaxed the singleness of purpose among the Allies as to bring into view separate and possibly conflicting ideas. It was the momentous task of the statesmen, first to harmonize such differences and then to obtain agreement on guarantees for the political future. Every one knows that in this second purpose the failure of the Vienna Conference was historic. The selfish and irreconcilable ambitions which at that time asserted themselves, the mutual jealousies which arose from them, were quieted only by compromise on distribution of spoils and agreement on maintenance of autocratic powers.

The Coming Peace Conference

The Congress of Versailles opens under far happier auspices in two important respects. The people and not the sovereigns are recognized in advance as entitled to the deciding voice, and they are known to be absolutely resolved to prevent the future occurrence of another such catastrophe as that of 1914. Furthermore, as against the fact that the Allies who intrigued against one another at the Congress of Vienna had been engaging in very similar intrigues during the war itself, the Allies at Versailles will have behind them a record of absolutely unbroken good faith. Nevertheless, the problem has its perplexities; the field of controversy, at any rate, is now fairly opened. This is not only because of the possibly divergent attitude of separate governments or diplomats on separate policies. Even in domestic politics of the Allied states, new lines of cleavage have begun to replace the unity of sentiment which was preserved up to the end of the war.

In England, for instance, a contested general election has been in progress during the past few weeks; the first since 1910 and marking the end of much the longest English Parliament in two centuries. Following an Opposition plurality in our Congressional elections came the ransacking of constitutional law and precedent (neither of which had any obvious bearing on the matter) to discountenance the President's plan for his own personal attendance at a conference held on foreign soil. Along with such lesser commotions on the political surface, the rapid shifts in the political scene at Berlin and Vienna were constantly bringing up new considerations. Every one understood that in the nature of the case the European situation, which the Conference would have to deal with as a whole, was a very different situation from that which Sir Edward Grey and M. Sazonov tried to handle in July, 1914, or from the situation which would have existed if Bethmann-Hollweg's proposal of 1916 had been accepted, or from that which assent to Count Czernin's appeal of last Septem-

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ber would have created. But it was also an entirely different political situation from that which the Allied commanders had before them when they drew up the armistice. Even now it changes in many of its aspects from one day to another.

ALL this has resulted quite unavoidably from the rapidity with which history has been making in the past four-and-a-half years, especially during the three great historic crises of the period.

Making History Rapidly

Among those determining episodes, the week in which the bewildered public mind was shifted alternately from Germany's launching of the thunderbolt to England's entry into the war, from the invasion of Belgium to the outbreak of the greatest financial panic in history, will always and necessarily have a place by itself. We now know that the four weeks of March and April, 1917, in which the Czar was dethroned, control of Russia seized by the proletariat, the German conspiracy against neutral nations exposed, and war declared by the United States, marked the climax of the intermediate period.

Nobody understood at the time what those incidents really meant. Germany leaped to the conclusion that a Bolshevik peace would foreshadow plenty of food for the hungry Central Empires, and release of enough German battalions from the Eastern front to crush the Allies in the West before America could arrive. We can see to-day how mistaken both suppositions were; yet Germany was no further astray from correct interpretation of the facts than were our European allies, who virtually dismissed hope of effective American aid before next summer. In retrospect, the events in the spring of 1917 assume their correct relations to one another and to the war. But neither that episode nor the episode of August, 1914, contained such elements of historic finality, so many evidences that a changed political era was beginning, as the two or three first days of the second week of November, 1918.

The swiftness with which events of an epoch-making character had moved in this third period can best be measured by the fact that on Sunday the whole world's attention was fixed exclusively on the question, what would be Germany's reply to the terms of armistice, but that Monday's announcement of the Empire's downfall and the flight of the Kaiser, and Tuesday's news of a German republic and an anarchist uprising, relegated to a purely secondary place the formal submission by Berlin and the capitulation of the German army and navy. The giving up of Alsace-Lorraine and the Rhine crossings by a technically unbeaten German army, the surrender without battle of half of Germany's war-ships and the whole of her submarines, were events which only a madman would have predicted as lately as last summer. Yet even those extraordinary occurrences were fairly crowded aside by the news from the political centres.

For Austria's progressive disintegration with the consent of the imperial government, and for the abdication of every royal or princely house in both Central Empires, there was a kind of precedent in Napoleon's breaking-up of the same kingdoms after Austerlitz and Jena. The events of 1805 and 1807, however, followed absolute and final military defeat. Furthermore, Napoleon broke up the old monarchies to build new ones out of them. But it will always remain one of the profound ironies of history that, whereas in May of 1918 the two Kaisers were designating new Kings of Teutonic birth for the newly created nationalities of Finland, Lithuania, and Poland, in November of 1918 the entire monarchical structure of central Europe itself had collapsed.

NO doubt it was politically important that the circumstances of the collapse —notably the flight of the Kaiser and his son, to be interned as uninvited and unwelcome guests in the country which their government lately was hectoring—should have been just what they were. When the newspapers, and to a considerable degree the European foreign offices, were presently busy discussing what should be done with the Kaiser, it was entirely in line with experience; a reminder of the controversy of 1865 over "What shall be done with Jefferson Davis" after

Flight of the Imperial Family

(Continued on page 44, *following*)

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LEND US YOUR EARS

BOOK LOVERS!" What a variety of persons that word calls to mind. In one man the taste for books reaches no deeper than their backs, for to his eye, shelves of brown and red and green cover the sides of the room more seemingly than does mere wall paper. Some are buyers of books that they may give them to friends. There are said to be some who love no books unless they be ledgers or check-books. And lastly, they who not only find joy in the words of the author but who from early youth are accustomed to revere the *person* of a book. They, and they only, are the veritable amateurs, the true book lovers.

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Financial Situation, continued from page 130

the fugitive president of the Confederacy had be captured, also of the dispute between Wellingt and Blücher, in which the Duke peremptori overruled the Prussian general's demand th Napoleon Bonaparte be shot by the soldiers aft his surrender in 1815.

Deposed kaisers are bound to be a political i cubus, with or without a twentieth-century S Helena; but the circumstances of the departu from Berlin simplified the present problem co siderably. Certain dangers will always be i volved to the stability of a new order through tl execution of a Charles I or a Louis XVI. Hi toric legend will infallibly be created, which ma and usually will have its effect on subsequent p litical history. Subsequent history pays litt attention, however, to the Louis-Philippes ar James II's who make a run for the frontier on tl first discovery of serious popular disaffection, an William II saw fit to take his own place in tha class of royal derelicts.

PEOPLE would naturally look to the Stoc Exchange for some interpretation of tl series of events. But the stock-market expresse no judgment whatever while all this extraordinar news was coming in. The rise in prices whic began with the surrender of Bulgaria continue almost up to the suspension of hostilities; the it halted abruptly. Between October 6, whe Germany made her first appeal for peace t Washington, and November 7, when our ow people went wild over a false cabled report th the armistice was signed, active investme shares had in many instances moved up 10 to per cent, and high-grade investment bonds 3 t 10 per cent. When the actual news of Germany' surrender was received on Monday morning, No vember 11, the Stock Exchange, like the rest o the business organism, suspended business fo the day. At its reopening next morning, Wal Street's expectation was divided as between a ris surpassing in violence all that had gone before or a fall in prices such as has sometimes occurre on similar occasions, when all the good news wa known and when the community found itse immediately confronted with the stern problem of economic readjustment.

Neither expectation was fulfilled. On the firs day of business after the news of peace, the stock-market practically ceased to move. Prices nei-ther advanced nor declined; transactions fell to small magnitude; there was no sign whatever that the great "outside public" was either investing anew or selling its previous holdings. Some in-vestment bonds went higher, others lost part of their previous gains. Foreign government se-curities hardly changed in price; our own war loans went slightly lower. Nothing in the move-ment appeared to reflect financial judgment as to what influence would be exerted on the future by the events which were occurring in Europe before the market's eyes. During several subsequent weeks this attitude remained virtually unchanged.

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To the markets as to the community at large, the events of the day had brought into view three separate considerations, each of them powerfully affecting the situation, but each affecting it in a different way. The war was over and the political and economic strain of war removed. That much was certain. Along with that relief, however, the problems arose at once, not only of gradual reconstruction and immediate demobilization but of immediate curtailment, on an immense scale, of the government's war contracts with the producing industries, which for a year and a half had determined the high prices, the full employment and unprecedentedly large wages of labor, and the enormous volume of orders at the mills. What would now happen, it was asked on Wall Street as in the industries themselves, to prices, to the work which had made possible the present pay-rolls, and therefore to profits, wages, and employment? Yet even this consideration had been partly superseded by a third question, instantly raised by the news from central Europe. Might not political and social revolution, of a character such as to threaten every kind of existing institution, be a sequel to the war—outside as well as inside of Germany? In one form or another, all three questions have arisen at the termination of most great wars, but perhaps never in quite the shape which they are assuming now.

Three Aspects of the Future

It certainly cannot be said that the simple fact of the war being over has yet had its full effect. So long as war continued, and no matter what was the prevalent belief as to how it must end, there always remained three ominous possibilities: of an ultimate German victory, of a desperate struggle indefinitely prolonged, or of the breaking apart of the Entente Allies. It must not be forgotten that, however impossible any of these results may now be seen to have been, every one of them had been anxiously discussed during the preceding six months as a thing which might have to be reckoned with. They could not be wholly dismissed from financial calculations. Now they may be thus dismissed.

THIS was not all, for other and tangible influences of a highly favorable sort were bound to follow return of peace, and for some of them this country did not have to wait long. Within a week after the signing of the armistice the Secretary of the Treasury announced to Congress that his previous estimate of $24,000,000,000, for government expenditure during the fiscal year ending next June, might now be safely cut down to $18,000,000,000. It had been expected that, in addition to the $6,989,000,000 raised in the country's remarkable oversubscription to the $6,000,000,000 Fourth Liberty Loan of October, $9,000,000,000 more would have to be borrowed before the middle of 1919. But the reduction in the estimate of total expenditure left only $5,000,000,000 as the necessary borrowing.

The change in the anticipated tax levy was even more striking. Under the plan of covering one-third of total expenditure through taxes, the $24,000,000,000 budget of four months ago had assigned $8,000,000,000 to be raised for the twelvemonth's revenue, and that was the sum for which the House Revenue Bill provided in September. But with an $18,000,000,000 budget, only $6,000,000,000 would be needed from taxation, and the Senate, which had not yet approved or amended the House bill, at once applied itself to arranging for this $2,000,000,000 reduction through revising its programme of taxes.

Relaxing Strain on National Resources

These reductions, it should be observed, still left the plan for the year's total expenditure $5,300,000,000 more extensive than the actual disbursements of the previous fiscal year, the anticipated tax levy $2,400,000,000 greater, and the requirement from loans, between now and next July, larger by nearly a billion dollars than the amount similarly raised in the corresponding period of the last fiscal year. But the point of essential importance was that the business community, and with it the financial markets, had already adjusted themselves to the vastly higher estimates on which the government's fiscal programme of September had been based. Whatever sums had been reserved for that purpose—actually or prospectively, by companies or by individuals, for war loans or for war taxes—would now be free for other uses. In so far as those other uses meant investment of capital in a company's own business, increased purchase of material would result. In so far as they meant investment of personal capital in securities, even the markets could not fail to feel the influence.

SO far, the case was clear enough; the effect of returning peace on finance and industry would be altogether beneficent. But this very fact of reduction in contemplated expenditure by the government had another and an altogether different side to it. Disbursements actually made by the Treasury during the four months up to November 1 left $17,400,000,000 more to be paid out before next July, if the original programme of the fiscal year's expenditure had been carried out. The reduction in that programme left only $11,400,000,000 to be spent in the seven months. The $6,000,000,000 difference represented curtailment in outlay either for army pay, or against contracts for war material, or in advances to our Allies, or in all three. Pay-rolls could be reduced only with the gradual disbanding of the army; that process would necessarily be slow. Loans to the Allies, which in the four preceding months had made up one-fifth of the total expenditure, should, in the Treasury's judgment, as expressed to Congress, "be held down to a minimum and, as soon as may be, discontinued." But no one could say how large the need would be for further advances of the sort to finance purchases of material in America

Cancellation of the "War Orders"

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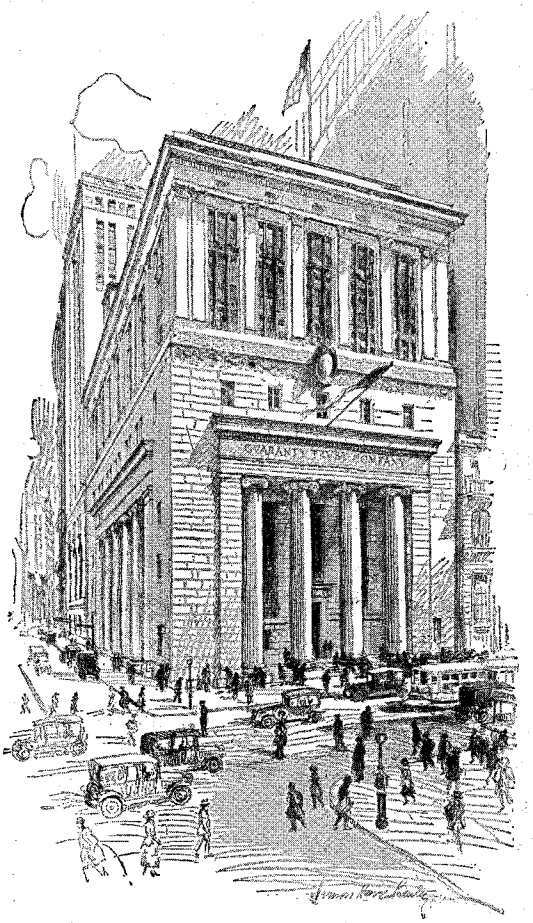

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by France, Belgium, Servia, or Italy, especially for reconstruction of ruined districts.

It was fairly safe to say that, if the estimate of $6,000,000,000 reduction in contemplated expenditure between October and July were actually realized, two to three billions would represent reduction from previously contemplated payments for war material. Within two weeks of the signing of the armistice, tangible evidence appeared of the magnitude which this withdrawal of war orders would reach. The Naval Ordnance Bureau reported to Congress that contracts planned or placed for $421,359,000 had already been annulled, and the War Department stated that orders for $1,336,000,000 worth of material had been stopped; $700,000,000 of that sum representing contracts which had been let, but on which no work had as yet been done. It became a very practical consideration, therefore, what the aggregate effect would be on the American manufacturing industry.

From the manufacturer's view-point, in regard to his own business position, two different considerations were involved: the effect of outright cancellation of contracts on which work had already been partly done, and the effect of withholding orders which had been expected but which would not be placed now that the war was over. In the first case, and as a matter of course, the original contracts had made careful provision to protect the manufacturer. Without such guarantee, indeed, he could not even have raised money at his bank to finance the work.

Unfinished Government Contracts

MANY of the government contracts stated explicitly what allowance would be made under such conditions. There were cases, especially in contracts with England and France, which went so far as to guarantee reimbursement for war-time additions to plants. Others merely provided that the settlement should be "just and equitable." When cancellations began, the Chief of the Bureau of Purchase promptly interpreted this provision to mean that for raw materials on hand, cost and freight should be allowed; for partly finished goods, cost of material and labor, plus the due proportion of "overhead charges"; for finished goods, the contract price less freight to the delivery point. The government was to take possession of the goods. In addition to these provisions, but in the department's discretion, a profit of 10 per cent would be allowed on cost of partly finished products.

The manufacturer was thus protected from loss, even though in many cases he would fail to get his full anticipated profit. There remained, however, as a serious ulterior consideration, the position of all those industries whose plant and labor forces had been reorganized for the turning out of the expected thousands of million dollars' worth of additional finished work before the middle of 1919. Looking ahead, there

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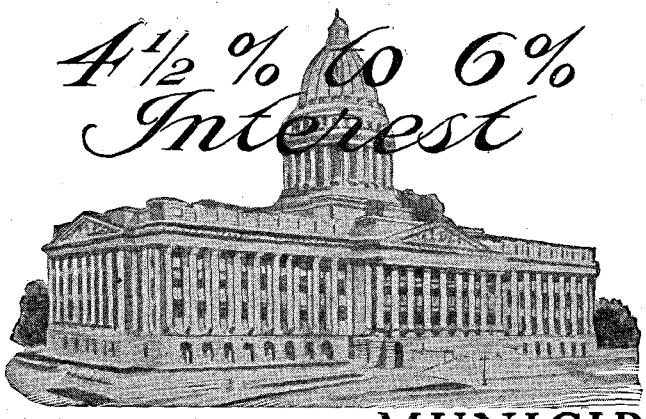

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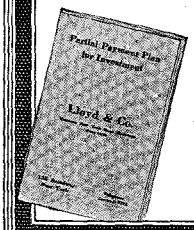

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Financial Situation, continued from page 48

were answers to this question. The country's purchases of manufactured goods, for use at home in directions essential to normal development of industry but "non-essential" to prosecution of the war, had been kept back for a year or more. Even when mills would accept the orders, opportunity for shipment of such goods by railway had been severely restricted. Now, however, full opportunity to buy and transport everything that was needed for such purposes as construction of buildings, municipal improvements, or extension of industrial plants was at once thrown open again. The deferred requirements were known to be immensely large. Needs of the railways for improvement of track, for equipment, and for terminals had been similarly postponed, and the government itself had the right to order resumption of such purchases.

Partly because of the scarcity of ships and partly because of the absorption of our own products in war uses, neutral or passively belligerent countries in South America, Asia, and northern Europe, to which we had previously sent merchandise on a very extensive scale, had been largely shut off from the American export trade since April, 1917. Since most of these countries had not been able to get the needed material anywhere else, and since the war had brought to many of them prosperity and not adversity, the postponed demand from that quarter was certain to be of great magnitude. Last, and not least in importance, stood the necessities of belligerent Europe itself—not only for rebuilding the wrecked towns, roads, bridges, and railways in the area of warfare, but to replenish their almost exhausted stores of manufactured, unmanufactured, and partly manufactured material for ordinary uses.

These offsetting circumstances were significant and reassuring, yet they did not by any means determine the character of the immediate future. The first doubtful question which arose was whether these new or accumulated demands could in any case keep production up to the war-time maximum. This seemed wholly improbable. The extraordinary magnitude to which output of war material had risen, especially since 1916, was a manifest consequence of the facts that consumption or waste of the finished products was limited only by capacity for transporting them to their destination, and that maximum output had to be maintained because the armies could not wait for them. Battles were repeatedly won by superiority in artillery, munitions, and supplies. But the home consumer, the railways, the neutral countries, even devastated Europe, can take their time if they see an advantage in doing so. No one believes, for instance, that we shall soon witness again the $6,200,000,000 export trade of 1917, when the best yearly record of the period before the war was $2,400,000,000.

But if it would not be necessary for these larger consumers to buy at once, then what was likely to be their attitude toward prices? Certain commercial demands appeared rather promptly.

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Net Earnings—Gross Annual rental—$20,816.00. Annual expenses including Taxes and Insurance—$2,000. Net annual income—$18,816.

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Amount	*Maturity*	*Denominations*
$ 7,500.00	Nov. 15, 1920	$ 500 and 1,000
10,000.00	Nov. 15, 1921	500 and 1,000
10,000.00	Nov. 15, 1922	500 and 1,000
10,000.00	Nov. 15, 1923	500 and 1,000
10,000.00	Nov. 15, 1924	500 and 1,000
72,500.00	Nov. 15, 1925	100, 500 and 1,000

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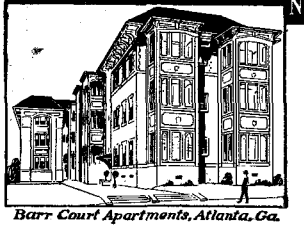

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Financial Situation, continued from page 50

Less than a fortnight after the signing of the armistice it was reported that one large steel-making company, which had previously been working to 100 per cent of capacity on war contracts, was now doing 100 per cent of work on commercial orders, and there were other instances of the same kind. But as a whole the home consumer moved slowly. No one could guess with certainty what his attitude would be regarding large orders.

The Possible Fall in Prices

EVER since our country entered the war, prices for a long list of manufactured products had been absolutely or virtually fixed by government boards of regulation. The authority of those boards was limited by the statutes to the end of the war, or at most to a few months after proclamation of peace. In the steel trade, it was strongly urged that the life and powers of these regulatory boards should be extended, and that the arbitrary prices should either be continued or else be altered gradually, so that the new situation might develop without the shock of suddenly collapsing prices. There were some objections to such prolongation of a distinctive war policy into time of peace, and there was certainly some limitation to its exercise. Purchasers might be prevented from buying except at a stipulated price, but they could not be compelled to buy. This would leave the question open whether buyers would come into the market at the existing arbitrary prices on any considerable scale, if they believed that lower prices were probable a little while afterward. Even the government railway administration was credited with the flat statement that it would not place large orders for materials until prices had been reduced below the war level. In other words, a strong probability existed that orders in most of our industries would for a time be very much reduced from the recent war-time volume, and that they might eventually have to be placed at considerably lower prices.

All of these results had been expected and provided for, in the plans of prudent manufacturers. Taken by themselves, they would mean nothing more than return to the conditions of normal business. But the question of wages for laborers was a more perplexing consideration. The United States Steel Corporation, for instance, has more than doubled its rate of wages in the three years since the beginning of 1916. It took that action partly because the high cost of living made such increase just and partly because the large war profits made it practicable, and other manufacturers had followed suit for the same reasons, and because demand for labor was far in excess of the available supply. But would labor consent to the reverse process if prices should come down? Whether it did consent or not, what would result from the actual displacement of labor, through diminished business at the mills and the consequent decrease of the lately urgent industrial demand for workers?

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AT the moment, it may be said that the financial community is confronting these industrial problems with perplexity perhaps, but without discouragement or alarm. Even the Stock Exchange failed to grow excited over the prospect. But back of all such economic considerations the events of November raised some other questions regarding the political future—in Germany primarily, but, in so far as Germany or Austria is to be typical of the drift of things, in the rest of Europe. It has not been easy for the outside world to comprehend what was actually happening in Germany. Perhaps it might be said that Germany was equally at sea about what was happening to herself.

German and Russian Revolution

Russia on the eve of March, 1917, had at least a reasonably clear-cut notion of what her people wanted to get and what they wanted to get rid of. To Russia, revolution was not at all a new or unfamiliar idea. The people had attempted it in 1905, and the elements of political insubordination that flamed up and were only partly extinguished in that year had continued to smoulder until brought to a fresh blaze of fury by weariness of the war, combined with a not at all ill-grounded belief that the imperial régime, having sent its subject people to the front under compulsory service, had betrayed them into Germany's hands by its failure to make the most ordinary provision of equipment for either offense or defense. Precisely as the French people, after discovering the total incompetency of the royal government, put violently into practice the pseudo-socialist doctrines of Rousseau, written with no view whatever to such an exigency, so the Russian people carried out, equally apart from the purposes of their author, the anarchist and pacifist doctrines of Tolstoy.

Germany's case was so different as to make inference from the experience of France or Russia unconvincing. Unlike the people of those countries, the German people had appeared to be heartily and unanimously in accord with the ideas of their government, even when the ideas were of a character more monstrous than any which had ever entered the head of the old French monarchy or the recent Russian Empire. To such a people, after two or three years of privation and hunger, with losses of a million and a half men in battle, there came with the utmost suddenness the realization, not only that their armies had been defeated and their navy dismantled but that they themselves had been deliberately deceived in regard to every fact of the military situation during four consecutive years. Something was bound to happen under the circumstances. The imperial government was overturned, yet that seemed to have occurred primarily because there was no other way to make peace and get out of the hopeless scrape, whose nature the whole nation was just beginning to comprehend. When that was done, however, the people as a whole were apparently left in complete political bewilderment, with no fixed purpose as to the next step.

Financial Situation, continued on page 54

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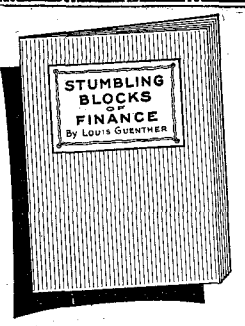

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Financial Situation, continued from page 53

They had, however, what the people of Russia did not have, a long experience with partial self-government and an instinct of political order. There were sporadic attempts to imitate Russia, and the cable despatches began to talk of German "soviets," German "soldiers' and sailors' councils," red flags at Kiel and Hamburg, and so forth. This was partly a blind effort to follow the nearest striking political example, partly a natural effort of the forces of social disorder to seize an inviting opportunity, and partly a consequence of the fatuity with which imperial Berlin, for its own selfish purposes, had played with the Italian anarchists at Caporetto, with Lenine and Trotsky at Brest-Litovsk, and with the South Russian Socialists at Kiev. But the imitation was not at all exact; especially when, as against the sullen demand of revolutionary Petrograd for political recognition and co-operation by the rest of the world, revolutionary Berlin applied itself almost exclusively to begging food from its antagonists, and pleading for mitigation of the terms of the armistice.

It was not at all easy to judge the probable course of a revolution which was begun under such conditions and with an attitude so unusual for revolutionists. The appeals of Doctor Solf and Chancellor Ebert met with humane response. The French Premier, speaking of Germany to the Chamber of Deputies, declared that "in this first hour we must come to her aid"; that "we do not make war against humanity but for humanity." The British Premier, repudiating in Parliament a proposal that help be refused to the German people, described it as a "base, sordid, squalid idea of vengeance and avarice," against which "we must relentlessly set our faces." President Wilson stated to Congress the purpose of the Allies to do for Germany and Austria "everything that is possible under the circumstances, to relieve the pressing want."

The decision was as wise as it was humane—even though Mr. Hoover, sailing for Europe to superintend distribution of foodstuffs from America to places where they should be most urgently needed, remarked that if the blockade should be relaxed, "the Germans can take care of themselves," and that the main thing to be accomplished was that "a government be established, able to make amends for the wrong done." Hoover himself admitted, however, that famine might be the forerunner of political chaos in Germany, and it was evident enough on the face of things that Germany, quite in line with the historic fitness of things, was now mainly disturbed over what would happen after the disbanding of its army—that very army which even the enemy communities had been sure would protect the empire and the Kaiser against revolution.

THE whole situation, in short, embodied grounds of legitimate perplexity and concern to financial markets, as well as to the foreign

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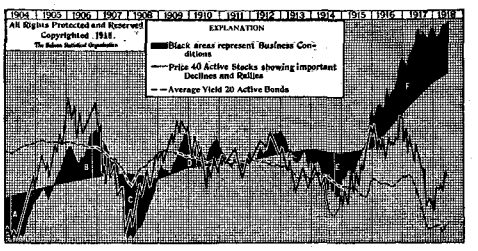
offices. What Germany's stock exchange thought about it, the outside world had not learned. But the stock exchanges of other countries took the matter calmly and philosophically, and were probably right in doing so. Political chaos is apt to be the immediate result of a destructive and exhausting war, and is not always the result only of an unsuccessful war. Russia's recent experience was naturally kept uppermost in the public mind; but the case of France after the defeat of 1871 presented in some respects very much closer analogies. The Communists who seized Paris were determined to destroy all centralized government. At the very moment when the only responsible authorities were negotiating for peace with Bismarck, the revolutionists called on the French people to break down what was left of the governmental system, and the extraordinary spectacle was presented of French national soldiers besieging Paris while the German army looked on complacently.

The Aftermath of Other Great Wars

Nevertheless, the political future of France was the chapter of orderly political history with which we are familiar. People who regard our own country as immune from the revolutionary experiences do not always remember that the close of the war with England in 1783, when we still possessed the central government which had piloted us through the war, introduced a six-years' period in which not only was Massachusetts torn up by an armed rebellion against the legislature and the courts, but declaration of war was imminently threatened between Connecticut and Pennsylvania and between New York and New Hampshire. But the only effect of that strange chapter of events was to make more sound and enduring the frame-work on which the subsequent union of the States was established.

Central Europe is passing through a similar political trial, which in some of its surrounding circumstances resemble each of these episodes. Its outcome, in regard either to the character of the government which will emerge or to the mutual relations of the old constituent states of Germany and Austria, will depend on what proves to be the real character of the people.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By Kingman Nott Robins

STANDARD methods and organization are perhaps more universally in use in the farm mortgage banking business than in any other field of investment security negotiation for the reason that they are based on a continuous experience of over half a century in the case of the oldest houses in the business, and because wherever the farm mortgage is negotiated similar methods and equipment are required. They are accepted as fundamental to good loaning practice whether the loan be for $500 or $500,000 and whether it be located in Iowa, Georgia, or Montana.

Of the $4,000,000,000 of outstanding farm mortgages in the United States there are many million dollars' worth that were not negotiated in conformity with this standardized practice. They were the result of simple and direct borrowing and lending transactions between banks and their customers, and between individuals, where much was taken for granted and the rest was known to the contracting parties without special investigation.

But to the ordinary investor in farm mortgages these informal transactions are not of interest. He is concerned only with the purchase of a standardized investment security complying in every respect with the requirements of safe investment and so negotiated that he can buy these securities like any other product, "over the counter," without personal knowledge, and at a distance, on the strength of the representations made by the negotiating house, and because of the service that house will render him and the protection it will offer him on all mortgages bought through that house.

It is the standardized farm mortgage that is the favored investment of the great life insurance companies, of the savings-banks of Vermont and the Middle West, and of multitudes of conservative individual investors. This standardized farm mortgage can be purchased only from the farm mortgage banking-houses that are organized and equipped especially for that business, or from the accredited representatives of those houses. The farm mortgage banking business is as much a specialty as the business of the houses originating issues of municipal bonds or corporation bonds, and has nothing in common with mortgage negotiations of the lawyer

Continued on page 58

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TOPEKA KANSAS

Continued from page 56

or broker or other individual with whom the business is occasional and who does not stake his entire reputation and business prosperity on every loan he makes.

It is this great and permanent sense of responsibility for every negotiation which is the impelling motive of every true farm mortgage banker in keeping him up to the mark in the use of every precaution and safeguard, and which has produced these standardized methods. His clients' interests are his own, for a bad loan means that either the house or the client must lose, and the house invariably would prefer to lose money on a loan than to lose its reputation, for its reputation is its stock in trade. Without reputation it cannot do business. It can better afford insolvency than a dissatisfied customer.

There is, therefore, nothing of the "caveat emptor" doctrine in the relation between the investor and the farm mortgage banking house.

What, then, are these standardized methods which have been adopted for the protection alike of the investor and the farm mortgage banking house? Briefly, the process of farm mortgage banking consists in:

1. Finding the farmer who needs money for a productive purpose which should properly be financed by a long-term loan.
2. Determining whether or not this farmer will make good use—a businesslike use—of the borrowed money.
3. Determining how much of a loan can safely be made on the security offered.
4. Creating a good and sufficient first lien for the right amount on the security offered.
5. Completing the loan with the farm mortgage banking house's own funds, and bringing all papers in the transaction to completion.
6. Finding an investor with funds to purchase this loan, thus releasing the funds of the house for the next transaction.
7. Continuing to care for all mortgages negotiated for their entire term as carefully as though they remained the property of the house.

This outline may seem to do scant justice to the manifold functions and services of the farm mortgage banking house, but is thus simplified to make the process clear. For the same reason the methods adopted by a typical farm mortgage banking house to carry out this process must be very briefly sketched.

In the first place, the loaning field was selected on the basis of careful systematic study of the various conditions affecting the agriculture of the field, extending over a long term of years and the judgment of the house in estimating the effect of these conditions on its securities

Continued on page 60

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It describes the rich and productive farm lands by which our first mortgage investments are secured.

It tells of a record of negotiating more than 13,000 farm mortgages, involving more than $15,000,000 during the past 32 years, without the loss of a dollar to a client.

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Continued from page 58

based on full consideration of past, present, and prospective factors. Here, as throughout the business, special training and long experience are the foundation of sound loaning practice.

The course of a loan from initiation to sale in completed form may be traced as follows:

A farmer wishing a loan goes to the nearest representative of the farm mortgage banking house (who may be a local bank, loan agent, lawyer, or farmer), and makes out his application on a form supplied by the house, on which he answers a great variety of questions designed to bring out his personal qualities as a farmer and business man, and to show what his equipment and resources are, and whether or not he seeks to borrow for a legitimate business purpose. The application develops information also regarding the physical security, but this is chiefly for comparing the borrower's estimates of the value with the valuations of the house's own appraiser.

The applicant agrees to pay a given rate of interest plus a small commission. Out of such commissions come the expenses of negotiating and investigating each loan, the cost of maintaining the office and entire organization, and the small profit to the house.

If this application appears to the local correspondent of the house likely to be acceptable he makes out his own report on another blank furnished by the house, based on his personal knowledge of the applicant and the security, and sends in the application and report. Approval is conditional on the confirmation by the house's own salaried appraiser of the representations on which the application was accepted. This independent inspection of the security by the company's own appraiser may come before the loan is closed or afterward, but afterward only in cases where the local correspondent is responsible and under contract to take up any loan the security for which is not found to be as represented. The point is that no loan is finally placed on the books of the house until the security has been carefully appraised and checked by a disinterested person expert in this work.

Standard practice is to loan not more than 40 per cent of value of the land alone in the new sections, nor more than 50 per cent in the better developed sections.

When an application has been accepted the papers are made up on forms provided by the house, which have been drawn by the best legal counsel available, the title is passed upon by the attorneys, and after the title and papers have been completed and passed by counsel for the house they are recorded as a first lien against the security, and the loan completed with the funds of the house. The completed papers then go to the head office, where a complete record is made

Continued on page 63

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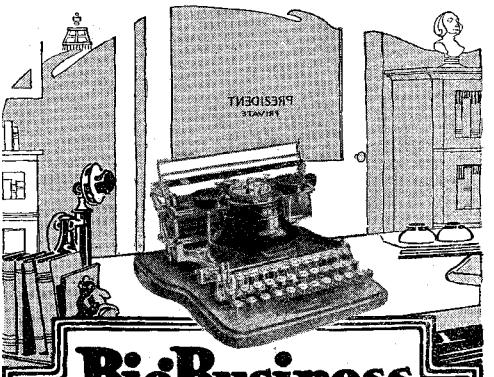
Continued from page 60

and the completed mortgage security turned over to the sales department for sale.

The sales department offers the mortgage for sale in circulars issued to investors through the mails and through the agency of its personal representatives, including salesmen attached to the head office staff, the managers of the branch sales offices, and special representatives whose compensation is a small brokerage. This effort is supported by general advertising in magazines and newspapers.

After a mortgage is sold the house continues to carry it on its books and, in behalf of the investor, to collect interest, see that taxes and insurance are paid, that changes of ownership are recorded and investigated, and to keep in touch with general conditions surrounding the security. The house follows the usual custom with farm mortgage banking houses and advances interest to the investor on the date due on its own check, to save the investor the annoyance of slow collections. If the mortgagor defaults, the house offers the investor a new loan in exchange for the one in default, or buys it back, as the investor prefers. This service is not guaranteed but is a matter of custom. On this basis no investor has ever waited a day for principal or interest due on any loan. The house has even been able to anticipate the payment of principal on all loans which its clients have wished to liquidate before or at maturity, thus making this house's farm mortgages a readily convertible investment. The house has been able to do this because its farmer borrowers have every year voluntarily paid back principal much in excess of the requirements of its investors for the return of their principal. In this experience and practice the house is by no means unique, but rather typical of the better class of farm mortgage banking houses.

Finally, it should be added, this standardized method of negotiating and selling farm mortgage investments is carried out by men expert in each department, and especially in appraising land security, judging the moral hazard and estimating the general conditions affecting the business in the field as well as in the market. This special knowledge is kept up-to-date by systematic preparation and study of crop reports, field notes, immigration statistics, data on the development of the field by new railways, highways, increased settlement, etc., market prices and facilities and all the multitudinous factors in a sound judgment of the course of land values and development. Such study and knowledge become the expert "loan man's" second nature, and the investor, after he has satisfied himself regarding the general character of the house with which he is dealing, may safely trust his money to be invested by these experts in this proved, methodical manner, and to be cared for by men who value their reputation more than their dollars, even if for no other reason than that the former is necessary to the latter.



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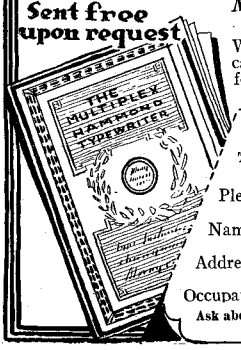

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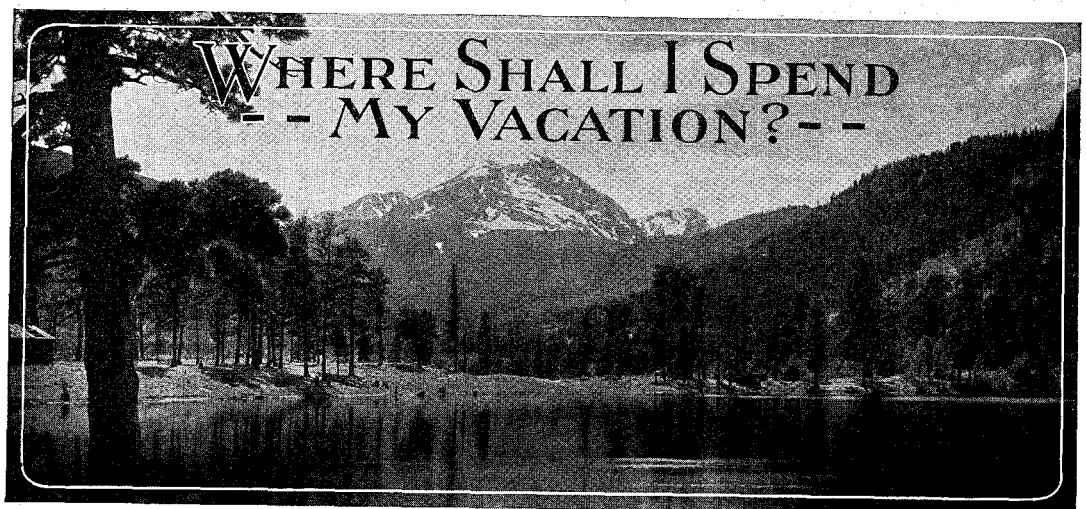

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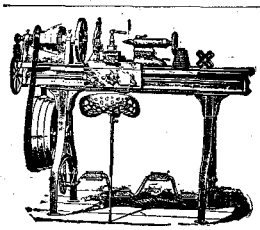

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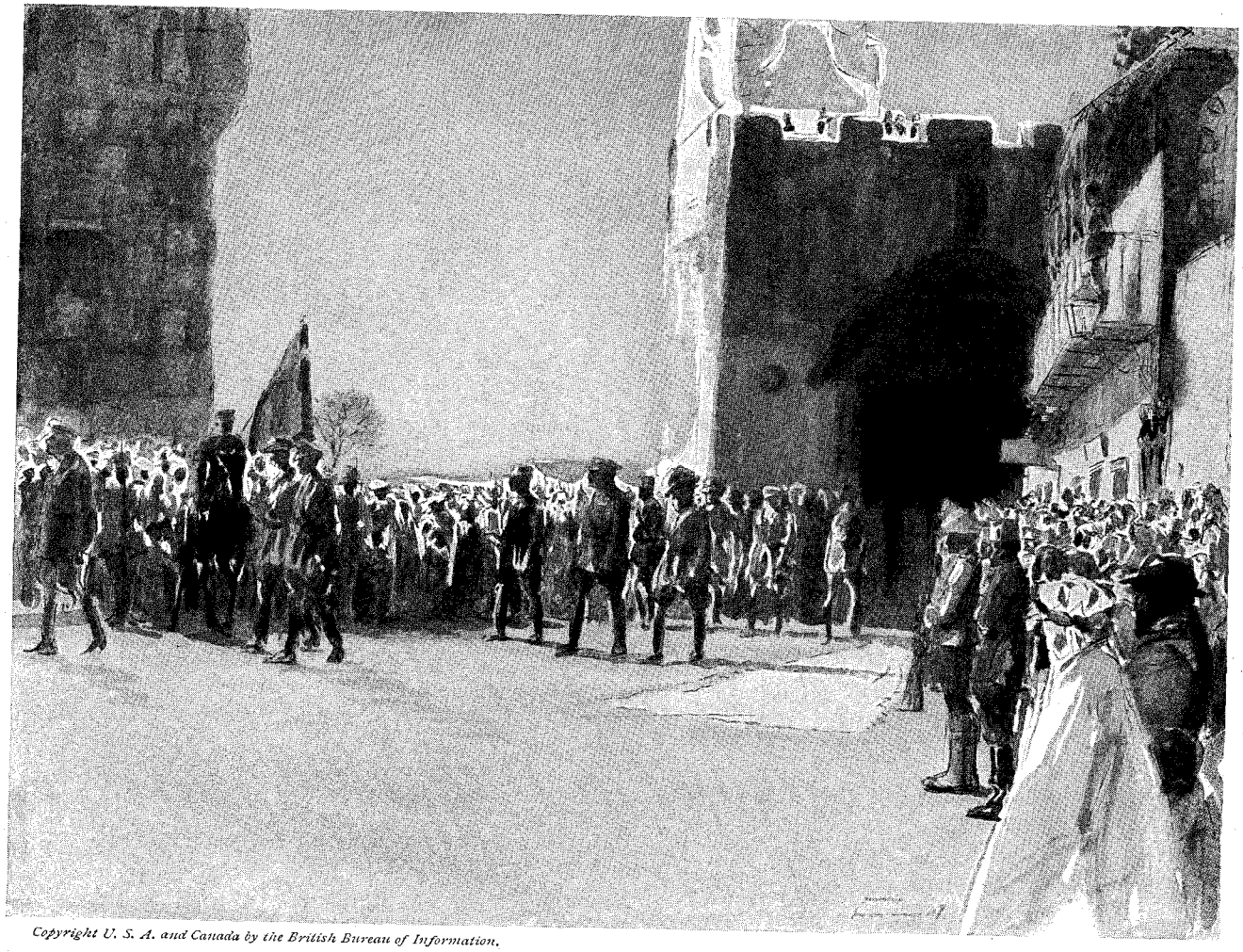

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GENERAL ALLENBY ENTERING JERUSALEM, DECEMBER 11, 1917.

The banner in the background is one of welcome to the British. No flags were carried by the troops.

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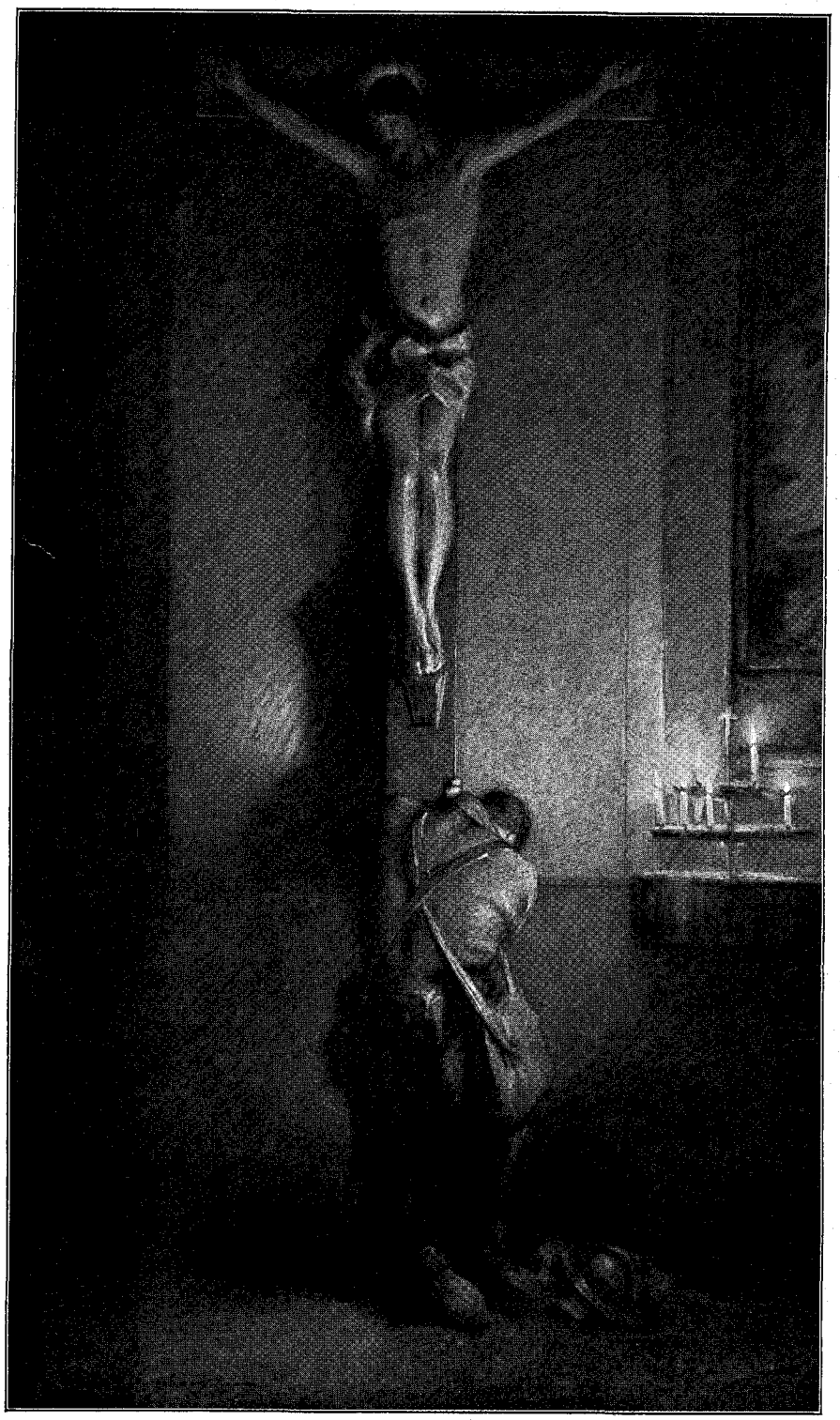

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